This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

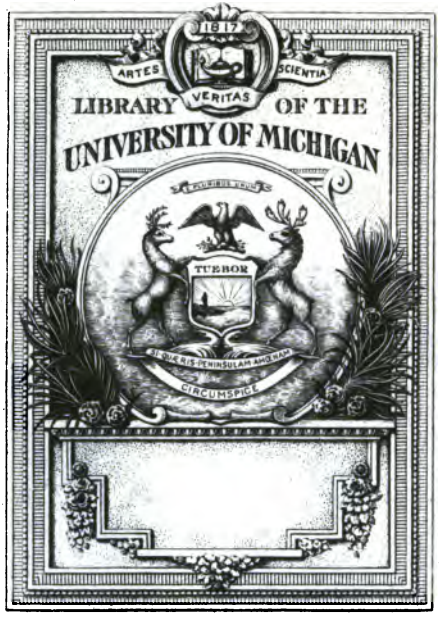
+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`



THE GIFT OF
Richard Hudson

CORRESPONDENCE &c.

TO THE EDITOR OF 'FRASER'S MAGAZINE.'

SIR,—I have read with much pleasure some excellent articles on 'German Home Life,' given by a lady contributor in your late numbers. There is no exaggeration, no unfairness whatever in her statements. All is true, mournfully true, and I do not remember having seen a more faithful photograph of reality; still, I cannot but think it a part of the duty of an historian as well as of a painter of manners and customs to remount to the cause of things. The causes of the bareness and bleakness of our German homes are not inquired into in the excellent paper on that subject. It treats of the higher middle classes, comparing their homes to those of the same classes in England. Will you allow me to state two facts which may go far towards explaining the apparently inexplicable state of things so graphically described by your contributor?

1st. Our *higher* middle classes are in point of fact much less well off than the *lower* middle classes in England. The average income of a German judge, lawyer, *Regierungsrath*, professor, physician, clergyman, or superior officer may be esteemed at 200*l.* at the utmost; now, I do not think I am making a high estimate in reckoning the average income of the head of an English family of the same class at 500*l.* per annum. And in this I do not even include the means an Englishman of this class may have inherited, and which are, one might almost say, never to be found in a German family of this rank, Germany possessing no accumulated wealth whatever compared to England or France.

2nd. Our higher middle class is infinitely more numerous than yours: and as our army and bureaucracy counts at least six times as many officers and officials as the English, we have equally a great many more doctors, professors, barristers, and judges than you. The result of which is, that every English gentleman or lady coming to Germany is necessarily struck by the great disproportion existing between the intellectual culture and the total absence of material comfort in Germany. Our middle class is to the English as six to one, and the great majority of these numerous cultivated Germans find themselves in the situation of Dr. Primrose after the loss of his fortune; one might even say on an average that a German, holding the

social position and having the mental culture of a Queen's Counsel or an Oxford professor, possesses the pecuniary means of a Manchester workman.

It would be easy, but long, to show the causes of this state of things, which is, however, rapidly changing. Germany is naturally a poor country, and had, moreover, been exhausted by the Thirty Years' War to such a degree that it had only towards 1850 recovered the conditions of public wealth existing before 1618. Thousands of political fetters and barriers hindered a more rapid development. The professional careers have been overcrowded. All this has greatly changed since 1866, and we hope that half a century of sound commercial and industrial activity will enable the German middle classes to compete with England in comfort as they already do in intellectual life, and that the equality which existed in both respects between the two countries in the sixteenth century will be restored once more.

I am, Sir,

Yours sincerely,

March 1875. A GERMAN.

TO THE EDITOR OF 'FRASER'S MAGAZINE.'

SIR,—My attention has been directed to a letter in the April number of *Fraser's Magazine*, signed 'A German.' The generous manner in which the justice of my observations on German Home Life is acknowledged by your correspondent is most gratifying to me. The German mind characteristically desires a more exhaustive treatment of the subject 'It would be easy,' says your correspondent, '*but long*, to show the causes of this state of things.' Now, these being 'sketches,' not treatises, the scientific method is not aimed at, and, indeed, in my hands, might fail to add to the interest of the papers. I take this opportunity of thanking 'A German' for his remarks, which throw, perhaps, as much light on the subject as so brief a statement could convey. I should add that the passages in this month's issue, referring to the influence of the Thirty Years' War on the German Language, were written before I had read 'A German's' excellent letter.

I am, Sir, faithfully yours,

THE AUTHOR OF 'GERMAN HOME LIFE.'

May 1875.

PRESS NOTICES OF THE FIRST EDITION

OF

GERMAN HOME LIFE.

'*German Home Life* is the work of a lady whose extreme frankness and satirical humour amuse the reader greatly. It is impossible to avoid a certain feeling of gratification at the existence of English pens capable of doing as much, and more, to the "intelligent foreigner," than he has done unto us.....The Author before us laughs with a hearty, merry laughter, entirely without malice.....but on the other hand she is not blind to Teutonic virtues. Still less does she ignore the patient, persistent industry, the simple, unaffected kindliness, the strong home affection, and the dislike of brutal violence which form the basis of the German character.' DAILY NEWS.

'The intrepid Authoress of this bright little book has gracefully accomplished a task of no small magnitude.....In the chapter on Language we have her at her best, and it is entirely true.....The book will please the superficial reader by its pleasant writing and lively pictures, while to the thoughtful one it opens many social problems and questions well worth pondering. Thus we heartily recommend it to readers of both classes.' EXAMINER.

'These exceedingly clever and lively sketches, by an English lady, appeared last year in *Fraser's Magazine*, and many who read them in their original form will be glad to have them in this pleasant-looking volume.....We should like to follow our Authoress further, but having given a specimen of her style, we must bring this review to a close.....To extract all the good things would be to reprint by far the larger half of the book; and the intention of these observations will be misunderstood if our readers do not put down *German Home Life* as one of the next books on their list.' LITERARY WORLD.

'*German Home Life* is lively in style, pure and clear in diction, apparently unprejudiced in its views; and is, above all, the work of a writer of high tone, impressed with the dignity of the literary craft.' COURT CIRCULAR.

'These pictures of *German Home Life*—a series of studies drawn with a facile and flowing pen—are likely to live. They possess the piquancy of Madame de Sevigné, with not a little of that delightful writer's quaintness and charm of style.' HORNET.

'These clever little sketches deserve reading. The style is easy and pleasant. The Author has the unusual advantage of knowing what she is writing about, and the equally unusual gift of being able to express her meaning clearly.' VANITY FAIR.

'The Writer describes with appreciative exactness, the simple pleasures of a homely people, contrasting them with our own, greatly to our disadvantage.....It is as though the home life of Germany was spread out before us at a glance.' MORNING POST.

'It is a book for women, since it deals with woman's kingdom, describes her position, and depicts her historically, socially, and domestically. But it is a book for men also, since no one can rise from a perusal of these pages without conceding the literary ability, tact, and impartiality of the Author.....But beyond the point of epigram, these papers have a worth and kindliness all their own. They are written in a large and liberal spirit, and have, in spite of the modest title under which they are offered to the world, a breadth and grasp that is at once generous and spirited.' THE WORLD.

'On the whole, we have not had so valuable a contribution to our knowledge of Continental manners and customs for many years. The Author's style, moreover, is lively, and she trusts mainly to her own experiences, which is a virtue seldom met with in writers of travel. *German Home Life* is sure to find many readers, and being a book with a *raison d'être*, is a decided novelty. On the topics of Church and Religion we find some matter for thought, and throughout the whole volume plenty of entertainment.' ACADEMY.

'The sprightly sketches of *German Home Life* that last year enlivened the pages of *Fraser's Magazine*, well merited a reprint. Outlined with the broad pencil needed to emphasise prominent characteristics and salient points, they bear the stamp of a cultured mind, a sound judgment, and a fairness not always met with in the fair sex. With more such calm observers to mediate between us and our neighbours, much that is condemned as insular prejudice would vanish into thin air. The papers on

Religion and the Church are moderate in tone, and should be pondered by all who feel an interest in the modern Bismarckian policy regarding religion. Our Author has lived long enough with Germans to excuse their irritating faults and appreciate their virtues. In this impartiality lies her grand merit. No one can rise from a perusal of *German Home Life* without having been greatly amused; and every thoughtful person will have found food for reflection besides amusement.'
ATHENÆUM.

'*German Home Life* is both valuable and extremely interesting.'
ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

'The Author writes with force and vivacity, and in a vein well suited for light epistolary narrative and description.' SATURDAY REVIEW.

'By a lady who has resided long in Germany, and who knows how to criticise a country without caricaturing it.' GLOBE.

'A series of cabinet pictures of *German Home Life* as seen by a shrewd and witty Englishwoman, but German in their accuracy of detail and conscientiousness; careful studies from life, with nothing added for the sake of effect, yet withal good-natured. These papers are well worth attention, not only for the facts they relate, but for the suggestions which arise from them.' The QUEEN. *First Notice.*

'It is a matter of rejoicing when anyone who has lived long in a foreign country, has become well acquainted with it, has learnt what things really mean, and the causes of things which seem curious to strangers, will tell us clearly and candidly the result of the observations which have been made. This has been done by a lady for *German Home Life.*' The QUEEN. *Second Notice.*

PROVINCIAL PRESS.

'One gladly hails a book which, while presenting all the attractions of travel, shows a deep knowledge and a keen observation. Such a work is *German Home Life.* Nobody could read this book without gaining a juster idea of the German people.'
NEWCASTLE CHRONICLE.

'A series of papers on *German Home Life* recently appeared in *Fraser's Magazine* and attracted considerable attention. Those who have read them there will be glad to possess them in this handy volume; and to those who have not, we can recommend this book as exceedingly interesting and accurate in all details. The book is sure to excite discussions in the literary circles of the Fatherland. Its clever sketches will enable the Germans (in some measure) to see themselves as others see them, and if they do not admit the truth of the picture, they cannot deny the vigour and spirit of the delineation.' INVERNESS COURIER.

'Not long ago there appeared in *Fraser's Magazine* a series of papers on *German Home Life.* They were marked by a good deal of humour and by close insight into the subject.....The volume is one of curious interest in many respects. There could hardly be a book better calculated for reading at this holiday time, because, though sufficiently light not to fatigue, it is more than instructive enough to create the feeling that the time spent in reading it has not been wasted.' SCOTSMAN.

'These sketches during their serial publication afforded an interest from their freshness and piquancy, which is likely to be more widely felt by their reproduction in this complete form.....Quite as useful for the true observant picture it gives of *German Home Life*, as it is interesting and valuable from a purely literary point of view. The Writer has a thorough knowledge of the country and people of whom she writes, and the reader can learn for himself how completely he may rely on her impartiality.' LIVERPOOL ALBION.

'The best account we have ever read of domestic life in Germany. Our Author has a keen eye for the study of character, and in two chapters treating respectively of the men and women of Germany, she hits off with a light but discriminating touch their most striking characteristics. The style is in general graphic and terse. It is a book well worth careful study.' EDINBURGH COURANT.

'This is a very charming book.....and as Germany occupies a foremost position in Europe, our readers will do well to obtain this book. It is full of interest, and shows that the Authoress has a keen power of observation, and can look deeper into the cause that makes or mars a country than most travellers.' WESTERN MAIL.

GERMAN HOME LIFE

GERMAN HOME LIFE

By

Marie von Bothmer

'Rise, Teuton woman! claim your right denied
To nobler labour: show your strength defied,
And on Germania's mighty forehead place
The absent touch of glory and of grace'

EMILY PFEIFFER

2d ed,

D. APPLETON AND CO.
549 & 551 BROADWAY
NEW YORK
1876

gt.
Richard Hudson

PREFACE.

A SECOND EDITION of *German Home Life* calls for a few words of preface.

In preparing the papers, which form the contents of the present volume, for *Fraser's Magazine*, it was the author's earnest endeavour to speak, in so far as it had been given her to know it, the exact truth; to 'nothing extenuate, nor aught set down in malice;' to register facts, not to chronicle opinions.

Thus, when these essays were reprinted for general circulation, it seemed better to let them go forth to the world on their own merits. If the work were well done, introduction and apology would be superfluous; if badly done, no explanation of the writer's "good intentions" could save the book from that literary limbo which we may suppose to be paved with the well-meant efforts of the aspiring incompetent.

But, after the kind reception with which the volume has met, it would be ungracious, in preparing a second edition for the press, to pass by on the other side of questioning critics. It has been objected by one of these that, while the term 'middle' class is used, the middle class is entirely unrepresented in the pages of

228352

German Home Life. It is explained (*vide* chapters on *Manners* and *Men*) that the middle class, as we understand it in England, does not exist in Germany; and the term has been employed, for want of a better, to designate that vast section of society in the Fatherland which, standing between the great nobles and the commonalty, is chiefly recruited from the former class, is imbued with all the pride of *caste* and political prejudices that govern aristocratic communities, and combines, not seldom in a manner painful to the beholder, large pretensions with most inadequate means. Another critic first scolds because no mention is made of 'university and commercial circles;' and then condoles with the author for her ill-fortune in having chanced on such an insignificant, 'uninteresting, and barren area of German society as that which she depicts.' The only reply to this is, that to describe circumstances of which she had no knowledge would have been to depart from the plan which the author of these sketches had laid down for herself; namely, to confine herself strictly within the limits of personal observation. But, though denied the privilege of such charmed intercourse, she is proud in this place to acknowledge the friendship of more than one eminent German professor, and to record with feelings of affectionate reverence the fact that the pages of this little book chiefly owe their inspiration to the kindly encouragement of a distinguished German intellect, now, alas! 'consigned to dust.'

'I, who have lived fifteen years in England, have often been surprised and pained,' said the Professor, 'at the apathy and ignorance of your countrymen as to German circumstances. Even the commonplace of our daily existence is unknown to them. Try to tell them something about us to which they will listen. Write a book—a little book—telling your own experiences, what you have seen, and what you know; the simple matters of every-day life. Be frank, and be as gay as, having to do with a heavy people, it is possible to be. Above all, no German pedantry; no laboured exposition of patent facts, or wearisome iteration of insignificant details. No learned pratings, no philosophy, metaphysics, or scientific jargonings generally. As few figures and as many facts as possible; and you must produce a readable volume.'

In 'commercial,' as in 'university circles,' the tone may be more cultured, more elastic, more refined, and spirits generally 'touched to finer issues,' than in the military and official society of which our critic speaks with so fine a contempt. But in the land of barrack and bureau, military and official society (numerically the largest of 'all estates of men,' composing the body politic of the Empire) can scarcely be dismissed, with a depreciatory wave of the hand, as unimportant factors in the sum total of the State. No doubt the wisdom of the ancients and the enterprise of the moderns exercise a more humane influence on mankind than the shedding of blood or

the flashing of steel; but it must be remembered that blood and iron are in the ascendant now, and that the proportion of the commercial and learned to the official and military elements in the Fatherland is in about the same ratio as the victories of Saul were to the victories of David. Thus, numerically, steel and red-tape prevail (for the time being) over commerce and culture, and the tone and the society which the author has attempted to describe preponderates in Imperial Germany.

Again, it has been objected that, where the effects of consanguinity in marriage are alluded to, 'facts and figures ought to have backed up the statements; the subject should have been treated scientifically and at length, or left alone altogether.'

Surely not. A medical treatise in a book such as may almost be read by Theophile Gautier's '*petites demoiselles*,' would resemble Lord Palmerston's definition of dirt. Such a subject can only be treated, in its deepest depths, by a medical journal. That it has been so treated over and over again in Germany, where the statement could create no surprise, must be well known to all physiologists. For such proof as the lay reader may enjoy, we refer him to German novels and biographies, where he will find that it is always the cousins, and sometimes nearer relations, who marry. If no person were allowed to assert a fact without 'backing it up' on the spot by figures and statistics, we should at the present day be still

walking about, every fifth woman of us, scarred with small-pox and shorn of hair and eyelashes. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu did not worry the world with Turkish statistics; she had her child inoculated. That was at once argument, proof, and apology. But she opened the door to science and Dr. Jenner.

It has been remarked that German enlightenment and culture should have been dwelt upon at greater length. But to praise German intellect at second hand, and to serve up as a *réchauffé* the long accepted *dictum* of educated Europe, that from the Fatherland flow streams of knowledge fresh and deep, would have appeared to the author a vexatious impertinence, offensive in its presumptuous platitude, alike to the pioneers of modern thought, and to the general reader.

'The whole of Germany ought to be known,' says Heine; 'a part is dangerous. It is like the story of the trees whose leaves and fruit are antidotes to each other.'

Imbued with this truth, it was the author's aim to eliminate the purely local from her work, and to chronicle only such salient characteristics as she believed to have remarked, with but trifling variations of form, in widely distant districts. But memory may have played her false; and the extreme difficulty of describing in broad general terms a life which varies in detail in every petty State, may have well proved a pitfall to the unwary steps of the wanderer.

The German terms and phrases employed have been carefully considered. Only such are retained as are essential to the subject, or have no proper equivalent in English. In many cases the conditions described have no existence with us, and therefore no intelligible translation can be afforded.

The word 'slaughterer' is made use of as being the nearest translation of 'Schlachter' or 'Fleischer,' for which we have the Scotch equivalent 'flesher;' both terms sounding coarser in English ears than 'butcher,' the valuable individual who supplies us with the welcome '*bonne bouche.*'

Nor is it a conscious affectation to speak of 'George Lewis' of Hanover. It was emphatically Georg Ludwig, Elector of Hanover, not George I., by the grace of God, King of England, that the author desired to bring before the mind's eye of the reader.

In conclusion, the writer takes this opportunity of acknowledging many interesting and some amusing letters from unknown correspondents, whilst she would more especially thank her 'cousins-German' for the friendly spirit in which they have received these pictures of their own home life. And last, but not least, she desires to express her appreciation of the liberal encouragement and kindly criticism which a generous English press has accorded to an anonymous author.

LONDON: *October* 8, 1876.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER		PAGE
I.	SERVANTS	1
II.	FURNITURE	23
III.	FOOD	48
IV.	MANNERS AND CUSTOMS	70
V.	LANGUAGE	95
VI.	DRESS	127
VII.	AMUSEMENTS	147
VIII.	WOMEN	169
IX.	MEN	197
X.	MARRIAGE AND CHILDREN	225
XI.	RELIGION	259
XII.	THE CHURCH	286

GERMAN HOME LIFE.

CHAPTER I.

SERVANTS.

'The neat-handed Phillis.'—*Milton.*

THE mutual obligations between master and man, mistress and maid, form a vexed question, and a highly interesting one to many. The labourer has voted himself worthy of better hire, and been fighting his battle; the artisan his; the miner has contributed to raise the price of coal and iron; the clerk and the shopman nowadays enjoy privileges of which their predecessors did not venture to dream. There is little danger of the fair claims of domestic servants being overlooked. But, on the whole, perhaps the mistresses have the better reason to 'strike' of the two—the mistresses, more especially, of middle-class households, where high (and daily increasing) prices in food, coals, and rent are not met by any proportionate increase of income. In fact, the eagerness with which poor ladies seek situations as telegraph clerks, accountants, post-office *employées*, and cashiers

certainly leads one to regard with amazement the modesty and eagerness to work of the one class in contrast with the encroachments and pretensions of the other.

We are apt to think of foreign, or at any rate of French servants, that they are cleaner, pleasanter, more easily satisfied, more amenable to reason, less boorish, and possessed of finer tact than are our English domestics. This may be so; though I cannot help fancying that the difference lies a great deal in difference of locality, and that we, in going to live abroad, are prepared to leave many of our habits and prejudices behind, and to accept, on foreign shores, that which we should unhesitatingly reject within our own borders.

German servants—and I can speak from many years' experience—are certainly not pleasant in their *commerce*, nor easy to get on with. They have none of that bright French amiability (lip-service though it may be) which is so sympathetic, smooths away so many domestic difficulties, and recommends itself so pleasantly to a mistress's gratitude and recognition. The schools throughout Germany are numerous, excellent, and cheap. The poorest children must receive a fair amount of education, where education is compulsory and the fines for non-attendance severe; they are taught to read and write, to spell decently, and even the higher branches of culture are not altogether neglected; but they are turned out hopelessly uncouth; coarse in manner, and unhandy at their work; often incorrigibly dirty, without aptitude or willingness to learn, doggedly satisfied with themselves, and convinced that the right thing to do is to

treat any attempt on your part to ameliorate their manners, or improve their condition, with a loutish ridicule. 'While I have seen'—says a writer in the 'Contemporary Review,' pointing out the difference between mere book-learning and education—'while I have seen perfect manners, of their kind, in the peasants of more than one country, Eastern and Western, I think the worst-mannered people in Europe—perhaps in the world—are the highly-taught Prussians.'

Two instances occur to me as I write these words which will illustrate my meaning. Having a very delicate child, I brought for him from England a perambulator, and told the nurse, as he was not allowed to walk and I would not permit him to be swathed up in a mantle and carried for hours with his spine distorted (after the fashion in that part of the country), that she could take him out daily in his little carriage. She said nothing, but the next day I saw her, as usual, swathing him up in her mantle. I interfered, and reminded her of the perambulator. She stolidly refused to use it. I insisted, but to no effect. 'Die ganze Stadt wird mich auslachen' was all I could get from her, and she departed in triumph with the child in her mantle, to recount her exploits to her gossips, and to laugh at my English newfangledness. The next day the same representations, the same remonstrances, and the same result. The third day she remarked that she would rather go than be made the laughing-stock of the other nursemaids; and upon my telling her that I had no objection to her going, provided she would do so at once, she calmly reminded me that, as servants only changed their

places on quarter-day, she would certainly not give up board and lodging and wages to please a fancy of mine. So, as I could not allow the child to be injured, I had no alternative but to take him out myself; the recalcitrant Jette walking sulkily by my side whilst I wheeled the perambulator. I was ridiculed, of course, by gentle as well as simple; but I took pains to reason with my new nursemaid as to this part of her duties, pointing out to her how much pleasanter and less fatiguing it must be to use the perambulator than to carry a heavy child for four hours in her arms. It is only fair to add that at least twenty nursemaids refused the situation when they heard of the conditions attached to it. Perambulators are now, doubtless, as popular in Germany as elsewhere; but at that time they had not even been heard of in the remote town where I was sojourning.

Being much exercised in my mind as to the discomfort of the servants' meals, I bought them tablecloths, and had a table and some chairs placed in a small room near the kitchen, where I begged them to sit down to a cleanly-spread table, taking their food at one time, with bread and salt and the etceteras comfortably arranged. They suffered the tablecloths to be presented to them with a sort of stolid apathy, but evidently considered I was endeavouring to tyrannise over them and unduly exercise my authority. The very next day, looking by chance into the kitchen, I saw the man-servant seated on the wood-basket, eating his mess of pottage out of the earthenware porringer in which it had been cooked; whilst the maids' empty plates stood in sloppy disorder, one on

the window-sill with a pewter, the other on the table with a wooden spoon. There was no carpet in the kitchen, a brick floor, and only one wooden chair by way of furniture; but they persistently resisted all my attempts to make them comfortable, replying doggedly, 'Wir sind es nicht gewohnt,' and ridiculing my well-meant efforts to their acquaintances above and below stairs as part of the stupidity and fussiness of the foreigner.

A German servant has no sort of training for service, and has therefore no method or routine in her work. Every mistress of a household will understand my meaning when it is explained that a young girl, having served in four or five different houses, will have done so in a different capacity in each. She will have been nursemaid, maid of all work, cook and housemaid, sewing maid, and consequently a Jill of all trades and mistress of none. Every servant on entering service is provided with a *Dienstbuch*, dealt out to her by the police authorities, and she has to announce herself (*sich zu melden*) at the police office every time she changes her situation. In this *Dienstbuch* are registered her name and age, and native place; and on each page is a printed formula, which the mistress she is leaving is obliged to fill up, as to her cleanliness, industry, honesty, moral conduct, sobriety, &c., as well as the reason of her leaving her situation, the date on which she entered, and that on which she left it. At a first glance these books would appear to be most admirable institutions, but, in fact, they are utterly worthless. Few mistresses care to be involved in the toil and trouble of bringing home any

special charge; and, if a lady cannot substantiate her accusations, she lays herself open to an action for defamation of character. Then, again, a certain sort of feeble philanthropy leads one to shirk 'taking the bread out of a girl's mouth,' never considering whether one is justified in rendering a whole family miserable in order to supply the young woman with the staff of life, which we have ourselves found it impossible to afford her any longer; and, again, the disastrous system of rambling, slipshod gossip that is carried on between mistress and maid, whilst the potatoes are being peeled and the carrots scraped, breeds a familiarity that is apt to turn to contempt in the inferior mind, and is destructive of anything like truthfulness or independence on the part of the mistress in these matters. All the morning the lady potters in and out of the kitchen, and, between lifting the saucepan lids and deploring the scarcity of eggs and the dearness of butter, many little confidences are likely to pass. Christina has heard from Johanna this or that about the *Frau Majorinn* So-and-So; and Jette told Dorette at market that it was quite certain that the *Herr General* had beaten the *Frau Generalinn* black and blue last night; perhaps the *Frau Generalinn* was not such an angel as she would have the world suppose; but, *Du lieber Gott!* one musn't listen to all the people said, for there were plenty of malicious tongues about, but could the *gnädige Frau* ever have believed that the *Frau Geheimeräthinn* could have treated her daughter's *Bräutigam* as she had done? And so their talk flows on; the maid repeating the miserable tittle-tattle of the women of her class; the mistress helping

the scandal further in the coffee-parties whither it is her custom to resort of an afternoon. Under these circumstances it is not to be expected that much candour will characterise the mistress's estimate of her maid. Just as she has listened to tittle about others, others will listen to tattle about her; and, if she has not been above carrying contemptible gossip from house to house, she will not expect a more magnanimous forbearance; and thus a network of ignoble gossip and petty scandal is woven about 'society,' and covers it with an invisible, poisonous web.

In ordinary German households—i.e. in the households of lawyers, doctors, young military men, small Government officials, &c.—as a rule only one servant is kept. If there are children there will be a nursemaid; and if perennial babes flourish, there will be also that disastrous institution, an *Amme*. If the household be that of a military man (and nine out of ten of your acquaintances wear uniform), there will be an orderly, who helps with the rougher work, such as the hewing of wood and drawing of water; but, as a rule, he will have no livery, but rather fulfil the necessary duties of 'odd man' about the household, departing, when his work is over, to his other avocations. In engaging a servant you will find that she invariably bargains for her 'Sunday out.' She belongs to a *Kränzchen*, or club; and it will be her privilege to depart early on Sunday afternoons to the coffee-garden where the festive meeting is held. Of church-going there is, in Protestant Germany, no question; but of much dancing during Sunday afternoons with the *Bräutigam* of the moment there can

be no evasion. This is a matter of custom and right, to which it would be useless folly to demur. Of 'walking-out' nothing much is said. At seven o'clock a servant's work is considered to be finished. It is then her privilege to take her stand in some convenient corner of the garden, or under the *porte cochère*, and there, stocking in hand, to finish the day with gossip and flirtation.

Thus the custom of lounging in doorways makes locomotion far afield a work of supererogation, nor will the click of knitting-needles nor the clack of tongues be pretermitted, even though the master and mistress pass by that way. From Easter to Michaelmas your servants thus will stand; and, however distasteful the custom or exasperating the right to their employers, it would be useless to attempt to suppress it. It is their 'custom, and they will.' For stolid, heavy, unemotional sticking to their rights, for an inelastic temperament, and an unyielding selfishness, German servants are, perhaps, unrivalled in Europe.

Formerly (I am not speaking of so very many years ago) a servant almost invariably wore the *Tracht*, or costume, of her country or district. I was delighted in the first German town where I sojourned with the trim, picturesque maid-servants, all wearing bright-coloured petticoats, black jackets, and caps of lace and muslin, perfect marvels of whiteness and clear-starching, tied beneath the coils of shining hair in a miraculous bow; whilst their tidy baskets and umbrellas, substantial shoes and knitted stockings, their bright earrings and buckles, gave them an appearance of homely smartness that was pleasant to

the eye. Who does not regret that neat bodice and homespun petticoat, the arrow fastening the plaits, the little coquettish pointed cap of black ribbon, with its broad streamers, those silver buckles and *Mieder* ornaments, which formerly marked the distinction of classes, and that certainly not to the disadvantage of the maids? Now the ambition of every country girl is to go *städtisch*, or 'townly,' dressed; to ape, that is (as, alas! with us), in inferior material the apparel of her betters, so that the bright, tidy national costumes have disappeared with alarming rapidity out of German households, *vice* vulgar finery and dingy frippery promoted. The consequences are unpleasant; the servants make themselves 'smart' like their mistresses for the afternoon, but it is with an unsatisfactory smartness, depending more upon plaits and pomatum than upon cleanliness and freshness of attire. The outside of the cup and the platter may be clean enough for those who are content to take things on the surface; but, even then, in the best houses the demure smartness of fresh print gowns, tidy caps, white linen collars and cuffs, and pretty white aprons, is unknown; and I have often seen a lady's maid come into her mistress's presence at one o'clock in the day in list slippers, hair undressed, a cap anything but coquettish, a coarse loose jacket, and a coloured apron, far from clean. You will see the same damsel going to her ball on Sunday in the wreath of flowers and muslin dress which are indispensable to her enjoyment; but these doubtful glories are reserved for important occasions (in which you have no part), and for the young man who pays for the lemonade.

As a rule, in Germany, the servants change their situations only at quarter-day, and, though now and again some spirited damsel may take the *mors aux dents* and summarily depart, the rule is generally observed; so that the mistress who has been made miserable at Christmas has to endure the maid's presence until Easter, when quarter-day strikes the order for release, and the unwilling, incompetent, dirty, or disobedient 'help' carries herself off. Under such circumstances it is not to be wondered at if the 'ways' of domestic life are neither ways of pleasantness nor paths of peace. And even should you assert your independence, and, throwing off custom's thrall, refuse to be annoyed by the presence of a rebellious member of your household, you will scarcely find yourself better off, since there will be no disengaged damsels ready to take the rebel's place. This being the case, you had better bide your time until quarter-day shall sanction the welcome change. As a rule, there is a great disinclination to leave a good place at Christmas. Between two stools it is difficult not to fall to the ground, and the out-going or in-coming maid is neither welcomed with, nor sped by, parting gifts. The wages of an ordinary female servant vary from three to five pounds a year, seldom passing the limit, unless in the larger towns, of six pounds; therefore Christmas gifts form an important item in their receipts. These, of course, vary according to the resources of the family; but in the most modest household the maid of all work will receive not less than a *Thaler*, a neat gown, some unbleached linen, a pound of coffee, and minor gifts in the shape of *Pfeffer-* and *Honig-*

kuchen, a comforter, a pair of gloves, or a shawl. In larger establishments the *Trinkgelder* will be on a more liberal scale: two or three *Thaler* each for the women and four or five for the men, and the gifts in kind of a proportionately better quality. At the greater and lesser fair (festivals which take place in most towns twice yearly) your servants will expect at least a *Thaler*, to be spent in fairings; and it is customary to give that sum, or more, if you are liberally inclined, to the nurse who comes to tell you that your last infant has cut its first tooth. Servants, both men and maids, only consider the engagement to enter your service binding if you give them what is called *Handgeld* (the customary *Thaler*), as a pledge that on your part it is a *bonâ-fide* transaction.

In almost everything domestics are allowanced, provisions (not stores only) being kept under strict lock and key, and doled out from meal to meal according to want or necessity by the indefatigable *Hausfrau*. So much bread and so much butter is allowed, or board wages are given, so that the servants are independent, in all smaller matters, of the family food. In *bourgeois* families, where a certain national fare is the order of the day, masters and servants consume their *Hausmannskost* in friendly unison; but in better class households, where three or four domestics are kept, and somewhat of the French and English *cuisines* enter into competition with the German, an entirely separate table is a necessary evil. There is no eating of cold joints, no consuming of made dishes which have already done duty upstairs; the appointed dinner and supper for every day of the week

is strictly adhered to, and any attempt to interfere with the gastronomic rights of the *Dienstleute* would cause rebellion in the kitchen.

Being ignorant on many of the more occult matters of housekeeping, I asked a friend to give me some safe rules by which to guide my household, and on which to frame my code of domestic laws. She supplied me with those I quote below, by which, she told me, she had conducted her establishment for years. I should premise the quotation by saying that the family consisted of herself and husband, two children, a governess, lady's maid, cook, housemaid, and manservant. Her husband holding a high position at Court, carriages and coachmen were always at his command.[1]

Rules.—Allow your servants four *Thaler* (12*s.*) yearly for coffee and sugar, one *Thaler* (3*s.*) for each fair, and at least the same as a Christmas-box. Twice a week fresh meat for dinner; on the other days the soup meat from which your soup has been made, with vegetables, potatoes, pickled cabbage, &c. For supper, soups either of oatmeal, flour, rice, *Gries* or *Grütze*, &c. If boiled with milk, no sugar is allowed; if with water, a little will be required. Tea being drunk in our house, according to English fashion, on Sunday and Thursday, they have what is left in our teapot, with the addition of two lumps of sugar and

[1] The Princess Salm-Salm gives an amusing account of how, being also conscious of her insufficient knowledge respecting domestic matters, she puts herself under the tutelage of a skilled German *Hausfrau*, and how, in her zeal to emulate the good lady's penny wisdom, shows such frugal fervour, that her husband, being used to more liberal fare, 'strikes,' and the household is thenceforth absolved from what he contemptuously calls 'the starvation code.'

two white rolls each. Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays supper consists of some kind of soup, as above, and one roll of bread. Tuesday, potatoes, with herrings or mustard sauces. Saturday, pancakes and salad. If pancakes are made, one egg is allowed for each person. If rice and milk is cooked for servants, half a pint of milk and a teacupful of rice is allowed for each person. I see that the dripping from all joints is melted down, clarified, and put into jars; it is used for all servants' vegetables, frying and basting. White beans, lentils, dried apples, pears, and plums are used for servants' vegetables. If washing is done at home, allow half-a-pound of soap for each well piled up basket of linen. If wood is burnt in the stoves the ashes must be carefully collected to make *Lauge* for the wash. A laundress gets 17½ *Silbergroschen* the first day (not quite 2*s.*) and 15 *Silbergroschen* for the following days. She comes at four in the morning; her dinner and supper are brought to her, coffee and white bread are allowed her, one ounce of coffee and six lumps of sugar per diem. A charwoman gets 7½ *Silbergroschen* the day; a mender, 5 *Silbergroschen.*

It is only fair to add that prices have steadily risen since the late war; and I can fancy a fair young Englishwoman turning up her nose in disgust at these mean details, and setting down the so-called 'lady' as a fussy, frumpish old woman. She was, on the contrary, a very charming person, giving brilliant balls and *recherché* dinners, and drawing an income of a thousand a year, independent of her husband, from her English property. To me, I confess, all this

detailed domesticity appeared little less than a waste of life. I ventured even to say so to her, complaining that the German ladies did the cooking whilst the servants only cleaned the pots and pans. She agreed that the so-called 'cooks' were miserably ignorant; but went on to say that a German servant who never saw her mistress in the kitchen would soon despise her as a bad *Hausfrau*, and would probably begin a system of thieving, under the impression that her mistress was so rich it did not matter, or so stupid she would not discover it.

A housekeeper in Germany is called a *Mamsell*, no matter whether wife, widow, or maid; and in large households she will have the control of what is consumed, and will of course save the mistress much trouble and fatigue.

Every servant is expected to wash her own clothes, and those of the family, either with or without assistance: a custom which leads to an economy in matters of cleanliness, distressing in more senses than one. It is the pride of many a German *Hausfrau* to boast that she has a 'wash' only twice a year: this announces great hoards of linen, and is intended to strike awe and admiration into your soul. To every reflecting person so disgusting a custom is calculated to inspire feelings of horror at the accumulation of unhealthiness and unpleasantness which (without entering more fully into the subject) must be the necessary consequence of so nasty a practice. In my time it was considered frivolous, as well as shabby, to send your clothes to the weekly wash—implied that you had only a change of linen, and had not been

bred in thrifty ways. Servants cannot, of course, even by the utmost economy in cleanliness and the strictest devotion to dirt, make their clothes last them for six months; though they retire to rest every night in the under-garments and stockings they have worn and worked in all day, with the addition perhaps of a loose jacket over the petticoat, or a woollen shawl pinned across the bare neck and arms. No provision is made for their doing their laundry work, and, when it has to be done, they accomplish it without a murmur by rising two or three hours earlier in the morning, and pursuing their labours into the night.

In most houses a so-called *Waschkammer* is provided, the floor and walls being of concrete, so that rats and mice cannot penetrate, and the windows in the roof so arranged as to permit of a current of air; but, even with these precautions, the custom of hoarding quantities of soiled linen is one that cannot be too severely condemned.

A German girl continues to be a maid of all work until circumstances elevate her to a higher position. She becomes a mother, and this opens a fresh career to her as an *Amme* (wet-nurse). Her lines will thenceforward fall in pleasant places. It is extremely rare for a German lady to nourish her own child. It is a startling fact, but a fact nevertheless, that, during seven years' residence in Germany, I only knew two gentlewomen who had accomplished this natural duty. In the one case my friend, a still beautiful woman of five-and-forty, had had twelve children; in the other, the son and daughter were already grown up, and the

fact was mentioned amongst other *notabilia* connected with their mother's history.

Thus an *Amme* is a person of consideration. No disgrace or loss of character is attached to the irregularity of conduct which is often the origin of her promotion to a higher sphere. Her wages are quadrupled; her fare, by comparison, is sumptuous; she can never be scolded; she is called upon to fulfil but one duty, namely, that which nature has imposed upon the mother, and which the mother delegates to her. In rich and noble families the *Amme* forms part of the pomp and circumstance of the house. She (probably) alone of all the serving women will wear her peasant's dress, and with a singular sort of coquetry her mistress will see that the smartest silver shoe-buckles and *Mieder* ornaments, the brightest scarlet cloth, the trimmest cap and bodice are hers; and when she carries her charge through the public gardens, or is driven abroad for an airing, she will attract more notice, and receive more admiration, than equipage, lady, horses, and infant put together. In ordinary households this luxury of costume cannot be carried out; but still, amidst simpler details, the occupation is so much more remunerative than ordinary service, that one can scarcely be surprised if plenty of women are found ready and willing to follow the trade. With them the child is only a means to an end; with the lady it is an end without the means; and so the peasant woman comes to the front, and the little balance of irregularity in nature is struck.

Marriage amongst the lower orders in Germany is cumbered about with so many restrictions and condi-

tions, that it has come to be looked upon almost as an impossibility.[1] I remember once hearing a lively discussion on this very subject, in a Northern duchy, where emigration, cholera, and the impossibility of marriage amongst the labouring classes had more than decimated the population. The harvest lay that year rotting in the fields, and there was no hand to reap or garner in the golden grain. The neglected peasant offspring cannot bring the same fibre to his work as though care and comfort had been his; and it certainly seems a false political economy which restricts marriage lest pauper families should come upon 'the parish,' and yet cannot prevent the migration, by thousands, of tillers of the soil, with their illegitimate offspring. But to return to our sheep.

My first German nursemaid was a girl of twenty, born and bred on the estate where I was at that time staying. She was engaged for me by a relative, who congratulated me on the acquisition. She had been with me a few days, when, going into the nursery, I found her talking to a little boy and girl. She pushed them forward, saying pleasantly, 'Wish the lady good morning,' and adding by way of explanation, smiling up at me with unembarrassed friendliness all the time,

[1] Wilberforce, in his *Social Life in Munich*, says: 'Here the Government opposes so many impediments to marriage that they amount frequently to prohibition. The inquisitorial proceedings, too, which must be gone through before parties may dare to marry are as vexatious as they are ridiculous. In Munich there were in one year 1,762 legitimate births and 1,702 illegitimate births; nor is it rare in one month for the illegitimate to exceed the legitimate. In the Palatinate, where the laws are less vexatious, and the material prosperity of the people greater, the illegitimate births are one in nine; in Saxony and Prussia one in thirteen.'

'That is my boy and girl.' Forthwith I rushed to my relative.

'You did not tell me Elspeth was married,' I said.

'Married? Who told you so? Nothing of the kind.'

'But I assure you she is; I have just seen her two children.'

'Cela n'empêche pas,' she said, parodying the words of a greater personage than herself; and then she proceeded to enlighten me. 'Was willst Du?' she asked in conclusion. 'Marriage is the exception, not the rule, amongst people of this sort. It will make her all the kinder to your child that she is a mother herself.' The situation was new to me, and I could not accustom myself readily to it; but Elspeth went on calmly talking of her *Junge* and her *Mädchen*, and only left my service when I quitted that part of Germany, and she did not care to leave her offspring behind. A long train of Elspeths followed her; the circumstances only varying in degree, not in kind; the first intimation I had of them often being after this fashion: 'If the *Frau Gräfinn* has done with that pelisse, it will just fit my youngest,' or, 'My second boy would be glad of those socks,' and so on. I never got anyone to be in the least surprised, sympathetic, indignant, hurt, or otherwise emotional on the subject. German ladies take all this, as, indeed, to do them justice, they take most things, very philosophically. It was the custom—*ländlich sittlich*. That which precedent has consecrated let no man (or woman) cavil at. It had its conveniences. 'I partly agree with what you say,' a friend once replied, to whom I

had been airing my grievances; 'but I was always particular that my *Amme* had only one *Bräutigam*.'[1] There was a ring of high virtue in this, which suggested complications undreamt of in my philosophy, and thenceforth I thought it as well to shut my eyes and ears, and pass by on the other side of the inevitable. Vague misgivings were at least better than detailed statistics.[2]

Let us now turn to the *Chasseur*. We are unacquainted in England with this resplendent individual, whose cocked hat outcocks and outplumes that of a general officer, and whose befrogged and belaced attire is of so military a character, that involuntarily one straightens the dorsal vertebræ and expands the chest in his martial presence. He is, as it were, the body-guard of his master, sits upon the box of the carriage, springs down when his lord alights, stands behind his chair at dinner, loads his gun at the battue, carves the roast, looks to the wine, keeps an account of the heads of game, polishes the fire-arms, and adds lustre and dignity to the establishment.

Of the German *Kellner* not much need be said. He does not belong to home life, and every traveller knows his quickness, his good-humour, his marvellous

[1] *Braut* and *Bräutigam* are only used for betrothed persons. From the hour of her marriage a woman is no longer a bride in Germany.

[2] A German author, pleading the cause of the lower orders against obstructive marriage-laws, says: 'At this moment, as I am writing, my servant, fifteen years of age, comes in dressed for a festival, and tells me that as her father and mother *are going to be married* to-day, she wishes henceforth to be called by her father's name. Twelve times the parents' application for licence to marry had been rejected, and every time the lawyer's bills, fees, and official expenses had to be defrayed by the unsuccessful applicants.'

capacity for carrying fifty-two wine-glasses and three hundred and sixty-five plates at a time. He is an ubiquitous being, and 'Ubi bene, ibi patria' is his motto. You find him in Rome, in New York, in London, in Constantinople, in St. Petersburg, in San Francisco, at Athens; and he is always the same: always ready, always cheerful, always obliging, always in a hurry, and always—unmistakably German.

There remain but the irregular corps of *Dienstmänner* and *Botenfrauen* to be disposed of.

In most towns a bureau for *Dienstmänner* is to be found. These men wear a blouse and a badge. They will carry a bouquet or a barrel of beer for you; they have a regular tariff, and on your engaging them present you with a little ticket, which you keep in case of disagreement. Should such arise, you make your complaint to the *chef*, who sits in his bureau, surrounded by his unemployed regiment; the affair is adjusted, the culprit reprimanded, the fault is entered in a book, and another man will be told off on your service. For a lady shopping, who wants all her parcels quickly, there is no better plan than to take a *Dienstmänn*, and collect them from shop to shop; he will carry them home for her, and save her the expense of a carriage, or the annoyance of sending a servant for the thirty-nine articles, since no German tradesman dreams of despatching his parcels himself; as soon as you have bought the goods they are your property, and it is your concern to fetch them. This the useful *Dienstmänn* does for a few pence.

The *Botenfrau* is a creature to be immortalised by grateful hearts. You are, for instance, spending two

or three months in the mountains; the nearest town is ten, twenty, five-and-twenty miles off. The villages produce nothing but children, pigs, and black bread. The *Botenfrau* steps in, a humble goddess out of a machine. She sets off with her deep basket on her back, her weather-beaten face tied up in a shawl, her petticoats short, her shoes thick, and a large piece of oil-cloth rolled up for the protection of her purchases, should rainy weather supervene. You have written a list for her, and she goes off at a swinging trot. She will, if railways can help her, take a third-class ticket for some part of her journey, but if, as is more often the case, the shorter way be to walk, she accomplishes her twenty, five-and-twenty, thirty miles, and returns to you in the evening with your volume of Tauchnitz, your silk and wool matched, the boots you had sent to be mended, a pound of tea, your favourite tonic; and for this you give her a few pence, and receive in return thanks, a pleasant smile, and the last pieces of gossip from the town.

Had our poet been born in the land of which I speak, he would never have written that line about the 'neat-handed Phillis;' neat-handed Phillises appearing to bear no part in the scheme of creation as regards the Fatherland. Their wage is low, but, after a long experience, I doubt whether any lowness of wage can compensate for the defects of which I have spoken. Our neat housemaids, nice nurses, trim parlour-maids, and capable cooks may cost a good deal; but we have something for our money. They do not jar upon our æsthetic feelings by their dirt and disorder, by their want of polish, uncouth manners,

and pig-headed obstinacy. They have been trained in the traditions of service, and their bearing is seemly. No doubt a wide margin for improvement is still left, and, just because there are differences to be adjusted, a glimpse at foreign domestic life may not be without interest to Englishwomen.

As for the German *Hausfrau*, she must, I think, feel envious sometimes at the blissful ideal suggested by those curt sentences of the Roman centurion, whose boast it was that he said to one 'Go,' and he went, and to another 'Come,' and he came, and to his servant, 'Do this,' and he did it. To say to a German servant 'Come' is like pulling a pig by its tail; she will immediately rush in a contrary direction. And be sure that, though you may have said to her 'Do this' three hundred and sixty-four times during the year, if you omit to say it the three hundred and sixty-fifth, she will be certain, as Dickens said, to find 'a way how NOT to do it.'.

CHAPTER II.

FURNITURE.

'I sing the Sofa.'—*Cowper.*

SPEAKING roughly, one would say that German furniture was chiefly conspicuous by its absence; but, upon 'nearer view,' it has other characteristics which justify us in giving it its due modicum of consideration; especially if we take the word in its larger sense, not merely as signifying tables and chairs, beds and sofas, but as concerning all the paraphernalia of living.

And, firstly, as regards the houses and their interior arrangements. These, of course, vary considerably in different parts of Germany; but in one respect they are invariable: every house is divided into flats, with a common staircase for all the occupants, and a common door. As a rule, the old houses, standing in streets and squares, have solid thick walls and ample landing-places; whilst in the modern villa, built in the environs, you will find a maximum of lath and plaster and a minimum of brick and stone. In the old houses you will find the admirable *Berliner Ofen*; in the modern ones iron abominations, whereof more anon. In the town you

will suffer greatly from the street drains, as well as from defective arrangements in this respect within your own borders; in the villa you will probably have only the latter inconvenience to endure, and as you will have a small garden, and foliage about you, the result will probably be less disastrous than in the town. The common hall (in old houses this is spacious, flagged with stones, and the door will be a *porte cochère*) is entered by the common door, which hangs upon the hinge, and through which, in cold weather, the air rushes with an icy blast, chilling the very bones and marrow, whilst the banging to and fro, that goes on all day, is a source fruitful of misery to persons afflicted with nerves. Every comer and goer lets it swing against the lock; no one takes the trouble to open or shut it, and thus, at last, you come to curse the compromise, and to wish they would set the huge machines open, as is the case in summer, and have mercy on your head.

You mount to the first floor. In some houses you will find a *grille*, and against the wall is a neat little white porcelain plate, with the name of the tenant in black letters, so that you will at once be aware whether you have come to the right 'flat.' The higher you mount, the lower will be the rents, until at length you reach the *Boden*, or loft, which is divided into servants' sleeping-places, *Waschkammern*, and palisaded store-rooms; the centre of the *Boden* is common property, and in wet weather is used as a drying-ground, when it is a matter of some arrangement and not a little diplomacy to satisfy the requirements of all the families dwelling beneath the

common roof. To an Englishman, whose house is his castle, who probably lives and dies without knowing or caring to know the name of his next-door neighbour, this system of dwelling in flats is eminently distasteful. We have seen how Gretchen from No. 1 flat scandalises Kätchen from No. 2 ditto, as to the sensational details revealed by the faithful Lina from No. 3 opposite; and we know how, after seven in the evening, the same devoted domestics will be lounging, stocking in hand, in doorways, or lurking with the *Bräutigam* of the moment in the garden, enjoying the sequel of what was so pleasantly commenced on the market during morning hours.

As you enter the door and ascend the staircase, you will at once see evidences of discomfort in the sloppiness of the stairs. The system of laying water on, as with us, is only now struggling into feeble existence in Germany, and is only applicable in newly-built houses, so that the well of your staircase is literally a well, up and down which buckets are going all day long. Mina and Lina have to fetch every drop of water for the family ablutions, for cooking and drinking purposes, from the *Brunnen* in the courtyard, or across the street, or perhaps in a neighbour's garden, and the labour and discomfort entailed by this primitive state of things is incalculable. It also leads to an economy of water which, to a person not afflicted with hydrophobia, is trying in the extreme. It is scarcely a wonder, when we think of this, that baths and tubs should not enter into the scheme of bedroom arrangements, and that in Germany all personal ablutions, on a large scale, should

be undertaken out of the house at the public baths. The tenant on the ground floor is supposed to keep the *Hausflur* in order; he who dwells above him to provide for the cleansing of the stairs leading from the first flat to the house door, and so on up to the topmost dwelling; but it will be readily understood that the slopping of buckets up and down the staircase all day long, though it may not come under the head of 'dirt' proper, certainly does come under that of discomfort, and is destructive of all appearance of care and order.

Having found your friends by the porcelain plate, you will enter the drawing-room. As a rule, this will not be carpeted, but the floor will be stained a dark colour, and there will be small pieces of carpet, seldom of the same pattern, spread in different corners of the room. In some houses the floors are parqueted (a fashion now becoming popular in England, when expense is a secondary consideration), the inlaid wood forming diamonds or squares, or some other simple design. In princely houses great luxury is shown in this item; the parqueting becomes a work of art, and exquisite bouquets of flowers in coloured woods, forming the centre of medallions, connected by trellis-work, polished to a high degree, form a splendid parade-ground for the capering of dancers. But to return to a humbler sphere. On the rugs or squares of carpet, of which mention has been made, there will be a table, and behind the table, invariably, a sofa. This is the place of honour, and should no person of higher rank than your own be present, you will be invited to take your place thereon. I have

often been amused watching the 'sofa comedy,' when perhaps a lady of higher rank than she who is already seated upon it arrives on the scene. The 'second lady' at once rises, and prepares to 'efface' herself; the 'first lady' smiles deprecatingly, and begs her to be seated, with a 'Bitte, bitte' which is infinitely condescending; but the second lady is almost hurt that it could be supposed such ignorance of the *bienséances* is hers, and her 'Aber, Excellenz!' has something almost appealing in its remonstrance. But I was 'singing the Sofa,' and must apologise for the episodical. On the table there will be a gay-coloured cloth, and, perhaps, a damask napkin placed diamond-wise in anticipation of the coming coffee; but there will be no books or work upon it; no photographs, or magazines, or newspapers, or sketch-books about the room; and as you glance furtively around you will be able to draw no inferences or conclusions as to the characteristics of its fair occupants. It will have no distinctive physiognomy of its own, showing you that Corinna has the poetic mind, or Angela the painter's hand, whilst little Dorcas's benevolence is evinced by her work-basket overflowing with flannel and calico. You will see no traces of present occupation about the place, unless it be that a stocking, in course of knitting, lies on the sofa-cushion. Should you have been long a sojourner in the land, the click of the knitting-needles will not improbably suggest to your mind reminiscences of the 'clack' that too often accompanies it in the afternoon *Kaffeen*. Near the window there will probably be a writing-table surrounded by a screen of

trellis-work, or covered with an arch, over which ivy has been trained—ivy so dark and so dismal, so loudly telling of want of sun and air, that it will rather have a depressing than an enlivening effect on the *ensemble* of the room—and there will be an india-rubber plant or two, and a few bits of greenery in pots, but for gorgeous geraniums, bright calceolarias, sweet verbenas, brilliant petunias, you must not look. Gardening is an art but little cultivated, and to waste money on what will fade in a week, and have to be renewed all the summer through, if your room is to look bright and its glories to remain undimmed, is a folly of which no well-regulated *Hausfrau* would be guilty. The German loves flowers, it is true, but they must cost him nothing. The rich merchants of Altona and Frankfort emulate the glories of our English gardens, but rich merchants will everywhere be luxurious; and, in the good old gambling days of Baden, Homburg, and Wiesbaden gay parterres pleased the eye in public gardens; but gardening is as yet in its infancy in the Fatherland, and nursery-gardens, hot-houses, and green-houses, as we know them, still luxuries of the future. The chairs in the drawing-room, from which we have for a moment strayed, will be miscellaneous as to pattern and stiff as to arrangement; there will be a good deal of 'bent wood' and wicker-work. Much of the furniture will be covered with wool-work, and about the room you will see evidences of the industry of ladies of the house, in bead mats, knitted and crocheted antimacassars, elaborate footstools, and bright-coloured *étagères*. The *portières* which pro-

bably drape the doors of communication with the other apartments will perhaps also be gorgeous with Berlin wool-work borders; but there will be little harmony, and no happy results, in these patchy contributions of affection. There being no chimney-piece, the somewhat monotonous adornment of the gilt clock and candelabra which unfailingly ornament French *salons* will be wanting, but there will be a *Schrank* or two (a sort of cabinet), with glass doors, through which you may peer at the treasures within. On its shelves you will see a few china cups and saucers, a handsome beer-flagon, a kaleidoscope letter-weight, a card-dish, a confirmation plate, a spare sugar-basin, a few old jugs, ornaments of birthday cakes; *que sais-je?*—all those useless and troublesome trifles which a family gathers as the years roll on. On the wall there will, almost invariably, be one spot, which from a distance looks like an astronomical system, but which upon inspection proves to be a collection of the family photographs, stars of greater and lesser magnitude, hung close together in black oval frames (gilt tarnishes, costs more originally, has to be renewed, is subject to the flies); the husbands and wives sitting hand in hand, the young men in uniform in fine military position, the maidens in their best clothes, looking highly demure and very much alike.

You will seldom find water-colour sketches or oil-paintings adorning the walls of the dining-room, nor will it afford you fine engravings after the Landseers, the Millais, the Bonheurs, or the Wilkies of Germany. It will be a room bare of all ornament and destitute

of all attraction: it will do to feed in, as the chairs will do to sit on, and that is all. A common table without any cloth, a floor without any carpet, windows without even the ivy and india-rubber plants, will produce a frugality of aspect that verges on the sordid; the noise of footsteps coming and going on the bare boards will strike a knell of remorse into your bosom, as you think of all the Turkey carpets over which you have passed with indifference during earlier portions of your pilgrimage, and you will hasten on to the *sanctum sanctorum* of the master of the house. It smells strongly of tobacco, but for this you are prepared. Have you not seen, lurking behind the drawing and dining room stoves, spittoons of china and spittoons of brass? You have given a little shudder, but you have recovered yourself, and have borne yourself gallantly, not wishing to appear over 'nice.' There will be an arm-chair or two in the master's room, and a wardrobe, and a chest of drawers perhaps, and a sofa covered with American leather; and there will be whips and spurs, and guns and gloves, a *Schlafrock*, and a pair of Berlin wool-work slippers, a beer flagon or two, a *Joppe*, a stand full of pipes, endless contrivances for the reception of cigars, such as dog-kennels, pigeon-cotes, Swiss châlets, and beer-barrels; and *Aschbecken* innumerable, bead penwipers, and blotting-books of velvet, silk, and gold; embroidered card-cases, gay smoking-caps, cross-stitch carpet-bags, testify to the affection with which the head of the house is regarded by his woman-kind.

In this apartment you will recognise the advan-

tages of carpetless floors and light window-curtains, and you will especially appreciate the delightful windows which by a simple contrivance open outwards like folding-doors, saving all necessity for calling a servant, or bringing yourself to the brink of apoplexy by endeavouring to heave upwards the heavy sash. By turning a handle you lift the centre bolt out of the deep hole into which it falls, and the two *battants* swing asunder with charming ease. There is often a deep window-sill, upon which it is pleasant to lounge; and where this is the case wool-work cushions fitting squarely into the niches will afford you pleasant support, so that you may lean there by the hour, nor have cause to ruefully rub your elbows when you tire of the *far niente*. A less commendable custom is that of having two bits of looking-glass, fixed at a certain angle, just outside the drawing-room window, whereby you see not only the traffic of the road, but are enabled to spy out all the incomings and outgoings of your neighbours—to watch who comes to the door; to know who the A.'s parterre are entertaining, &c. &c.

But whilst I am on the subject of windows I must note a contrivance which called forth my lasting admiration and gratitude so often as I made use of it. In every room you will find one window with a movable pane. Looking more nearly at the squares of glass, you will see a small button attached to one; turn it, and behold the magic pane moves on its hinges, and two feet square of fresh air are let in upon you. Can anything be more delightful? You do not want the roaring blast to be admitted through twelve feet by six of window, blowing the curtains and news-

papers and work materials wildly about the room, as though a hurricane raged amongst your properties; but you do want that pleasant and wholesome breath of freshness which will circulate softly through your apartment, dispersing your *vapeurs noires* and relieving your brain of the weight and fulness superinduced by the heavy stove atmosphere. The welcome oxygen will brighten your 'blues,' dispel your gathering ill-humour, and cause the thickened blood to circulate less sluggishly. Your lips, which were dry, will smile again, your tongue, which was parched, will now wag freely, and you will take up the business you had in hand with renewed spirit. I wish that (in these days when everything is done by co-operation) the influential body of German residents in England would form an association for the construction of these delightful windows; a few native workmen could set the thing going, and artisans enough would soon be found to carry on the simple trade. It would confer an inestimable boon upon all householders, and would win the gratitude of many a room-ridden wretch. It is true that our open fire-places promote the circulation of air in our houses, yet often a moderate breath of that which is absolutely fresh from without would be of infinite service to us; more especially to those toilers at the desk whose nerves stand often so sorely in need of this gentle stimulant, and whose brains would be all the lighter for a promoted circulation. To the sick-room, to the invalid who is 'delicate,' and would shrink from the draught of a whole window, the movable pane would be panacea. By a natural transition we turn from the window to the stove.

It is a proverb in Germany, that in Russia you

only see the cold, whereas in Germany you feel it. In palaces, it is true, the system of warming by Russian flues is much adopted, so that an equal temperature prevails in the halls, galleries, and staircases; but such arrangements cannot be carried out in 'home life.' Fuel is immensely expensive in Germany, and is becoming more so every year. Formerly, in good houses, nothing but wood was burnt, but for this the old-fashioned *Berliner Kachelofen* was necessary, and the hardest beechwood indispensable. This kind of stove resembles a huge monument, and is built (of a great thickness) of a sort of concrete, composed of clay and gypsum, the outside glazed with white porcelain: the interior is so contrived that the heat passes slowly through endless circumvolutory valves, by degrees warming the whole mass. The interior of the stove, preparatory to heating, is well piled up with wood, a strong draught is created, and when the logs are reduced to ashes, a handle is turned in the wall of the stove, a little door is drawn over the grating at its mouth, and the draught being thus cut off, the heated air remains imprisoned in the *Ofen*, which will keep warm for many hours, and to the remotest corner of the room an equalised heat will result. The drawback to this arrangement lies in the fact that, if the escape valves be closed too soon, the fumes of charcoal will pass into the room, and in a sleeping apartment the danger of asphyxiation is great. During very cold weather such casualties are by no means uncommon, especially among the lower orders, who, unwilling to waste any of the heat, are sometimes tempted to close the escape valves too

soon, and retiring to rest early, reap the consequences of their fatal economy. But the cast-iron stove frequently replaces in modern houses our solid old friend the *Berliner Ofen*. These cast-iron stoves are unhealthy, hideous, and unpleasant, whilst their 'ineffectual fires' alternately scorch and choke you. They produce a furnace-like heat, affecting taste, smell, and sight, the unpleasant consequences of which are but very slightly counteracted by the vessel of water which you are advised to keep constantly boiling on the hottest part of the iron. When the water boils, the steam which passes into the room slightly relieves one from the distressing sensations produced by the dry heat; but the moment the fire goes out the iron becomes cold, and the temperature at once sinks to as many degrees below, as it was half-an-hour ago above, zero. Wood cannot be burned in these stoves, as it would flare away too quickly without, as in the case of the *Berliner Ofen*, leaving any genial warmth behind; so coal or peat, or a mixture of both, is employed, producing results disastrous to cleanliness. The thick brown smoke puffs out into the room, and the muslin curtains look grimy as soon as put up. Some of my old-fashioned friends used to declare that the expense of washing counterbalanced the cheapest kind of fuel, and they stuck to their concrete stoves with conservative affection. In some modern houses the Berlin stove will have an opening like an English fire-place, but this is confessedly a luxury, a concession to the eye, for the real business is done by the useful concrete at the back. It is almost superfluous to observe how much work is saved to servants by this institution of stoves. No

bright grates, no polished steel fenders and fire-irons and ormulu; no black-lead mysteries, no rotten-stone and emery paper, and chamois leather. The wood is shoved in and piled up, a light is set to it, the flames go roaring upwards, the handle is presently turned, and the room will keep warm for the next eight or ten hours.

Let us next penetrate, so far as may be permissible, into the bedrooms of the family; or, at least, let us take one of them. And here, more especially, will dismay fall upon your insular senses. Where is the mahogany or maple, or the pretty light polished wood, or the delicate enamelled ditto; where the ample wardrobe, with its long panels of looking-glass, cedar shelves, drawers that slide noiselessly in and out, and various convenient contrivances? Where the solid chest of drawers, with marble tops?—the pretty white toilet covers, and polished handles? Where is the obligatory washstand, with its vast ewers and basins (only to gaze at which is refreshment), the china matching your chintz or curtains, and contrasting well with the cool marble slabs, on which stand your water-bottles and glasses, and sponges, and brushes? Where are the baths? Where the japanned pails, the water cans, the bath towels? My friends, let us not look for these things. Has it not been written how Mina and Lina labour at the well? are there not plenty of public baths, better than all your private scrubbings and tubbings? But indeed to such prudishness has the 'prunes and prisms' programme of propriety reduced the orthodox German lady that she considers it indecent to let a bath be

seen in her apartment, where a wash-hand basin is only suffered under protest, and does its best to pass unnoticed by shrinking bashfully into the most modest proportions. Side by side stand two little beds. You wonder, as you look at them, how people cast in the heroic mould double up their joints so as to fit into these liliputian receptacles. You think vaguely that it would not be well to be sick of a fever in such a bed. There is a huge wedge or sloping mountain of horsehair at the head of each couch, and on the top of it are two vast pillows, so that lying down seems an impossibility; and this may account for the shortness of the general contrivances. There will be a good spring mattress with a horsehair one atop of it, the sheets will not be tucked in, the quilted coverlet will be scanty in its proportions. To one not to the manner born it is detestable; and not less so to have piled on the top of you an immense *plumeau*, or bag stuffed with down, under which you will groan and perspire until suffocation causes you to fling it off in your sleep. You will awake again presently, very chilly, the miserable mockery of a quilt lying upon the ground beside the voluminous *plumeau*, and your night will be spent in alternately casting off and gleaning together again your bed furniture. Each time you turn in your sleep you will feel the cold air rushing in on all sides, and a confused nightmare sense of avalanches, waterfalls, and glaciers, according to how the *plumeau* falls, the coverlet glides, and the sheets resolve themselves into rope, will make your night hideous. The result of which will be, if you are abiding within those borders, that you will forthwith

send for a carpenter and order a bed according to your dimensions, with blankets and sheets that will tuck in, and a pillow which will not persist in propping you up at an angle of forty-five.

The barely necessary (according to the German ideas of necessity) is all that you must hope to find in the sleeping apartments. Frugality, the alpha and omega of German home life, forbids even the tin-tacks and the pink lining for which you would fain bargain. 'Why should one spend money on marble and mahogany when delf and deal will do as well?' a matron remonstrated: 'it is not necessary that I should see the length of my petticoats, the sweep of my train, the dimensions of my pouf, in a long glass. I can look at myself just as well in a little mirror set upon a chest of drawers, as in a fine toilet glass, draped in lace and muslin. No woman's face is more than a foot square; and why should I squander my husband's substance in tin-tacks and pink lining? The lace and the muslin cost money to wash, a woman's wage, a woman's food; the pink lining will fade, it must be renewed. My chest of painted drawers does just as well as your frivolous dressing-table, with its frippery and finery, and china pots and ring-stands and smelling-bottles; they (the drawers) require no washing or ironing or starching; and, after all, *who would there be to see it?* No one but my husband, who would scold me well, and never cease grumbling at my extravagance. Dark window-blinds, well-covered cotton curtains, a strip of bedside carpet, and a few chairs are enough for anyone's wants; so come away and look at the kitchen.'

The kitchen is a small bare room with a brick or concrete floor; no oil-cloth or cocoa-nut matting, no carpet, no pretence at comfort. You wonder how all the routine of cookery and scullery can be carried on in it. The copper pans on shelf and peg shine warm and bright from the walls; the window is clean; and buckets full of water, with a large brass water-scoop, show that all is ready for the day's operations. The mere cooking is far more easily accomplished in a German than in an English household. The hot-metal plates, provided with numerous circular holes, into which rings can be fitted, or from which they can be hooked out, to suit the exigencies of the various pots and pans, accommodate any number of kettles or stewpans. These stand simmering, boiling, or stewing, according to their position, and are plunged into the circular holes by which they come nearer to the fire when accelerated speed is desirable. The servant has here again a vast amount of labour saved her; not only that she has no hearth-stoning, fender-polishing, or black-leading to accomplish, but that she can get at all her *plats* readily, without burning her face and hands, or straining her muscles, as with us, by stretching over a wide hearth in front of a scorching fire, to the detriment alike of her clothes, health, and temper. I may mention that drunkenness is quite unknown amongst female servants in Germany, and one cannot help feeling that a great deal has been done for them by this contrivance of the hot-metal plates.

Knowing the value of fuel, and the extreme frugality which is observed in all households as to this

most expensive item of domestic economy, a German servant will give you no trouble in the matter. Having heated the water for your early coffee (a mere handful of firing has been necessary for this), she allows the flame to die out. She will draw the few living embers to the mouth of the grating in the hot-plate, and lay a piece of peat upon them before she goes out to market. When she returns, a few puffs of breath blow the smouldering heap into life, and her saucepans will soon be boiling in merry concert. The moment dinner is over she will fill every available vessel with water, so that she has a supply sufficiently warm to wash up with, and the fire again dies down. It has to be lighted for supper, but the same frugal rule is observed, and as the hot-plate affords no warmth beyond that immediately beneath the saucepans, there is no temptation to make a larger fire; nor do I remember, in a single instance, having had to remonstrate as to waste of fuel.

Whilst still on the subject of stoves, let me say that I never dressed for a ball without recognising the comfort and safety of the institution. No scorching of the face, no catching fire of frills and furbelows, no danger or detriment from sparks or hearth-dust; and, as a mother, I must confess that I was saved many a heart-pang by the (almost) impossibility of the children doing mischief by playing with the fire. On the other hand, one is not going to a ball every evening, nor are maternal feelings always in the ascendant; and often during the long winter nights—nights that begin at 3.30 and go on indefinitely—I have longed, with a hungry longing, for the friendly face

and the cheerful companionship of an English open fire.

From the foregoing it will be readily understood that there is little quiet and no privacy in a German 'flat.' The rooms all communicate one with another; you cannot reach the drawing without going through the dining-room; your own apartment will perhaps be the *via media* to the nursery, so that you seem to live in a passage. The smoke from your husband's *sanctum* will filter through into your bedroom; and as to 'lying down' and petting a headache, you know better than to attempt such things. Nevertheless the system has its advantages, and one feels horribly lazy when one returns to the ups and downs of an English house.

The large, lofty, carpetless rooms are pleasant and cool in summer, when the dust that prevails would make carpets almost unbearable; but in winter the absence of the open fire and the furnished floors gives life an altogether bleak aspect. I am amused and pleased to see many pretty German contrivances and customs becoming so popular in England. The double dishes for cutlets and vegetables, for fruit and cakes, are old familiar friends, and inestimable comforts where high tea is the order of the day, and where people are not too proud to help each other and themselves. The long cloaks lined with squirrel, the footsacks and fur collars so much in use, all come from Germany; the Norfolk shooting-coat is but an Anglicised *Joppe*, and the origin of the *Ulster* is purely and simply German.

There are other subjects upon which, in writing of

German home life, I would fain speak, but that, as Mrs. Malaprop says, I fear to offend against the 'properties.' A severe sanitary commission is urgently required to look into these matters, and more energetic legislation than has yet been brought to bear upon them is absolutely necessary if the disastrous effects of culpable neglect are to be in some degree counteracted. Why should typhus fever be a sort of perennial epidemic in most German towns? Why, when you hear of the death of the young, the strong, and the lovely, should the almost invariable answer to your question be, 'Sie (er) ist am Typhus gestorben?' The answer, alas! lies miserably near; at their feet, beneath their noses. It is a plague-spot which requires no great amount of science to uproot; but the abstract has charms for the German mind, which the concrete can never possess; and whilst their learned men are writing treatises about 'germ diseases,' defective drainage is slaying, like Saul, its tens of thousands unhindered. We have seen by the mortal illness of one, and the sickness unto death of another, of our own Princes, that the subtle poison, and the pestilence that walketh in darkness, spares those born in the purple and dwelling in palaces as little as the peasant in his hut or the artisan in his alley, and the lesson has not been entirely lost upon us.

Some time ago, when railway accidents were rife, it was said that an archbishop must be killed before any notice could be taken of the disasters by rail: we have descended lower in the scale now, and only ask for the death of a director. Archbishops are not at a premium in Germany; but I doubt if even the death of

a Bismarck or a Moltke would set their fellow-countrymen to cleansing drains and flushing sewers, unless under severe compulsion. It has been computed that it would cost fabulous millions to attempt to make Berlin a healthily habitable city, and that after the millions had been spent the result would be still problematical. That may be so; it is probably difficult to efficiently drain a city situated in a vast plain; but in the meantime the decencies of life, the comfort, the safety, the self-respect, of home life, are calling out for a change, so that avoidable disease and death should stalk no longer amongst the people. With every year fresh victims fall to this ignoble foe, and the hot summer sun shines down in deadly beauty on festering heaps of corruption and on hideous cesspools unheeded.

In this chapter I have strictly confined myself to home life. I have not spoken of the life of capitals, where the *haute noblesse* and the *haute finance*, bankers, speculators, merchants of colossal fortunes, make life pretty much what they will. I have spoken of the ordinary life of ordinary Germans, such as you will find it to be in fifty towns, or in ten times fifty, if you have time to visit them. I have spoken of the households of military men—generals, colonels, majors—of those of the *petite noblesse*; of the higher civil *employés*—judges, councillors, assessors, &c.—and, mentally, I have compared them with the homes of the upper middle classes of England; not those households where expense is a matter of no moment. I have had in mind such arrangements and such furniture, and such simple refinements, as belong to our

ordinary middle class, where a certain moderate ease and careful cleanliness give a grace to existence, and lead one to think that the well-chosen furniture and simple luxuries are in some sort the interpretations of the mind that orders and the hand that guides.

'You make existence too elaborate,' said a German lady to me one day, and she looked round my room, simple almost to penuriousness (I had been doing battle for my tin-tacks and pink lining); 'all these things make a fuss; they are irksome, and they are unpractical. My strip of bedside carpet is better than your square of Brussels. I get a pair of felt slippers and don't feel my bare boards; you spend I don't know how many *Thaler* on your carpet, and you give a servant work to brush it, and it harbours dust, and it wears out, while my felt slippers are still good; or, if they are getting thin, I can buy a pair in the next street for ten *Groschen*.'

'But I like to have my household gods about me,' I pleaded, in defence of my little arrangements; 'I always have my carpets taken up in summer; meanwhile the "daily beauty" of life is worth something. Does not my Clytie (which only cost two shillings), up above my chamber door, delight me? And that sturdy Italian peasant woman, with her grand pose, liberal life, massive figure, and all the glow of the South in her face: what does not she recall? Whole volumes of the poets; a thousand personal matters and memories—the Corso, the Campagna, the Coliseum, the Carnival, Easter Day—things that come and go, and belong to one's life. And that peep at the Cumberland lakes is good. One wanders off, in

fancy, with Wordsworth and Southey; one hears the bleating of the sheep, the falling of waters, the song of birds; old poems and songs rise up in one's mind; the mist begins to fall, and lo! we are up in the clouds (where else should poets be?), and are putting on our waterproofs and looking for our flasks. Poor things, madam, but mine own. My sister painted the Roman peasant for me (I think of her when I gaze upon the stalwart matron, and of all that is come and gone since then). I bought my Clytie in Bloomsbury, just outside the Museum, and its true "great Catholic Dome," of a lazy Italian fellow, with glowing eyes, saucy white teeth, and velvet cap with smart blue velvet tassel. London smoke was dear to me, *liebe Helmine*, at that stage of my existence, and I declare I smell it now every time I look at my Clytie. Is not that view of the silver Thames sweet and sylvan? Just like a little bit of Spenser or Milton. That old French street and tower are written on the tablets of life, and that mystic Mentonese olive-tree. They have all their associations and memories; some sweet, some bitter; but are not most lives chiefly memory? And a softened sadness comes over us amongst such simple relics as these, and we cease to beat our wings against the bars.' But Helmine's solid sense was in nowise shaken by my piteous little rhapsody. She simply 'wondered at' me, like Gawain, and shaking her head half in pity, half in condemnation, at the aberration of my energies, went off to see to the slavey and the *Sauerkraut*, and to knit the stocking of virtue.

'Then have you never seen a beautiful German

house?' I shall be asked. Yes, indeed. Can I ever forget that boudoir where I sat upon a sofa and gazed in speechless awe at the looking-glasses, ample and many, wreathed with priceless Dresden china blossoms; at the chandelier which was of the same costly clay, and which looked as though Flora herself had flung the flowers down from Parnassus? Can I ever forget the marvellous 'old Dresden' in which tea was served to me, the candlesticks, the picture-frames, the brackets, the cabinet full of shepherdesses and their swains, of coquettish babes in mobcaps, and dandy darlings in breeches and ruffles, and peach-coloured coats *à revers?* Everything in the room had been presented by an adoring husband on successive birthdays; and the result was positively bewildering to an ordinary mortal. And memory multiplies many such charming interiors, but still they are the exception, not the rule, as indeed luxury must be, all the world over. *Vieux Saxe* would be very much out of place in the simple home life of which I have undertaken to speak.

Without delighting in tables and chairs, or in any way subscribing to the furniture fetish, I think we must all admit the value and interest of people's surroundings, in so far as they are expressive of individuality. Furniture has its own physiognomy; it tells the turn of Virginia's temper and the bent of Paul's mind. It is not splendour or outlay that we miss in average German rooms; we miss the individual mind, the finer shades of character which our friends' surroundings ought to convey—the book that betrays, the sketch which suggests, the flower

which recalls. All these speak to us in a 'little language' of their own—in the phraseology of intimacy. We look for some expression of the spirit that presides, rules, makes itself felt; we feel as though an appearance of hospitality were cheating us of our due; we are admitted to the material; we sit upon the chairs, and we eat off the table, and we warm ourselves at the stove, but yet we are chilled, and hungry and thirsty: the spiritual is denied to us; all the ordinary occupations of life, all the loves, and the weaknesses, and the enthusiasms, and the follies are put away; we gaze round seeking what manner of man or woman this may be, and we fall back dispirited on the bare boards and the beadwork. In another chapter I hope to speak more fully on the subject; here it would be out of place; it is only admissible in so far as the singularly inexpressive aspect of most German interiors betrays a phase of German character. Much learning, words of wisdom, intellectual intercourse of the highest nature, may sanctify these simple homes, but to many such things are too high, they cannot attain unto them. It is not the intellect that is starved, it is the heart that hungers. We do not care so much about what our friends think, as about what they feel; little touches of tenderness, a pressure of the hand, a whispered word, a glance that but swept you with its sympathy, these are things that you will remember, and which will keep your heart warm, long after you have groaned out your *vanitas vanitatum* with the wisest man that ever lived. The lovable side of a woman's character is not revealed in a German drawing-room.

It is not that poverty forbids, but that parsimony denies. The *utile* leaves little space for the *dolce* in her thoughts and sympathies. The word 'æsthetic,' coined by Baumgarten to express generally a feeling for the fine arts, is for ever on the lips of his fellow-countrymen, but finds no expression in their lives. 'Beauty? Association?' said Helmine. 'Education of the eye? Form? Harmony? these things are nonsense in everyday life. Think of the time the knickknacks take to dust, to arrange; you must keep an extra servant to do it. Art is all very well in its proper place; that is acknowledged. Are not all our galleries free, and cannot I have beauty, valued at hundreds of thousands of *Thaler*, by turning round the corner of the next street, where there is one of the finest collections in the world? If you had a sale, who would buy these worthless imitations? Why waste your money?' No doubt she was right: she was a clever woman; but it will be seen by this that our German friends mostly seek their art like their bath—out of the house.

CHAPTER III.

FOOD.

'L'appétit vient en mangeant.'—*Rabelais.*

WHO sent the food, and who the cooks, is a matter of history. A good cook is the Black Swan of domestic life; she is an epoch, an era; we date from her; we are ready to write her name in gold and sardonyx on sandalwood. 'That was when Jane Stubbs was cook,' we say, and memory casts a fond halo over the feats of that female *cordon bleu.*

Fate has been kind to France in the matter of cooks; French men and women are born with gastronomic and culinary perceptions. Given the poorest materials, they will produce a palatable and wholesome dish, at once appetising and nourishing. 'In France we dine,' said an obliging Frenchman sitting next to me at a German *table d'hôte.* 'In Germany they feed.'

'And in England, what do you do there?' asked a somewhat splenetic German relative, to whom, in an unwary moment, I had quoted the above epigrammatic remark. 'I will tell you, *meine Beste.* You boil your vegetables in water, much water, and eat grass like

Nebuchadnezzar. You know one meat, the biftek, bleeding ; and one *Mehlspeise*, the blom-budding.'

I confess, being far from home and all its pleasures, the sarcastic enumeration of the delights of our insular table wounded me, and I lifted my voice in feeble protest. But let this criticism temper the steel of our pen, and put a little milk and honey into the ink of our observations.

It was said by one of the ancients (I think Tacitus in his 'Germania') that the Teutons were distinguished by having the largest volume of intestines of all the peoples of Europe (I feel a certain hesitation in quoting these words, which, writ in elegant Latin, might pass muster); but certainly no one who has lived in Germany can aver that the modern Teuton has degenerated from his ancestors in powers of absorption. Take, for instance, the everyday experience of a *table d'hôte*, where gentle and simple means are gathered together, and where the manners of the majority will impress themselves on the mind of the impartial spectator. Quantity, not quality, appears to be the motto of the repast. To eat, if possible, twice of every dish, to splutter over the soup, to seize the sauce *en passant*, to perform tricks of knife-jugglery that might strike awe into the breast of a Japanese adept; to lap up the gravy, to drink salad-dressing off knife-blades, to scour the inside of the dish and platter with lumps of bread, to swallow breathlessly, and after a fashion that somehow suggests the swallowing is a mere preliminary operation, presently to be supplemented in leisurely ruminating hours; to fill up the pauses in the interminable ceremony by picking

the teeth and the dingy dessert with alternate impartiality—is a picture so true as to be trite, and so unattractive as to be scarcely excusable, except upon historic grounds. Everyone who has spent only a few weeks in Germany must have beheld and suffered from such scenes.

It is not my intention to intrench upon the prerogatives of the cookery-book, or to give in any detail the list of German dishes with which I might easily furnish my readers. To speak otherwise than generally, in a book intended for general readers, would be out of place; but we may be amused by noting the various points of difference and similarity between our neighbours' *modus vivendi* and our own.

There are three great characteristic divisions of German food—the Salt, the Sour, and the Greasy: the salt, as exemplified by ham and herrings; the sour, as typified by *Kraut* and salads; the greasy, as demonstrated by vegetables stewed in fat, sausages swimming in fat, sauces surrounded by fat, soups filmy with fat. If we were to go into the philosophy of food, we should probably find that the salt gives the appetite for the grease; that the grease is necessary for warmth-giving purposes, as well as to supplement the absence of nutritive quality in what may be roundly spoken of as a potato diet; and that the sour acts as a digestive agent on the grease. The food of the lower orders in Germany is poor and coarse in the extreme:—thin coffee without milk or sugar (sugar is an expensive item, and is looked upon as a luxury; except in seabord towns, white colonial sugar is unknown, the brown sugar rarely used and little thought

of); black rye-bread, which is always more or less sour (being made without yeast); potatoes stewed in fat, with a mixture of onions, apples, carrots, plums, or pears; now and then a bit of fat pork with treacle; a mess of *Sauerkraut*; lentils, beans, and a piece of *Blutwurst*—mysterious entrails of birds, and beasts, and fishes that might have puzzled the Augurs of old; *Mehlsuppe, Biersuppe*; cabbage boiled in grease, and a slice of raw ham. No beer for the women; no white bread. *Schnapps* for the men, distilled from corn or potatoes—a fiery, coarse spirit that would be disastrous in its effects but for the mass of food with which it is mixed. It has already been seen how domestic servants fare, the food in private houses being as superior to that found in the peasant's hut, as the table in an English middle-class kitchen is superior to the scanty meal of the underpaid agricultural labourer. In mountainous districts the people live almost entirely on milk, flour, eggs, butter, cheese, and cream. To taste meat is an event in their lives; nor do they feel the deprivation; for the pure mountain air, the fresh out-door life of the *Alm*, the healthy exercise of climbing and descending, of rowing across the lakes, and tending the cattle, makes them healthy, vigorous, and cheerful after a fashion unknown to, and impossible for, the dwellers in towns and cities. In proof of this we have not to go to foreign countries for convincing examples. We have only to look at what things may be done in a kilt, on 'whusky and parritch,' to be convinced of the important part fresh air and abundant exercise play in the matter of muscular development.

Let us begin in our survey with the first meal of the day, and see of what it consists.

There is no family breakfast table as with us, where sons and daughters gather round the board, letters are received and read, newspapers scanned, and the great affairs of the world, as made known by telegram, imparted and commented upon. We look in vain for the damask table-cloth, the steaming urn, the symmetrical arrangement of plate and china, that welcome us in the middle-class English household. No trim girls in bright cotton or well-cut homespun gowns; no young men, whose fresh faces tell of tubs and Turkish towels, are here to greet us. There *may* be a linen cloth upon the table (though even this detail is far from general), and there will be a coffee-pot, and a milk-jug, and a sugar-basin, set down anyhow and anywhere; a basket, either of wicker or Japan, piled up with fresh *Semmeln*, perhaps a stray plate or two; a disorderly group of cups of different colours and designs; no butter; no knives and forks; possibly a plate with a few milk-rolls, of somewhat finer flour than the ordinary, and the breakfast equipage is complete. The first comer (if a lady, in dressing-gown and cap; if a man, in *Schlafrock* and *Pantoffeln*) will help her-, or himself, to coffee and rolls, probably eating and drinking like peripatetic philosophers, for there is no inducement to 'sit down and make yourself comfortable.' If it be winter time, the coffee-pot and milk-jug will be placed on the stove instead of on the table, and the next comer will go through the same formula of solitary feeding, departing, as the case may be, for the enjoyment of the post-prandial cigar, or to

supplement the somewhat scantily represented 'mysteries of the toilette.' The last comer will enjoy the dregs of the coffee-pot and the drains of the milk-jug on an oil-cloth cover, or a crumpled table-cloth, slopped with the surplusage of successive coffee-cups and besprinkled with the crumbs of consumed rolls.

The *déjeuner à la fourchette*, which is an institution in France, dwindles, so far at least as the ladies of the household are concerned, into a surreptitious shaving of sausage, or a sly sardine, partaken of in solitude and haste between the conflicting claims of the kitchen and the *Friseuseinn*. The young (old or middle-aged) military heroes, who will probably represent the male portion of the household, will prudently 'restore' themselves on their way home from drill or parade in a more substantial manner than that which suffices for the weaker vessels; thus relieving the much beplagued *Hausfrau* from any more elaborate sacrifices on the gastronomic altar.

But though breakfast, as we have seen, may leave much to be desired, it yet contains elements of excellence not to be overlooked. *Imprimis* there are no cows with iron tails in Germany, and the rich pure milk makes the well-flavoured, if somewhat thin, coffee taste excellent. The sugar is beet-root sugar, and dees not sweeten so well as the colonial article, but is white and sparkling. The crescent-shaped milk-rolls (*Hörnchen*) are crisply baked, and make it easy to dispense with butter; the *Semmel* in its fresh state is not to be despised, though, as the day advances, it becomes leathery and tough, and at nightfall you will long for an honest slice from a good wheaten loaf.

The sour rye-bread, ranging from black to a light brown, is much condemned by some as affording little nourishment; nevertheless one may acquire a taste for it, and many persons declare that they prefer it to the tasteless insipidity of the white roll. In some parts of Germany you may get what is called *Englisches Brod* baked in small cakes; it is made of very fine white flour, with a mixture of butter and milk and a dash of sugar in it, that quite destroys any resemblance the name might lead you to expect. Bakeries are under Government supervision; not only the weight of the bread, but the quality of the flour is tested; and as neither the day nor the hour of the inspector's coming can be calculated upon, evasion is almost impossible, and cases of adulteration and light weight so exceptional as not to be worth quoting.

I shall, perhaps, surprise the prejudiced amongst my readers when I say that I found the *matériel*, as a rule, excellent in Germany. Bread, butter, milk, and eggs abundant. The market well stocked with fruit and vegetables of the commoner kind (several of the latter unknown to us might be adopted with advantage into our bills of fare). Poultry, as a rule, is poor, but cheap. Pigeons to be had for a few pence; game, in season, generally plentiful. No one who has ever tasted in a private house a German *Rehbraten*, with cream sauce, will dispute its excellence; the claims of roast partridge with *Sauerkraut* (this latter not the greasy mess *table d'hôte* dinners may suggest, but a delicately tempered digestive) to recognition have been acknowledged by the descendants of Vatel and Ude, for it is a dish to be found in every well-compiled

French *menu* of the present day. What housewife would not gratefully hail the fact that she might buy a saddle of hare just as we buy a saddle of mutton, which, well larded and baptised with sour cream, is so mellow and melting a morsel that you might unhesitatingly set it *solus* before a king. The hare is never trussed and sent up to table with its long ears, lean head, and unpleasantly grinning teeth, as with us; if you buy the whole animal (and unless you want some small and *appétisant* addition to your dinner you will probably do so), the head will be taken off, the legs broken at the joints, and the interior of the animal will be utilised for the servants' dinner, forming a dark and 'wicked broth' called *Hasenpfeffer*, into the mysteries of which occult preparation I never ventured to pry, though frequently I saw and heard it partaken of with sounds of succulent approval in the kitchen. Sweetbreads, for which your butcher calmly demands ten shillings a pair during the London season, are to be procured for such a price as need not wound the conscience of the tenderest *Hausfrau*; veal kidneys (who ever knew how delicious a veal kidney could be until he partook of *Nierenschnitte?*) need not exercise your mind on the score of economy, nor need you even hesitate much about 'caviare to the general,' or *pâté de foie gras* to the particular. Who that ever ate *gebratene Hähn'l* for the first time in the charming inn-garden by the Starnberger See is likely to forget that epicurean epoch, or to be ungrateful to the gastronomic gods for the cream and coffee that followed? But I am growing greedy. The tables of the world have recognised the merits of Strasburg pies, West-

phalia hams, Pomeranian goose-breasts, Brunswick sausages, Bavarian beer, Lübeck marchpane, and Hamboro' beef; no contemptible list of exportable edibles. Of the beef and mutton I cannot speak in glowing terms. Nevertheless they are to be had fairly good, and in the days of the small *Residenz* towns the reigning duke or prince would generally have his beeves and sheep fattened after approved methods, so that with a little interest and civility one could usually so far soften the heart of the slaughterer (*Schlachter*) as to have an English-looking sirloin and a mature leg of mutton as often as one wished upon one's table. In the same way there would be a poultry farm, or *Fasanerie*, where the doomed birds would be shut up in little pens and 'genudelt, à la mode de Strasbourg,' for the royal or ducal table, so that a plump roast capon or pheasant was quite within the region of recurring possible good things. 'On a changé tout cela,' however, and doubtless such concessions are reckoned among the corruptions of the past. Veal is better in Germany than with us, and though at all times unwholesome and indigestible as food, forms a pleasing variety in the list of ordinary dishes that appear on the homely board. It is a drawback, to use a Hibernicism, that all the roasts (like those that did coldly furnish forth the Queen of Denmark's marriage tables) are baked. Yet baked meat, well basted and not overdone, forms a concentrated kind of food that use makes almost as palatable as the spitted joint, and seems to be making its way to popularity here. Pork is not a favourite dish on the tables of the rich; that is, not in its simpler

form; in its more complex preparation pig is a popular meat. *Schlachtwurst, Mettwurst, Blutwurst, Rauchenden, Leberwurst* (this latter being pigs' livers, prepared like *pâté de foie gras*, delicately spiced and truffled), are only a few of the endless popular varieties of the German sausage. Ham is generally eaten raw, well smoked, and if presented at tea or supper, a little wooden platter and a sharp knife will be placed beside you, in order that you may cut it into small pieces such as are used by cooks for larding. Taken in this way as a relish, the flavour is appetising, but the uncooked state of the meat renders it tough (*zähe*), and involves more mastication than is agreeable.

Some years ago a cry went abroad of whole districts suffering from trychina; and in some parts of the country not only was the mortality alarming, but the sufferings of the afflicted so frightful that Government commissions, with properly appointed medical officers, were told off to enquire into the subject. The result was, that in every town a medical officer was appointed to certify the wholesome condition of all the pigs slaughtered before the butcher was permitted to offer the meat for human food. In this country, where pork and ham are not eaten raw, such measures are unnecessary. Unpleasant as the idea of such parasites may be, we know that the boiling would destroy their dangerous qualities; but in Germany, where uncooked ham is the rule and not the exception, and where the sausages that are eaten cold are invariably only smoked, the precaution is emphatically a necessary one.

Fish, except in seaport towns (and these are few

and far between in Germany), is a scarce and doubtful commodity; the Elbe and Rhine salmon very inferior in flavour to our own, and *always* dear. When produced on great occasions, this fish is almost always served cold, encased in a sour jelly if whole, or accompanied by varieties of mayonnaise sauces if only portions of it are presented to the guests. Carp and tench, those muddiest of the fresh-water finny tribe, are spoken of with bated breath, as of delicacies fit for the table of Apicius himself; but they are generally so disguised with vinegar and complicated flavourings, that the mud may be said to yield to treatment. Not only are the salt-water fish very inferior to our own, but of infinitely less variety. No sloping marble slabs, sluiced with fresh water, adorned with mountains of ice and forests of fennel; no piled-up lobsters in gorgeous array, splendid salmon, many-tinted mackerel, delicate whitings or domestic soles, colossal cod, ministerial white bait or silver sprats, will tempt at once your eyes and your palate; you will probably have to dive into an obscure shop, whence issues anything but invitingly 'a most ancient and fish-like smell,' when, in answer to your demands, a doubtful-looking marine monster will be pulled out of a mysterious tub at the back of the counter, with the remark, 'Heut' giebt's nur Schellfisch' ('how unpleasantly,' as Thackeray's schoolboy says of the monkeys, 'they always smelt'), or 'Dorsch,' or 'Barsch,' as the case may be. In the so-called fish-shop there will be all kinds of pickled herrings (these form the foundation of that most popular of German dishes. *Häringsalat*), bloaters (*Bücklinge*), small dried sprats (*Kieler*

Sprotten) ; perhaps even pickled salmon and a pot of caviare may tempt you, for the love of Germans for every kind of salt and dried fish (perhaps in default of fresh) is apparently an appetite that grows by what it feeds upon.

I remember tasting in Mecklenburgh a most dainty dish of dabs, or flat fish, smoked in nettle-smoke (this gave them a peculiar delicate flavour) and stewed in fresh cream ; the accompaniment being a delicious kind of black bread, short and rather sweet, liberally bespread with freshly churned butter. Very excellent, too, are pigeons braised and served with milk rice ; the rice being so boiled that each grain is distinct, and surrounded with the rich milk in which it has been cooked, so that it tastes almost like cream. This custom of serving rice, *Gries*, and different sorts of farinaceous food, cooked with milk, as we serve vegetables, with roast meat, is one that we might well imitate ; we have the beginning of it in our bread-sauce with birds, but in Germany it is introduced in a variety of forms. Rabbits are rejected by the poorest as vermin, unfit for human food ; by which means a cheap and not unwholesome dish, when partaken of occasionally, is lost to the labouring man.

Potatoes in bucketsful, and prepared in fifty different fashions, form the staple of the food of the lower orders.

Dinner, which in Germany is often a painfully protracted business, lasting on occasions even three or four hours, is, in a general way, partaken of between the hours of twelve and two, according to the occupation of the master and the school hours of the children

of the house. It is scarcely served in a more appetising manner than the scrambling breakfast. There is a want of cleanliness, of order, of propriety—if I may say so, a want of dignity—about the table arrangements that would almost suggest the total absence of any æsthetic feeling in those who sit round the ill-appointed board. The servants are noisy, the cloth is crumpled, the dishes are *slammed* down upon the table, the gravy is tilted over, the glass is miscellaneous, the knives and forks are put in a heap, the plates are not changed frequently enough. No crisp watercress or curly parsley adorns your cold joint, or sets off the complexion of your butter; it is thought no solecism for everyone to plunge his knife into the salt-cellar, to pick his teeth at table, to stretch across and reach for whatever he wants. Everything seems to be done in a hurry, and yet everything is served separately, so that there is nothing to distract the attention from the matter in hand. There is a sense at once of repletion and emptiness in a German dinner. Your stomach has been filled, but not fortified. You have begun with a soup which, mathematically speaking, may be said to represent length without breadth; this has been followed by the *bouilli*, or soup-meat, out of which all nourishment has been flayed, accompanied by a sour sauce, of *Morscheln* (a debased kind of mushroom), boiled in butter and vinegar; you will have abundance of vegetables stewed in fat or butter; sausages and lentils; some little dumplings called *Klösze*, compotes of cranberries and bilberries, stewed plums or cherries; a piece of roast veal, or a fowl (*for* roast *read* baked), with potato-salad,

cabbage-salad, or *Sauerkraut*, and a *Mehlspeise*, this representing a rather better than average dinner in an ordinary German household.

At four o'clock coffee will be brought in; after which the master of the house will depart for his club, and the mistress will pay visits amongst her friends, until the time comes for the theatre. The family will not reassemble until supper, which will be taken between the hours of seven and nine, depending on the length of the opera or comedy, the days on which the ladies of the house are *abonnées*, and the various other family engagements and exigencies. This is a pleasant meal, resembling high tea. In many houses tea is served as with us, and though the flavour of it is very different from what we are accustomed to consider good, I confess I always hailed its appearance with satisfaction. Bread, butter, cold ham, sausage, tongue, hard-boiled eggs, sardines, cheese, and cakes, with perhaps a few additions and alterations if friends share the meal, represent a German supper, or *Abendessen*. Bordeaux, or beer, or the wines of the country, are generally taken by the men in preference to tea. Cigars follow; the ladies retire into the withdrawing-room, and at ten o'clock everyone is in bed. All the housewives, as autumn wanes, lay in a goodly store of vegetables to last through the winter months, when nothing of the kind is to be procured for love or money. Potatoes are banked up in the cellars; cabbages, carrots, turnips, onions, are buried in layers of mould, whence your cook will extract them, uninjured by damp or frost, for the daily meal. Vegetables of the finer sort, such as French

beans, peas, &c., are, as they come into season, preserved for winter use in tins, the process observed being a very simple one; the vegetables, with a little salt and water, are put into the tins, which are then hermetically sealed by a man who comes to solder them down; the tins are placed in another pan with boiling water, and if air-bubbles rise to the surface when the water boils, you know that there is a flaw somewhere in the soldering; your man takes out the offending tin, ascertains where the defect is and repairs it.

These tins of preserved vegetables may be bought now in nearly every English grocer's shop; but our simpler method of preparing their contents has not helped them to popularity. In Germany, where the flavour is aided by all sorts of spices—cinnamon and nutmeg, sugar and butter—their flatness is much disguised, and they prove a welcome substitute for the real thing. Dried apples and pears and plums, which all take the place of vegetables, and enter largely into the ordinary domestic fare, are also bought wholesale for winter storage; and these with peas, beans, lentils, and rice, not to speak of *Gries*, *Grütze*, buckwheat, and other farinaceous sorts unknown here, afford a fair scope for variety in the domestic cuisine.

It will be objected that Germany could never have produced such fighting men, such deep-chested, loud-voiced, well-belted, straight-limbed, clanking, swaggering, awe-inspiring warriors as she has lately shown the world, on a fare of veal, vinegar, and chickens. Surely, these martial heroes, with the front of demigods and the endurance of Titans, show a valour, a high courage,

and a well-fed confidence, whose muscularity speaks volumes in favour of the flesh-pots of the Fatherland. 'Wine to make glad the heart of man, and oil to make him a cheerful countenance,' sings the warrior-king, David, who himself belonged to fighting times and to a fighting race, and was able to appreciate the fact that an ill-fed body makes a lily-liver and a craven heart. We must have the healthy body if we are to have the healthy mind; we cannot expect doughty deeds without muscular development.

'Have you,' said a learned Theban once to me, 'observed (I am speaking as a physiologist) how inferior, in our country, is the woman-animal to the man-animal?' When a great physician, whose name is writ on the scroll of twenty learned societies in your own country, stoops to ask you such a leading question as this, you are bound not to take exception at the form in which he frames it, and to give him the answer he expects. 'Well,' he went on to say, 'the cause and the effect lie very near together. Observe, how do we feed our man-child, and how do we feed our woman-child? You will say, pretty much alike. They start fair. The peasant mother nourishes both. The active life of our women of the lower orders circulates the blood, helps them to assimilate the vast quantities of food they take, and this, of course, is nutritious. The baby cuts its teeth; it is promoted to another form of food, and from this moment the paths of the man-child and the woman-child are divergent. The boy goes to school, skates, *turns* (many an Englishman might be astonished at the feats of young German athletes in their *Turn-*

hallen), makes walking-tours in his holidays, drills, marches, goes through his spring and autumn manœuvres, developes the muscles of a Hercules and the appetite of a Briareus. His active, out-door life, the oxygen he breathes, the fatigue he undergoes, the discipline to which he submits, all contribute to develope a strong straight body, to enrich his blood, and to help him to assimilate his food. The brain is nourished, the muscles are nourished, the organs become strong and healthy. Look at our young officers, and say if their appetites be not heroic. Observe that they eat with large, comprehensive hungriness; they restore themselves as they come from parade with a good basin of beef *bouillon*, with a deep draught of Bavarian beer, with an orgie of oysters. Don't you remember Heine's "Lieutenants und Fähndrichs, die sind die klugen Leute," who come and lap up the Rhine-wine and the oysters, that were rained down in a beneficent hour on the Berlin *Steinpflaster?* My most gracious, those are the typical men, the coming men, the useful men. Their great frames and loud voices are the outcome of healthily active lives. What has your woman-child been doing all this time? She has been sitting behind the stove (*hinter'm Ofen*), sucking sugar-plums, and swallowing sweet hot coffee; nibbling greasy cakes in a stifling, stove-exhausted atmosphere. She does not, as do your young English ladies, ride, walk, swim, take what you call "the constitutional," garden, boat, haymake, croquet, enjoy all those diversions we read of in your English books. The grease that nourishes her brother disagrees with her; she has no

digestion: her teeth decay; she spoils their enamel with vinegar and lemonade; she pecks at an ounce of exhausted soup-meat; she takes here a snick and there a snack; she becomes *bleichsüchtig*, she is ordered to take the air; she totters out on high-heeled shoes to her coffee *Kränzchen*; she sits in a summer-house and tortures cotton round a hook; she goes to the theatre; she passes from one heated, exhausted atmosphere to another gas-and-oil-heated one. How can she be hungry? How can her food nourish her? Is it a wonder that she has no chest, no muscle, no race, no type, no physique?' cried my excited friend. 'Would the young man have been any better with such a life? And this is only the beginning of the story; between the alpha of food and the omega of planting new generations in the world there is a series of disastrous mistakes,' said Dr. Zukünftig, presenting me with a pamphlet 'On the Comparative Assimilative Powers of the Races of Modern Europe.' I leave him in his professional enthusiasm, which led him into an eloquent and exhaustive verbal treatise on the complex causes of physical female degeneracy, together with a fine comprehensive scheme for the rehabilitation of the human race, by the abolition of gas-light, stove-heat, high heels, coffee, corsets, scandal, and chignons, since in this paper food alone may reasonably engage our attention.

Of the drinks of Germany not much need be said. Rhine-wine and Bavarian beer are accepted liquids, and need no bush. But whilst upon the subject I may mention an institution, well worthy of emulation, in the little drinking-booths which, planted at regular

intervals along the hot and dusty thoroughfares, offer you such welcome refreshment in the shape of sparkling waters, effervescing lemonade, and soda- and seltzer-water, for a penny the glass, with any kind of fruit syrup you choose added to the reviving and sparkling draught. It may be objected that in London such obstructive edifices would seriously impede the traffic and cause a block upon the pavement, and that shop-rent is too dear to admit of mineral water, ginger beer, lemonade, and raspberry vinegar being sold at a penny a glass. That may be so; but the boon of these little temples of refreshment, where the weary wayfarer deposits his modest coin and receives a long cool draught in return, that sends him on his way rejoicing, is not to be overlooked or denied. Very excellent, and quite worthy its poetic name, is the fragrant *Maitrank* that one gets in the 'merry month,' with its aromatic bouquet of *Waldmeister* (*Asperula odorata*, sweet-scented woodruff) and fairy flowers floating on the golden liquid; and not to be forgotten in the enumeration of dainty drinks is the imposing *Bowle*, for which nectar a vessel has been specially created and consecrated, and without which no convivial meeting or dancing party would be held complete.

In many parts of Germany tea is looked upon as medicine. 'Is, then, the gracious lady ill?' is no uncommon question, if by chance an irresistible longing should overtake you for the 'cheering cup.' It is only to be had good in Russian houses; but even here not always quite according to English taste. Some take lemon instead of milk with it; others substitute red

wine; the tea is often scented; and I remember once having a pound of tea sent me which I was told cost three pounds sterling, having come overland, and been bought by the kind donor at the fair at Nishni-Novgorod, of which I will only say that a little vanilla boiled in hay would have pleased me quite as well.

Fruit, as we see it in Covent Garden, or in the shop windows of Paris, is unknown in Germany. Perhaps the nearest approach to the super-excellence of which I speak may be found in the Hamburg market, but then the fruit is imported. Oranges, in the interior, cost twopence and threepence each, and even then are small and of a very inferior quality. Gardening is a science very little understood; the outlay of manure, labour, time, and so on, which is necessary to produce anything like perfection in trees, plants, or vegetables, would be looked upon as thriftless waste. The pears, apples, plums, and cherries grow almost wild. To dig about them and rake them, to produce varieties, and to improve by selection of earths and manures the standard stocks, seems an almost unnecessary trouble, since you can pull up the old tree when it is exhausted, and plant another in a different spot. Quantity, not quality, is what you want; and certainly if quality were presented to you at the fraction of a farthing more than its rival quantity, you would, on merely conscientious grounds alone, reject the former for the latter.

We must not, however, be supposed to overlook the admirable Government *Baumschulen* of Germany, nor to ignore the debt many of our young Indian

'Wood' officials owe to a judicious course of German 'Forestry.'

If ever the happy time should come (and I doubt it, short of the Millennium) when our cooks will permit the young ladies of the household to learn how to prepare the food that *they* seem paid to spoil, I hope a Median and Persian law may be passed at the same time to prevent these fair creatures from carrying the history of their culinary prowess and exploits beyond the dinner table. Let a stand be made against the persistent talk of food that poisons any attempt at conversation where two or three German housewives are gathered together. The unction with which greasy details are discussed; the comparisons (specially odious, it seems to me, in post-prandial hours of repletion) of goose-grease dripping with bacon fat; the wearisome enumeration of mysteries connected with this dumpling, that sauce, or the other pickle, are a burden to the flesh and a weariness to the spirit of any mere outsider grievous to be borne. Some of my best German friends were angry with me because I did not want to eat my cake and have it too. 'We are not ruminating animals,' I said, trying to make my feeble stand against this eternal talk of food; 'and I don't care to chew the cud of culinary memories.' But such an ineffectual protest went down before the serried ranks of my opponents. Like the 'Civis Romanus sum' of the old Romans, 'I am a German *Hausfrau*' is the last pæan of pride which these patient spouses know; and what wonder if they resent your unwilling homage, and think scorn of a temper that is contented to leave the discussion of dinner to the table or the kitchen?

'Sir,' said old Samuel Johnson, 'give me the man that thinks of his dinner; if he cannot get that well dressed, he may be suspected of inaccuracy in other things.' So he may. You don't think better of that man who boasts that, to him, the salmon is as the sole, the turnip as the truffle. On the contrary, you pity or despise his want of culture. You may put up with Lucullus and his lampreys, or Epicurus and his *suprême de volaille*; you will, perhaps, even smile indulgently on M. Gourmet's gastronomic reminiscences; but this is the poetry of food. You will, on the other hand, bitterly resent the prose of it being forced upon you at all times and seasons. We may be sure that the honest, arrogant, tea-drinking, old Doctor would have been the first to put his conversational extinguisher on that man who should dare to dilate gluttonously on the food he loved.

Laughable, and yet characteristic, is the fact that, on returning from a dinner, ball, tea, supper, or *Kaffee-Gesellschaft* in Germany, the first question formulated by the non-revellers awaiting you at home will always have reference to the food. Former experiences in other climes will have prepared you for such frivolous queries as—'Well, were the A.'s overdressed, as usual? How did Mrs. B. look? Did the C. girls dance a great deal?' and so on. But strangely on your unaccustomed ear strikes the solemn question, unerring, ponderous, and punctual as a clerk's amen, 'Na! was hat's gegeben?' ('What did you get?')

CHAPTER IV.

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS.

'For manners are not idle,
But the proof of loyal nature and of noble mind.'—*Tennyson.*

THERE is no subject so difficult to treat fairly as the manners of our neighbours. The salient characteristics of nations and individuals are seldom their most pleasing ones, and it is too much the tendency of criticism to wear the garb of blame. Many of us unconsciously share the prejudices of that enlightened traveller who declared in disgust that, could he have conceived it possible that the Continent would be so unlike England, he would never have gone abroad. Of course 'unconsciously,' for this is pre-eminently the age of internationalities and enlightenment, and we are all eager to compare, to learn, to select, and to survive as specimens of the fittest. Still we *do* slip that narrow gauge, called prejudice, like a little travelling thermometer into our coat pockets, and pull it out only too readily upon the smallest possible provocation, with a nod of triumph or a chuckle of silent satisfaction at the superior state of our own social atmosphere.

We have in a former chapter adverted to the want of manner that jars upon us in ordinary German life.

On the other hand, our scrupulousness as to form, our dismay at the want of refinement that is only too common a table trait among our Teutonic friends, is looked upon by some amongst them with contempt; they regard it as a finikin fastidiousness that betokens alike affectation and effeminacy, and betrays a smallness of mind that practically precludes the possibility of a just judgment. They tell us that we lay too much stress on the unimportant details of manner, and that we should judge a man by his merits, and not by his 'nice conduct of a clouded cane,' or the way in which he cuts up his food and conveys it to his mouth.

Such persons adopt an aggressive coarseness of behaviour, supposing it to denote a fine independence of the shams and conventionalities of life, and it is in vain you would try to persuade them that a man may combine eminent talents, incorruptible integrity, and the purest republican principles with some regard for the amenities of civilised life and the feelings of his neighbours. We all remember Thackeray's story of the man who rescued him from brigands, and lent him 1,700*l.*, but whom he felt himself obliged to cut, having met him later at a *table d'hôte* where he was seen to convey peas to his mouth with the assistance of his knife; and how he goes on to relate that he saw the charming Princess of Potztausend-Donnerwetter performing hideous feats of knife-jugglery at the royal table of her illustrious relatives without blushing, but how and why, in her case, he condoned the otherwise unpardonable offence. It has happened to the writer of these pages to sup, more than once, at royal, serene, transparent, and impalpable tables, where the service

has been of fine gold, and the air literally charged with diamonds and decorations, and yet to tremble at the dangerous dexterity of her neighbours as, ignoring the humble merits of the fork and spoon, they performed surprising and audacious tricks with knives of Damascene sharpness. It is only fair to add, however, that for the most part these distinguished personages belonged to a past generation, and that a marked improvement may be observed in the manners of young Germany in this respect. In the houses of the rich, English tutors, governesses, and *bonnes* are popular institutions, and persons of good breeding are quite willing to believe that moral integrity and even intellectual eminence may be combined with seemliness of conduct at table. 'My dear,' said a German friend to me one day, at whose house I had been dining, 'you will forgive me, I know, if I say that my husband dislikes the English: not as individuals,' she continued, laying a caressing hand on mine, 'but as a nation. Still, you see, I have overcome his prejudices, and my children have an English governess. *She teaches them how to eat.* You English are the only people who understand education in its practical aspects. We have the grandest theories in the world and behave like boors. Would your maid condescend to eat as my aunt ate to-day? Would an English servant hack up his food as that handsome hussar did? My dear, the days are coming, even in Germany, when the people who do these things will be stoned. At least I shall then have saved my offspring from dilapidation if I don't escape myself.'

I remember once overhearing a charming German lady say to a countrywoman of my own, whose acquaintance she had evidently only casually made at the *table d'hôte* dinner from which we had just risen, 'I knew directly you were English; *you ate so pretty*' —a rather unusual style of compliment, but very characteristic, and none the less sincere for the unconscious epigram that lay hid beneath its artlessness. Very present also to my mind is a droll dinner scene that threatened at one moment to end somewhat tragi-comically; and, as a little illustration is allowed to be better than a good deal of argument, I will venture, whilst on the subject of table traits, to record it here.

Scene, the *Vier Jahreszeiten* at Wiesbaden; time, the midday *table d'hôte*. The table was crowded, and opposite to our party sat a stern middle-aged Briton, of the iron-grey, wiry-whiskered type; strong as to boots, rough as to travelling suit, uncompromising as to cleanliness. The whole man cried loudly of brushes, soap, water, baths, and bristles. To him enters presently, with much bustle and scraping of chairlegs, a fat, respectable, and (apparently) good-tempered German. He mops his face with a violent-coloured handkerchief, makes various inarticulate noises not usual in polite society, intermixed with such adjurations to things in general as 'Du lieber Himmel! Herr je! Was für eine Hitze!' and so on. He of the tweed suit and bristling whiskers glances momentarily askance at his neighbour, as who should say, 'What specimen of humanity is this?' Then slightly drawing his chair aside, and modifying the expression

of disgust and surprise that has momentarily illumined his impassive countenance, calmly continues his decorous meal. His neighbour, however, disgusted perhaps in his turn by his exclamations meeting with no response, annoyed, perhaps, by the 'stony British stare' of the iron-grey man, overcome by that sense of *tædium vitæ* which a pause in the service is apt to superinduce in even better regulated dispositions, runs his hands through his hair, rubs his head on each side, and plunges his not over-clean digits into the dessert dish nearest to him. He has already cracked and eaten an almond, and is returning for a chocolate cake, when his hand is suddenly arrested in mid-air.

'Mossir!' cries the indignant Briton, grasping his arm as in a vice, and in default of German (it wasn't expected in the army examinations of the period) speaking such French as indignation gave him in that hour, 'Mossir! ne pouvez pas! me faisons mal, mossir, me faisons mal, ICI!' and the honest gentleman laid an expressive hand on the anti-climax of his waistcoat.

'Shir! mishter!' cries the outraged Teuton (observe, in perfectly understandable, if somewhat eccentric, English), 'shir, you are not von chentlemansh; you know not was ish de pehaviour; you dreat me like von bigsh.'

'Pigs?' shouted Colonel O'Reilly, his yellow Indian face all aflame with hot Celtic blood. 'By dash, sir, it's you that have said it; and, by blank, sir, I'm not the man to conthradict ye!' General uproar, scuffle, and confusion. Mine host appears upon the

scene and endeavours to pour oil upon the troubled repast. Notes of exclamation, indignation, admiration, and adjuration fly about like hailstones, till at length the more practical of the party remembering that the dinner calls for immediate discussion, whereas the episode may be relegated for post-prandial consideration, the hubbub ceases, and order reigns once more at Warsaw. Colonel O'Reilly, naturally supremely indifferent to being told that he is not a gentleman by an excited German bagman, stalks calmly out of the room, and we have the pleasure of seeing him a few hours later dining leisurely and with dignity, in spotless solitude, at a little round table, with mine host in abject attendance. He was evidently of Mr. Emerson's opinion, and 'could better eat with one that did not respect the truth or the laws than with a sloven or unpresentable person.'

Speaking roundly, one would say that the German manner is rough. It would almost seem as though there were pride in the unpliability that shocks us. We are, ourselves, not a demonstrative people; we have never been accused of easy manners; but we sin rather by omission than by commission. We are silent, sometimes from shyness, sometimes, it may be, from pride; but as a rule we go quietly through life, and do not pique ourselves on want of politeness or glory in giving an uncouth answer when a civil one would do equally well. Englishmen cannot now swagger over the Continent as they did in the post-Waterloo days, and during the halcyon period of the Palmerston premiership. We have been told, more than once lately, that we are politically 'nowhere,'

and that socially Russian princes and American cousins have altogether extinguished us. There has been an ill-concealed contempt of our insularity, an impatient pity of our contractedness, a disgust at our want of martial ardour, a reprehension of our tame turning of the cheek, already smitten, to the smiter, a general reprobation of our feebleness and degeneracy somewhat galling to the spirit of Englishmen. Bluster has hitherto not been greatly esteemed amongst us, yet when we have had things to do we have not shrunk from the doing; whatever our policy may be, and whatever our faults as a nation, as individuals we are not cowards. The British traveller is apt to be considerably exercised in spirit nowadays by the repellent roughness, the sort of aggressive 'Jack in office' manner, that petty Prussian officials, in all the inflated self-importance of triumphant red-tapeism and successful bureaucracy, are apt to adopt on (or without) the slightest provocation. It is a little hard for a being whose immemorial boast, man and boy, it has been (as it was that of his father before him) that he could 'lick' any three given 'foreigners,' singlehanded, to find himself tied to an official string, dragged from pillar to post, and from post back again to pillar, put in the wrong about nothing, not allowed to put himself in the right and slip the ignominious collar.

On the other hand, we ought to be patient; we ought to recognise in our cousins-german our natural allies, by blood, by religion, by that very earnestness and devotion and thoroughness which have brought about such magnificent results in so incredibly short a space of time. The determination, the silent endu-

rance, the wholesale sacrifice, the unmurmuring devotion to duty, the total absence of anything like brag or boast both before, during, and even after the late Franco-Prussian war, are all qualities so dear to our own hearts, so calculated to win respect and admiration from us, that surely we need not be supersensitive as to the snubs we get now and then from our successful relatives. Because our laurels are somewhat sere and yellow, we should not forget how we felt when the intoxication of victory was ours ; and if the Prussian eye has a suspicious glance in it, ready to see affront in the quiver of an eyelash or the tension of a muscle, we should return the questioning gaze frankly and fearlessly, and show no anger in reply. It is natural that the talk of these modern Titans should be somewhat tall, and their demands on our admiration somewhat excessive ; we, on our part, should bear in mind that there is trial as well as triumph in the position of the *nouveau riche*, who wakes up suddenly to find himself a millionaire, and is (somewhat unreasonably) expected by society to comport himself as modestly as though Fortune had not turned her wheel, and he were still sweeping out the shop.

Manner, in Germany, varies according to grades and classes after a fashion quite impossible in England, where there is such a fusion of society that it would be difficult to define with any precision where one class leaves off and the other begins.

You have, for instance, the military manner, which consists in well-squared shoulders, a well-belted waist, a regulation spine, an angular elbow, a click of the

heels, a salute that is meant to be at once fascinating and haughty, and a pronounced contempt for everything civilian beneath the grade of a privy councillor or a first secretary. And you have the diplomatic manner, which is refined, lofty, guarded, perhaps slightly mysterious, but at the same time gently unbending, always gallant, often epigrammatic, and generally altogether amiable, easy, and charming. It may be a feminine prejudice, but great statesmen seem to understand better how to treat women than do great warriors. They have not the hand for ever on the sword-hilt, there is less command in their eye and more amenity in their glance; the sense of steel and the smell of powder, the ghastly traditions of blood and iron, do not oppress you, as in the presence of these grisly heroes: it is, in fact, easier to bandy words with the greatest of modern statesmen than to attempt the mildest joke, that might be construed into a slight of his regiment or a slur on his Fatherland, with the feeblest little fledgling of a *Fähndrich*. A diplomatist is seldom above being charmed by a pretty face, a lively manner, or a tasteful toilet; and he pays his compliments so dexterously, and shows his appreciation with such fine tact, that he puts the shyest *débutante* at her ease, and confirms her success before a quarter of an hour has elapsed. But your eagle-crested warrior, to show his stoical disregard of the Capuan luxuries surrounding him, will drag his sword after him, stalk calmly through your train, and when asked to take his spurs out of your furbelows, does it with no more animated expression of regret for the devastation he has caused than might be expected of an automaton.

No doubt the greatest happiness of the greatest number is a sound politico-economical principle; but —away from Berlin—you will hear many a sigh over the snug obscurity of former days, when each little State enjoyed its own social pleasures, and talked of a united Fatherland much as the Mahommedan talks of Paradise, not quite realising how soon and how far the tips of the Prussian eagle's wings were to extend beyond their own borders, and safe in sentimental patriotic generalities, of which beer was often the foundation and bathos the outcome.

Nowadays, when Hanover, for instance, is garrisoned by Prussian regiments, when such as have not disappeared into space of the indigenous troops of smaller States are sent far afield to distant frontier towns, the inhabitants seem much like school-children, bound, under the stern eye of their master, to be on their best behaviour; there is a sense of restraint, a division of opinion, a chafing under 'the wounding cords that bind and strain,' which looks treasonably like regret for the day of small things. The change has not improved the tone of social life; there is an uncertainty, a suspicion, a wavering towards the new, a clinging to the old, that has disturbed the former free, unrestrained kindliness of intercourse. The *suaviter in modo* has suffered on either side. Whilst the weak clamour against the *fortiter in re*, the might which these not too merciful giants declare is their right, they, on their part, gaze on the futile resistance of the protected and governed with a glance not exactly calculated to inspire love in recalcitrant bosoms.

But to return to our theme. We have the legal manner. Not perhaps what, at a first glance, we might expect it to be. There is nothing of the Bacon philosophy or the Burleigh nod about it; judicial calm and magisterial dignity are not its characteristics; on the contrary, it is, taken in the aggregate, brisk, clamorous, pert, and persistent; it tells of the would-be orator, member of Parliament, minister, statesman, regenerator of his country. Some years ago, when every little local advocate had something to say as to the grievances of Reuss and Greiz, when the Bergs and the Bachs had their boundaries, and the *Krähwinkel* cock crowed the loudest of all, there arose upon the political horizon of Germany a figure, heroic in its massive muscularity of outline, and wielding the battle-axe of despotic authority with almost Berserker wrath. Prince Bismarck, then simply Herr von Bismarck, the hated and despised of the popular party, was already famous for his grim and terse comprehensiveness of expression. He had just done a magnificent silent stroke of business with the prime minister of another country, and as he bade him farewell remarked, in his own quiet way, 'And now I am going home *to sit upon the lawyers!*' Nothing could be more trenchant; but one must, perhaps, have lived in Germany 'pour bien goûter la plaisanterie.'

Again, we have the professorial manner, of which the exponent parts are popularly supposed to be spectacles, indifference to the ordinary sublunary affairs of life, and an unlimited faculty for evolving camels (or anything else) out of that inner consciousness which furnishes the owner with a never-failing supply of happy

abstractions. Yet who that has lived in Germany will hesitate to take off his hat, and stand bareheaded in respectful admiration of that modesty of manner, that singleness of purpose, that simplicity of mind, which distinguish her great men? Whether artists, philosophers, poets, or physicians; whether Nature claims them as her own, or art or science say, 'These are mine,' they go their silent way, looking neither to the right hand nor to the left, not expecting admiration, not claiming recognition, scarcely desiring reward; certain only of one thing, and happy in the certainty that if they labour with love, if they do good work for the work's sake, they will not have lived in vain. We may laugh at their helplessness, their absence of mind, their careless costume, their want of *savoir vivre*, but it is with a tender laughter that savours more of love than ridicule; that is aware of its own folly, and is mentally conscious that it only ripples round the feet of these great ones, whose heads have already struck the stars. There is an utter absence of all self-consciousness or grimace about them; and if we criticise their outer men it is with the banter of affection, just as we keep our little playful familiarities for those we love best at home, and cut our feeble jokes upon the peculiarities and characteristics of our favourites.

Again, there is the student-manner, in contemplating the antics of which we seem to be conning a page out of some chronicle of the Middle Ages. Its jack-boots and rapiers, its long hair and embroidered breeches, its pipes and beeriness, its sliced ears and slit noses, its smoking bouts and drinking orgies, its

unions and guilds and wild minstrelsy, are so many anachronisms. These noisy swashbucklers, whose hands are for ever on their rapiers, whose creed is a word and a blow, whose favourite butt is the decorous citizen, who jeer at the Philistine virtues, and use the world as abusing it, are a rather terrible class. They pride themselves on this super-exuberance of youth, and do not hesitate to play any pranks that suggest themselves should genial inspiration move them to midnight wassail, but, fortunately for the non-student world, time puts a merciful period to these follies, and even the wildest *Bursch* cannot carry his peculiar traditions into social life with him.

In a country where coronets and quarterings are counted up as cardinal virtues, where the pretensions of the *canaille* are cavilled at, the *bourgeoisie* snubbed, the noble divided from the 'ignoble' even in the ranks of the theatres, and where, without a title, you cannot go to Court, we are sure to find a vast amount of etiquette; but (my German friends will be angry with me, I know) we must not expect too much politeness. When we come to speak of language we shall see that the cumbrous phraseology of etiquette counts for more than that simple politeness of the heart, which is but the sublimated abnegation of self, that marks the manner of the true gentleman. Again, when we come to speak of woman, her position and her work, we shall see how much more fortunate are we than our German sisters in these particulars; how much more tenderly we are treated; how far greater a liberty of action is allowed us, and how fair and free are our lives when compared with theirs.

It is true that a larger social horizon is opening for Germany; the partition of class prejudice must fall as the sphere of action is widened, as men learn to see that all work is honourable if undertaken in an honourable spirit, when bankers and merchants will cease to be, as is now the case, almost exclusively Israelites; when younger sons will don the robe and assume the cassock, and cure the sick, and acknowledge that the office dignifies the man at least as much as the man dignifies the office. Until then, perhaps, the roughness of manner, the *want* of manner, that shocks us in the mass of the German middle-class, will keep noble and simple apart. It can scarcely be otherwise; yet all who love Germany must long for the day when a wider and more liberal view in these matters shall be hers, and when progress and development shall have cast for ever into the background that petty personal view of things which for long years kept her small despite her innate elements of greatness.

But, before I pass away from the subject, let me say a word of that true-hearted, simple, childlike manner that belongs to no class, that is independent of rank or profession, that wins your confidence, that makes your heart warm within you, that shines like truth itself out of the honest eyes that are looking into yours, and clasps your hand in blameless brotherhood. Even as I write these words a scene rises before my eyes of a long garden-parlour, with windows that look on the one side into the dusty poplar-bordered road, and on the other across a rough grass-plat, where the great walnut-tree makes a chequered

shade, and the old sundial is marking the silent hours. Two children, a boy and a girl, are sprawling on the bare floor; the afternoon is hot, and they are tired of play out of doors. Somewhat fretful, as is the manner of their kind under such circumstances, they fling their arms and legs to and fro, and stare at the window. Suddenly the *Herr Professor* passes along at a swinging trot: he is going to his *Kegelclub* beyond the town gates; but he catches a glimpse of the two little red, discontented faces, and turning in, takes a book from the table, and without further greeting or preamble begins to read. With chin in hand, and eyes big with wonder and expectation, the children gaze up at the *Herr Professor* (his name is known over all the civilised globe) as he tells them the immortal *Märchen* of *Aschenbrödel*. When he comes to—

'Ruck i di guck
Blut ist im Schuck,'

the eyes grow rounder and the gaze more intent. The humorous manner, the dear kindly voice, hold others enthralled besides the little unconscious sensationalists. Ah me! it is all over now. I went there the other day, and they had put a smart new storey on the top of the summer parlour: a Tivoli had been instituted opposite, and the tum-ti-tum of the drum and the tootle-tooing of the cornet made night hideous. Where the walnut tree stood, a cockney summer-house flaunted in gimcrack splendour, and the dear old sundial had disappeared altogether from the face of the earth, out of love with the changes that told the 'times were out of joint.' The story was told: Cinderella had driven off with her prince in the pumpkin chariot; the wise

kind eyes were closed; the voice we had loved was silent; and out in the churchyard, *extra muros*, the busy brain was resting from its labours, and a *hic jacet* told us all that remained to tell of the story.

Of that reticence of manner which we are apt to consider as one of the essentials of good breeding our cousins-german know nothing. As a rule all classes talk at the top of their very powerful voices. No man waits for his neighbour to finish the observations he has begun; he shouts in reply as though the main object were to be heard at any cost. Take a *café*, a steamer, a railway carriage, any place of public resort where two or three Teutons are gathered together, and the result will be vociferous. That finer instinct which teaches the talker to lower his voice in a picture gallery or a public garden, and produces a pleasant hush in clubs, reading-rooms, and theatres, is entirely wanting here. There is nothing to be ashamed of in what they are saying; anyone may hear it; what need to make a mystery about why you are parting with your nursemaid, or what you are going to have for dinner? It has often puzzled me to account for this entire absence of sensitiveness to discordant sounds in a people who claim to be (and perhaps are) the most musical on the face of the earth. One would fancy the ear delicately attuned to harmony would be acutely alive to the grating harshness of crying discords.

Nor, as a rule, will the publicity of Rhine steamers, railway carriages, Danube boats, or post waggons in any way moderate the demonstrations of affection with which many of your fellow-travellers will beguile

the way. It is quite customary for betrothed couples to exchange the most intimate endearments, sitting enlaced in each other's arms, beneath the very noses of their respective *Frau Mamas* and *Herr Papas*, who, in stout complacency, are probably also sitting hand-in-hand, and beaming on things in general in a state of mild beatitude that nothing short of an earthquake or an explosion could disturb. There is nothing surreptitious about the matter; no 'fearful joy,' snatched in a moment of ardour or agony; no blushing or bashfulness, no coyness or tremor, neither haste nor hesitation. No, there they sit; square and broad, solidly satisfied, and partaking of the kisses and the *Butterbrödter* with calm impartiality. If the journey be long, you may not improbably be tempted to wish the boat would blow up or the mountains fall down, so wearisome and distasteful to you will become the enforced proximity of their prosaic familiarities. It will be objected that these are not the manners of good society; nevertheless, they are the manners that will meet you in every public conveyance throughout the length and breadth of the Fatherland; manners authorised by custom and sanctioned by precedent. They have even created a walk of art that must be familiar to you in the cheap coloured prints adorning inn-parlours and humble domestic dwellings, beneath which is written for the edification of the unlettered, in three languages, 'Familienglück,' 'Les Joies de Famille,' 'Domestick Bliss.' One is apt at times, when one's pilgrimage is long, to wish it were a little more 'domestic,' and reserved exclusively for the parlours which would

seem to be the fitting shrines for such demonstrations.

Of customs we can only speak very generally as regards a country where every province has its own peculiar traditions, and where a conservative affection has preserved these with an almost religious exactitude.

Very unpleasant, according to our ideas, is the rule that strangers must make the first advance. Thus when you arrive in a town where you propose to remain for any length of time, you will provide yourself with an introduction or two, you will procure a list of the *Honoratioren*, or honourabilities, of the place, and you will drive from door to door, leaving cards. These cards will presently be returned, and shortly afterwards a footman or *laquais de place* will call, ask to see the *Herrschaften*, and will then in due form deliver his master's message, requesting the honour of your company at dinner, on such a day, at three, four, or five o'clock, as the case may be. When you arrive on the festive scene, it will be your duty to request the hostess to introduce you to all the ladies present. This she will do, presenting you to the excellencies and distinguished personages first, the tour being made according to the nicest gradation of etiquette, so that beginning with an ambassadress you will end with a lieutenant's wife, and then in turn have to receive *your* court—namely, the husbands of all those ladies to whom you have been doing reverence. The curtseyings, the obeisances, the compliments, at once embarrass, annoy, and tickle you. Your stiff British backbone doesn't take kindly to the

prostrations; your knees resent the genuflexions; you scorn to grovel, yet you fear to offend; you feel ridiculous in your unwonted antics, and are afraid of falling off; and yet a sense of humour would make it difficult, were you at your ease, to abstain from shouts of laughter at the bobbing, sliding, gliding, and grimacing in which you are playing such an unwilling part. You feel that these ladies who dip and wriggle as to the manner born are criticising your want of grace, your rustic air, your wooden-jointed reverences, and yet you swear to yourself by all your gods that no inch lower than is consistent with your ideas of personal dignity will you sink before these your fellow-creatures. The blood rushes to your face, partly in pride, partly in embarrassment, and you wish yourself well out of this *galère*; yet you are angry with yourself with an unreasoning anger for your want of philosophy and your unpliable spine. Experience, it is true, will make these scenes familiar and indifferent to you; you will gather courage to preserve your natural gait, to grant your limbs the freedom to which they have been accustomed, to be polite and pleasant, and to go your own way without attempting to ape manners that went out of fashion in England before Queen Charlotte died. It is only the first step that costs; but it costs a great deal; and it is not easy for a very young woman to preserve the *juste-milieu* between a modest desire to conform to the customs of the country and a sense of mortification at aping manners which she does not admire, and cannot cordially desire to successfully imitate. The absurdity of a German curtsey would be ridiculous if it were not sublime.

In all the sociable little *Residenz* towns, the ministers being allowed a certain yearly sum for *Tafelgeld* (table money), are bound to give a proportionate number of balls and dinners; and to these (if you are of the *Gesellschaft*) you are certain to be bidden. To leave you out, because you give neither balls nor dinners in return, would be to insult your class; and this liberal view of social obligations produces a most pleasant result.

How many charming young married women there are in England who would be glad to amuse themselves, happy to dance in muslin, if mechlin be denied them; how many that would adorn society, make drawing-rooms that are dull with dowagers and diamonds gay with bright youth and pleasant laughter; yet they are not asked, because they give no dinners in return; because the alderman's wife, who is blazing with the diamonds of Golconda and the gold of Ophir, would wonder, and the county member's wife would be disgusted at the simplicity displayed in the cheap gown of the 'young person' opposite, and marvel at the 'queer people' you had got about you. In Germany there is no snobbishness of this kind; there *is* class-prejudice, but let it only be known that you are a lady, your welcome will be just as warm though you come in cloth of frieze instead of cloth of gold. You are asked to amuse and to be amused; you can enjoy yourself quite as well, though you be only a lieutenant's wife, as though you were a countess from before the Deluge; and the consequence of this liberal view of things is, that youth and gaiety, and fresh toilets and bright faces, are generally to be found at German balls,

though there may not be so much jewellery and pomp and circumstance as your prejudiced mind may deem desirable on such festive occasions. What you *are*, not what you *have*, is the only matter to be considered; and if you *are* what society expects you to be, you may anticipate, as our transatlantic friends say, 'a good time.'

There is a custom—namely, that most inconvenient one of the younger sons all bearing the family title—which, whilst speaking of society, I cannot pass over in silence. So long as cadets of noble families remain within their own borders, it is not, perhaps, a matter of serious inconvenience. Everybody knows everything about everybody else (and a great deal besides), and not a shopkeeper but is perfectly aware what credit it will be safe to give to the young count, between whom and the 'county' there are ten stalwart lives, and whose modest appanage barely suffices to find him in gloves and cigars. But it becomes rather a serious matter for a youngster, should exceptional fate send him on his travels, to have *nolens volens* a title tacked on to his name. Every innkeeper makes a note of it, and the bill swells into an important document. Should he buy anything, the shopkeeper scarcely expects he will gather up the dirty coppers and debased silver that lie on the greasy counter; should anyone bring him a parcel, a *Trinkgeld* must be forthcoming; he cannot haggle with droschky-drivers or squabble with landlords. *Noblesse oblige*, and who is to guess that the young scion of nobility is not the man in possession, not even the rich man's heir? He is, perhaps, a likelier man than either of

them, with a greater air of command about him, bearing a bolder front, going through life gaily, and smiling in as debonair a fashion as though the ancestral acres were his, and thousands of *Thaler* made heavy the money-bags at home.

But seeing the insane rage for titles of every description that exists in Germany, it is almost futile to expect that the owners of such distinction as hereditary rank should consent to lay it down; and every Jew-banker, every successful speculator, every petty *employé*, is ready to clamour, cringe, contrive, fight, fawn, or grovel to attain the grand object of this much-coveted distinction. The ridiculous official appellations, the preposterous pretensions, the contemptible hankering after merely honorary titles, makes a certain section of German society the scene of childish rivalries that are a fair butt for the criticism of outsiders.

The old nobility look upon these *neugebackene* (newly-baked) pretensions with scorn and disgust; the class below such aspirants treat the matter with biting satire; and to outsiders the *comble de folie* appears reached by the wives insisting on sharing the titles of their husbands; so that, if you would avoid offence, you must train your mind and torture your tongue to acquire the custom of saying, 'Thank you, Mrs. Privy-Councilloress;' 'At your commands, Mrs. Overpolice Directoress;' 'After you, Mrs. Riding-Foresteress;' 'No doubt, Mrs. Consulting-Architectress;' 'With pleasure, Mrs. Inspectoress of Sewers;' 'As you say, Mrs. Veritable (*wirkliche*) Privy-Councilloress,' or Commercial-Councilloress, or Doctoress,

or Assessoress. I think, after such vagaries as these, it must be conceded even by democrats that the titles of prince, count, or baron bear about them an almost antique simplicity.

That love of nature which seems born with every German has brought about a passion for *villeggiatura* for which we have no parallel in England. It is the custom of the prosperous citizen of a Sunday afternoon to repair, attended by his numerous following, to his so-called 'garden.' Here he will smoke the calumet of contemplation whilst he gazes enchantedly on his patch of potatoes or his prolific pear-trees. If he be well to do, he will probably have erected a *Sommer-wohnung* on his patch of ground; a shady arbour will crown a mount overlooking the roadway, and here you will see his spouse, stocking in hand, presiding over the coffee-table, whilst his daughters air their charms (invariably in low dresses) and criticise the passers-by with evident pleasure and much vivacity of manner.

From the streets of the shabbiest little towns, where the fields beyond are within a stone's throw, and where other than the existing urban arrangements would seem unnecessary, you will yet find that the chief butcher and baker have erected their Tusculums, whither they retire, so soon as the warm season arrives, to enjoy their leisure with dignity. These 'gardens' are apt to be rather a thorn in the humbler domestic flesh. Into the mysteries of accommodation it is as well not to pry too curiously; but as a rule the family food has to be cooked in the town, and brought out in baskets lined with baize by the maid of all work, to whom the rural delights are a cause of perpetual

aggravation. 'Have you a garden?' is no uncommon question for a servant to ask when you are engaging her, and the meaning of it is that no groaning to and fro along dusty highroads is to be included in the bargain.

Very amusing is the custom of imparting all the little items of family news, sending sentimental greetings and fond farewells, through the dirty daily sheet that is published under the title of the 'Anzeige.' It makes no pretence to politics; it ignores literature and the drama (except in the form of advertisement); its mission being at once to soothe the feelings and supply the stomach. It mingles the material with the immaterial in a manner that is often intensely comic. In not a few houses it is the only literary sustenance offered to the household, and many a matron would not think the whole duty of woman accomplished unless she had read the 'Anzeige' through, from A to Z, before sundown. The communications, taken at random, run much as follows:—

To-day, at 11.35 P.M., my dear wife, born Louisa Krämer, was safely delivered of a strong and lively boy.

Adolph Ehlers,
as Husband.

If the donkey left on the patch of common outside the Stone-gate is not claimed before to-morrow, it will be sold.

By Order of Police.

We have the honour to announce to our friends and the public the betrothal of our daughter Margarethe with Mr. Auscultator Schmidt.

August Meyer,
Emilia Meyer, born Sanger.

To-morrow I shall receive fat herrings, as also superfine oysters and Elbe salmon, from Hamburgh. Pondering persons (darauf reflectirende), be pleased to make a note of it.

Wilhelm Braun.

To those friends who accompanied us as far as the 'Green Huntsman' on our departure, we send once again our hearty greetings and farewells.

Karl Schroeder, Max Stumpf, Fritz König.

To-morrow and the eight following nights, being moonlit, the gas-lanterns will not be illuminated.

By Order of Police.

The Grand Duke Henry XXXVIII. of Katzenellenbogen has been pleased to confer, on occasion of his late visit to our Serene Court, the Grand Order of the Cat Peccant on Colonel and Adjutant the Baron von Minkwitz; and the same Order (II. Class) on the Major and Court Chamberlain Herr von Goldschlüssel.

If the fool who was kicked out of the Quinze Club on Friday night does not immediately send an apology to the parties insulted, he may look to have his nose pulled on the first convenient opportunity.

Signed, the Club Members.

Prime pork sausages, together with smoked ham and geese-breasts, are to be had from to-morrow (inclusive) every Wednesday by

Widow Bollman.

Bewitching maiden, may thy thoughts wander beneath moonlit skies to him who, forced from thy beloved presence, will never forget the charmed hours spent beside thee in the midst of Nature's green delights.

H. X. M. F.

The cackling of the two geese that has long been a source of suppressed annoyance to the inhabitants of Duke Street is hereby publicly protested against.

The Inhabitants.

With which example we may, perhaps, as well conclude.

CHAPTER V.

LANGUAGE.

'I have been a stranger in a strange land.'—*Exodus.*

IN these days, when the study of language, taking its place amongst the acknowledged sciences, sits in its own special 'chair;' when philologers by their patient research have opened up new fields of thought and study, and words mean more than they ever meant before, it may well savour somewhat of presumption in a homely pen to exercise itself on a subject that, at a first glance, might appear too high for it. From the learned, the scientific point of view, it goes without saying that the writer has no pretension to be heard; but when we think of how significant a part the language of Home Life plays in all existences, how largely it enters into the day of small things, into 'our-what-we-do-life,' as Mary Lamb calls it—how absurdly miserable, or comically contented, or ridiculously happy, it can make us, she ventures to claim patience for a few unlettered words on the subject.

To learn a new language is to have a new life opened up to us; it is to know new people, to recognise new modes of thought, new attitudes of mind, new phases of character; it is to see things with 'larger, other eyes;' to look at men and facts from

another standpoint; to be, as it were, translated into another phase of being, and to learn many things hitherto undreamt of in our narrower philosophy. Upon the principle that 'half a loaf is better than no bread,' we may be very grateful for translations; but translations can by no means produce the same effect upon the mind as though we read the classics in the 'original.' Whilst acknowledging the large debt of gratitude that we owe to the painstaking labour and love of translators, we have only to take some familiar passages from one of our own poets, and turn it into the very best prose of which we are capable, in order to appreciate how easily it is deprived of its charm. Robbed of its rhythm, of the turn that surprised and enchanted us, of the subtle delicacy of expression that lay in the happy arrangement of the words, the spell is broken. It was the form that delighted us; the art, concealing art, that satisfied our minds. In every translation there is, if I may use the expression, an unwontedness, a discrepancy between the mode of thought and the method. We read it with a sense of strangeness, and our minds do not jump with the matter; we feel outside of our subject, and know that we should understand the man better if we could read him in his own tongue, and hear him discourse of things in a language that more exactly expresses his thoughts than our own can do. The style is then proper to the subject. We catch the spirit instead of having to content ourselves with the letter only, and we are at one with the author in his work. The man who knows three languages is, as Mrs. Malaprop has it, 'like Cerberus, three gentlemen at once.'

It is rather a startling fact in connection with the German language (but a fact nevertheless) that thirty years ago no one in this island dreamt of learning it, and that as a branch of polite education it received no attention whatever in our schools. Do any of our grandfathers and grandmothers speak German? Do even our parents? And yet, since the days of George Lewis of Hanover, our Royal Family has spoken no other language; or, to be accurate, no other language has been so familiar in their mouths. When the late Prince Consort came over to marry the Queen (and even for a long time subsequent to the date of that auspicious event) it was our insular humour to caricature the Germans; to make rhymes upon their great pretensions and their small means; to speak of them as though they were outer barbarians, and we the politest people under the sun. When we had exposed our own ignorance and want of culture, and had enjoyed this cheap form of wit until it was worn almost threadbare, a reaction set in, and it would, perhaps, be difficult nowadays to find an English household where there is not some pretence of learning German. In every school there are German governesses and masters, in countless households German maids and *bonnes*; every little schoolmiss will rattle out her declensions for you, and be quite ready to air her German when her parents take her abroad for an autumnal trip. Thousands of young English people are fanatics not only *per la musica*, but also for the language, the poetry, the painting, the prowess, the *Geist*, and the greatness of the *Deutschen Vaterland*.

When George Lewis came over from Hanover with

his miscellaneous following of frightful favourites—colonels *à la suite*, cooks and chamberlains, pages and courtiers—the good people of England shrugged their shoulders, laughed in their sleeves, made a virtue of necessity, and accepted the lesser of the two evils. Better Protestant George than Catholic James. Yet, though they set all the bells a-ringing, and flung their caps in the air, and shouted 'God save the King!' they derided the King's High Dutch (which was not Dutch at all, but the *Hoch-Deutsch* of refined Teutonia), ridiculed his favourites, and spoke of the jargon of the motley crew as 'neither speech nor language,' but a hideous sound excruciating to ears polite. The very expression ''Tis all High Dutch to me' (which not improbably came in with William III.) passed into a proverbial colloquialism, and was adopted, with that undiscriminating contempt for the finer shades of difference between foreigners that is one of our marked national characteristics, in the interest of the Hanoverian sovereigns.

Carteret, afterwards Earl Granville, was the only man who could speak to his Hanoverian Majesty in the German tongue; and we have a droll picture of that monarch surrounded by his British ministers, all dumb by default; Walpole barking out now and then, to the utter bewilderment and mystification of the King, a little 'dog-Latin,' and finally, in sheer desperation and vastly *contre-cœur*, literally 'shoving' Carteret to the front, whilst his colleagues all stand round dismayed at the volubility with which that versatile nobleman addresses his sovereign in German. 'They listened,' says Lord Macaulay, 'with envy and terror

to the mysterious German gutturals, which sounded no sweeter in their ears from the fact that they might possibly convey suggestions very little in unison with their own wishes.'

Perhaps we can scarcely be surprised that Englishmen were but little attracted to the study of the language of the kings who had come to rule over them. Had the Electress Sophia reigned in her son's stead, it might earlier have won its way to popularity; but, as all the world knows, that lion-hearted old lady one day fell down (shortly before her son's accession) in the avenue her own hands had planted at Herrenhausen, never to rise again. It would not have been easy (after kissing hands) to have shrugged shoulders at this undaunted woman; we are forced to respect her wherever we see her; whether she be writing wise and witty letters to her daughter in Berlin, or walking with her friend and secretary Leibnitz, discussing, with the generous enthusiasm of a warm heart and a great mind, his plans for a united Christendom, or his theory of Monads; whether we see her as the lover of fountains and gardens and books, as the friend of Lessing, the correspondent of Bernoulli, the student of Boyle and Newton; or whether as the spirited spouse of an inferior husband and the prudent mother of an ignoble son, the patient friend and kindly counsellor of both the coarse-natured men to whom she stood in the most intimate of relationships. It would have been impossible to despise the liberal-minded, shrewd, well-mannered woman, whose heart generally taught her the right thing, and whose tact was seldom at fault. Polite learning, the presence

of men of letters at Court, the gracious influence of a kindly, capable queen, who, if she now and again called a spade a spade (the times were not squeamish), did it after that sturdy Elizabethan fashion of rapping out round statements in unvarnished terms, that had come to be looked upon with a certain appreciative leniency by the loyal lieges of England, would have gone far towards making the Hanoverian succession acceptable. But this hardy princess was not destined to win popularity for her son. While she was yet in full enjoyment of the active mind in the active body, pursuing her daily 'constitutional,' fair weather or foul, her simple regimen, her rational mode of life, death overtook her in the gardens she loved so well, at the ripe old age of eighty-four.

George I. confessedly hated everything English, and adored everything Hanoverian; so when he packed up his *fourgons*, and departed with the ladies Kielmansegge and Schulenberg to his own country, the English nation was not inconsolable.

When George II., who not only hated England much worse than did George I., but included 'boetry and bainting' in the list of his dislikes, retired to his beloved Herrenhausen with Lady Yarmouth, alias Walmoden, leaving the Queen and ministers to govern for him during the two years he spent in the shades of that classic retreat, history does not record that any lamentations were uttered at his absence, nor is it probable that tears fell, unless, perhaps, from the eyes of that gifted, beautiful, outraged, forgiving, and altogether incomprehensibly devoted queen, Caroline of Anspach.

As we go through the Georgian reigns, we can

find nothing to attract the English people to the study of the German language. 'Let them take back their manners and their morals to the land whence they came,' said the people, who tolerated, ridiculed, lampooned, and retained these singular sovereigns because they had at least the wisdom to accept the situation and let ministers govern. The earlier Hanoverians remained strangers in feeling to their English dominions; and even George III., whose proud boast it was that he was born an Englishman, with an English heart—'entirely English' (as Queen Mary and her Orange William also declared of their own tender organs)—would have been better liked if he could have taken to wife any other than the little, plain, proud, prejudiced German princess, whose correct conduct and blameless behaviour even posterity finds hardly to outbalance her narrowness, her etiquette worship, her rigour, and her shabbiness. The nation, which had ridiculed the vulgar vices of the earlier Guelphs, now laughed at the homebaked virtues of Farmer George. The dulness, the decency, the conjugal devotion of the sovereign, the meanness, and morality, and *morgue* of the shabby little Queen, are subjects for the satires of the age. Virtue and sobriety were all very well, but people began to remember that there were other royal virtues besides. All these great people come down to us, in the memoirs and letters of their times, with a tinge of ridicule upon them. Hervey, bitter and brilliant, scourges them with satire; Walpole's witticisms delight his friends; Selwyn enchants society with his *bons mots*; Lady Mary Wortley Montagu holds her sides and laughs; Topham Beauclerc goes about saying good things; Bubb Doddington writes his

diary; Gillray tickles the town with his caricatures; everyone laughs; and nobody learns German. The Court is respectable, but ridiculous; and not even the Burneys and Delanys of the period carry devotion so far as to flatter in the accents of the Fatherland. The episode of Caroline of Brunswick did nothing towards popularising the language or manners of the country whence she came; and when 'the Georges ended,' and William IV. had also passed away, our knowledge of the German language was scarcely more widely diffused than it had been a century and a quarter before the accession of our present sovereign; although in literary circles, stimulated chiefly by Mr. Carlyle's early essays, the works of Goethe, Schiller, Richter, &c., began to excite some attention.

German merchants coming to England, if they did not know the language already, learned it so easily that in commerce, at least, there was no necessity for us to puzzle our unlinguistic brains with German; in the polite world, the acmé of elegance and erudition was supposed to be attained if you could speak a little French of the school of Stratford-atte-Bowe. There was no call for German professors in our schools; but within the next twenty years the study of German had become universal, and within another ten was considered generally necessary to education.

Much of this is due, in our opinion, to the national appreciation, both deep and wide, of the character of our admirable Queen, and also to the presence amongst us of one, 'modest, kindly, all-accomplished, wise,' whose claims to our respect won us to forgive the 'Foreigner,' to forget the 'Prince,' and to accord

our tardy tribute of recognition to the Man. We gradually came to appreciate justly the noble influences of a cultured mind and blameless life, 'laborious for our people and our poor.'

It could hardly be said, even by the most ardent lovers of the German language, that it is musical; and it is no uncommon thing to hear persons who neither understand nor speak it declare that it is simply 'hideous.' Perhaps they have never heard German of the best kind. Shouted in every variety of accent and dialect—Austrian, Prussian, Saxon, Bavarian, Rhenish—it is, to say the least of it, a bewildering experience, a very Babel of Babels. But pure Hanoverian German (indeed, the German of most of the Northern States), spoken by refined lips, without rasping of the throat or muscular contortion, is far from unpleasant, whilst the language heard on the banks of the Leine is in truth the *lingua toscana in bocca romana* of the North.

It must be remembered that every little princedom and dukedom has its own special idioms, its own peculiarities of pronunciation, and that these are unconsciously adopted by the cultured and refined, and cannot be regarded as provincialisms would be in a country where one acknowledged standard was the accepted rule. An acute ear will readily detect the differences that distinguish the dialects of the North and the South, and be able to fix the *Heimath* of the speaker with tolerable precision. The speech of the Prussian, for instance, will at once bewray him. The *g* which becomes *y*; the *ei* which is *ee* in the Berlinese;

the struggle of every true son of the Spree between the dative and the accusative; the clipping of syllables, as in the sweet, homely Bavarian greeting, 'Grüss Di' (Dich) Gott;' the alteration of the diminutives 'chen' and 'lein,' as in *Bischen*, *Herzlein*, into *Biss'l*, *Herz'l*; the long-drawn *a* of the yet pleasant tongue of Brunswick, that almost resembles the baa of a sheep; the changing of the final *ch* into *k*, and *ig* into *ish*, and other varieties, too numerous to be detailed here, will at once puzzle and amuse the foreigner. 'Is it *d* hard or *d* soft?' is by no means an uncommon question, and means, 'Is it *d* or *t*?' The utter inability of the dwellers in certain districts to settle this knotty point, and to discern any difference between what they oddly enough call '*b* hard or *b* soft,' produces a confusion worse than maddening to the unaccustomed ear.

The Germans, by the way, have not altogether conquered the pronunciation of the French language. A *fête champêtre* becomes a *fête champêter*. *Jamais* is pronounced *chamais*, and *b*'s, *v*'s, and *t*'s prove stumbling-blocks not always easily overcome. Nor, proud as they justly are of their linguistic accomplishments, is their English pronunciation always so perfect as their grammatical knowledge. No wonder that the whole party was paralysed by that ingenuous German gentleman who, simply wishing to state the respective ages of his wife and himself, said she was 'dirty'(thirty) and he was 'dirty-' (thirty) 'two.' 'Elle est si *p*elle,' said a German lady to me, speaking of her daughter, 'elle est si *p*elle, ma *B*aulinchen' (Pauline). '*F*oyez comme ses mains sont *ch*olies, et comme elle a *t*e *p*eau *p*ras! elle a la *d*aille si *p*ien *v*aid*e*

que c'es*d* un *f*rai *b*laisir.' The kind lady (she was *grande dame de la Cour* to the Duchess of N——, and might therefore be supposed to have enjoyed every advantage that education and refined intercourse could afford) thought I did not understand her native tongue, and thus addressed me in French. It was very puzzling; and, but that the canons of courtesy forbade it, I should have begged her to return to her own vernacular.

One is often startled by the strange coarseness of expression that passes unnoticed even in the best society. I remember an instance of this kind that will convey my meaning. If it offend ears polite, I would venture to plead in excuse that it was said by an ambassadress in a room where the *crême de la crême* of that particular society was assembled. We were enjoying an æsthetic tea: on the sofa sat a princess; talking to the host was the heir apparent of the State in which we were sojourning; there was a famous professor in the window button-holing an eminent statesman, and a whole herd of celebrities and insignificances scattered up and down the room. A little daughter of the house, going to the tea-table, took a cake from the cake-basket, and offered it to a poodle which was sitting, with a good deal of speculation in his eye, gazing upwards at the festive board. Suddenly the deferential utterances that were flowing from the mother's mouth stopped; the princess was for the moment forgotten; conversation came to a standstill, as her Excellency cried out in an agonised voice, 'Behüt' Dich Gott, mein Kind! der Carlo hat sich ja schon zweimal heute übergespei't.' I forbear the translation, though I cannot forego the illustra-

tion. A Prussian gentleman, two Hanoverian ladies and an English dandy, startled in their sense of propriety, stopped for a moment in what they were saying to stare stiff surprise at the unvarnished statement, but otherwise no one appeared surprised or shocked: the prince and the princess, the excellencies and the professors, took it all as a matter of course, and the flow of soul was resumed as easily as though there had been no such interruption to their elegant utterances.

The difficulty of the German language, its endless declensions, its complicated construction, the fact that not only for reading but also for writing another character is employed, may all have contributed their quota towards frightening people away from the study of so severe a tongue. From an archæological point of view it would be little short of sacrilege to consign the German alphabet to oblivion; but a concession in the interests of learning has long since been made in this direction, and scientific books are generally printed in Latin letters, the cramped and crabbed Gothic characters proving special stumbling-blocks of offence to the French eye. Germans themselves, far from denying the difficulty of their language, frankly allow it to be great. Heine, recounting the educational tortures of his youth, says, in his simple, waggish way, 'At the same time I understood the German tongue better [than Hebrew]. We had to take the learned Adelung on our backs, and torture ourselves and each other with accusatives and datives. Much of my German I learned from the old rector Schallmeyer, a brave, intelligent gentleman; but I

learned something too from Professor Schramm, who had written a book on "The Everlasting Peace," and in whose class my fellow-rascals always fought most furiously.'

As the song of a language can only be learned by living amongst the people who speak it, so also the *Geist* of a language can only enter into you after you have sojourned long within the borders where it is spoken, or (and this must be a very exceptional case) after a long and patient study of men's minds and manners as they come to us through their books. The German language is rich in literature; it is, in its spoken form, rough and rugged, but also grand and powerful; its very gutturals give it a character and an originality not to be found in softer tongues; its fine, rolling vowel-sounds, its jagged consonants, its pleasant liquids (when they have come to be familiar to you), will have the same effect upon the mind that a fine landscape has upon the eye. It, more than any other, seems to be the language of nature; there is power and nobleness in it (*Kraft und Herrlichkeit*), a sense as of great masses of primeval rock, open, sunshiny plains, billowy forests, echoes, fountains, fertile meads, freshness, sunshine, spring flowers, storm and tempest, violets and Alpine roses, breadth of sight, vigour of sound, freedom, hope. There is not the luxury and languor of the South, none of the melting beauty and sultry splendour of softer climes; but there is muscle, and strength, and endurance in it. But the written language has a curious cumbersomeness of construction little less than cruel. The complex and often apparently inextricably involved sentences send

the student back again and again to the beginning of the proposition, which appears to have lost itself vaguely in space. The speaker, or the writer, circles round and round his idea, and only descends upon the pith of the matter after long sweeps of pitiless explanation, parenthesis, amplification, mystification, and general confusion worse confounded. Your ardent spirit will very likely chafe under this circumlocutory torture, and you will be tempted to remind your man that it is not 'always afternoon.' You will with difficulty restrain yourself from saying to him, 'Skip all that, and come to the point;' and, in the strain your mind undergoes in your attempt to follow him through the mazes of composition, you will suddenly awake, with a start of horror, to the fact that you have dropped all the threads you thought you held in your hand, and that the narrative has become blank mystery to you.

Let it console the modest student to know that it is beginning to be recognised amongst those of the new school that a plain style is better than an ornate one, that there is no real necessity for keeping you waiting through two pages and a half for the verb which is the key you want to unlock the enigma. Philologers, purists, and patriots are doing their best in this direction, and the pruning-hook has already been taken up in the interests of a wider humanity.

There is no royal road to learning; but there are, for him (or her) who can study German in the Fatherland, many pleasant aids to acquiring a decent knowledge of the language. First of all, there is that agreeable medium of instruction, the stage. The classic plays through which you have painfully stumbled with

the aid of a dictionary are offered to you here in a more attractive form; you hear a pleasant language, you are enlightened by a correct emphasis; this or that passage, which only superinduced a weariness of spirit as you laboured at it in your room, impresses itself on your mind as it falls from the lips of a charming actress. You perhaps have your book in your pocket, and if you are not too proud or too shy, you will take it out and follow the play all through with a pleasure and an interest that you never thought to feel in what had seemed, erewhile, the very essence of boredom. You see modern comedy too; you learn the manners and the language of polite society. The very songs of the operas that hum in your ears are of use to you; they familiarise you with the form of the language, and help you to construct your own simple sentences.

Another great help will be found in the lyric poetry of Germany. You will probably have had Schiller's 'History of the Thirty Years' War' put into your hands, and recommended to your attentive consideration as a model of style. But German prose, even the best, is apt to be terribly prosy. Heine, it is true, speaks of his own *göttliche Prosa* with the enthusiasm of conviction; but it may be fairly doubted whether anyone, not to the manner born, could ever be brought to acknowledge that any German prose was 'divine.' The very inflexions and inversions, however, of which we complain in the prose are but so many added strings to the harp that the poet holds in his hands. At the magic of the 'maker's' touch the difficulties disappear, and an infinite variety of modulation and expression is the result. No one who reads his Goethe

and his Schiller, his Heine and his Geibel, can complain of mystification or bewilderment. German poetry is never obscure. The poets of the Munich school follow in the lead of simplicity set by the greater of the moderns; and it would be difficult to imagine anything at once more fragrant and more finished than the lyric utterances of the minor poets of modern Germany. There is an easiness, a charm, a propriety of expression about such simple songs as makes them melodious to the ear and easy to the tongue. The mind catches the charm, and without stress or strain memory retains the words.

It happened once to the writer of these pages to be snow- and ice-bound during four months in a desolate little town on the bleak shores of the Baltic. She knew little or no German. Tauchnitz editions were unknown luxuries in the land. Intercourse with the outer world there was none. The great black crows walked up and down the silent streets seeking sustenance; the smaller birds fell frozen from the trees; a death-shroud lay upon the world. For weeks the winding-sheet of snow was not unwrapped; it was a dismal, bitter time. By chance a German edition of Thackeray's works fell into her hands. She knew the original almost by heart. Desperation and *désœuvrement* combined moved her to an experiment. She sat down to study Becky Sharp's sallies in the Teutonic; she was led on to see what dandy George and blundering Dobbin would make of it in their foreign garb, and whether Amelia's simperings would be as tiresome now as then. No dictionary was needed when every word of the original was familiar;

and at the end of three months she knew more German than she would probably have learned out of Ollendorff, Otto, or Ahn in thrice that space of time. It may be an irregular method, and can (alas for humanity!) never supersede grammars and dictionaries; but it was, so far as it went, perfectly successful, and she ventures to recommend it, in combination of course with the recognised instruments of torture, to the feebler of her friends.

The German novel is usually a dull diversion, though Auerbach, Paul Heyse, Corvinus, Marlitt, and others have done much to redeem it from this reproach. The genius of the German language does not lend itself well to joking; a German joke is, as a rule, but a wooden-jointed attempt at wit. Perhaps the best specimens of *jeux d'esprit* are to be heard from the *Straszenjugend* of Berlin and Vienna; with this marked distinction in the quality of their jokes, that whereas the Berlin *gamin* has caught the universal captious tone of the Prussian capital (the Berlin public is nothing if not critical), and sneers out his cynicisms with appalling effrontery, the Viennese vagabond is always good-natured. He loves his jest, and he will have it at your expense rather than forego it altogether; but it shall hurt you as little as possible. His laughing eyes make you forget his ribald tongue. He jokes to amuse himself, not to vex others; and if he be personal, he is also always genial and *gemüthlich* in his jocularity. One thing that will strike every student of German who hears and learns the language for the first time in the Fatherland is the vast number of hybrid Franco-Germanic expressions that meet

the ear. Learning German out of a grammar and reading it with a dictionary will by no means convey the same impression to the mind. It is in the colloquialisms of daily life that this special vice is more particularly apparent; and though patriots and purists are doing their best to uproot the jargon and to introduce purely German words in place of those Germanised Gallicisms, the evil is too deeply rooted and of too old a standing for reform to meet with any immediate perceptible success.

It must be remembered, in extenuation of German crimes in this particular, that the Thirty Years' War had extinguished every spark of the old National Imperial spirit. An emperor still reigned; but the country was divided into numberless little States, and with this mapping out of the Empire the reign of particularism (to use the slang of the moment) had already begun. Frederick the Great, the man who consolidated Prussia, and gave her a history, was patriotic only in his politics. His tastes, his 'proclivities,' were purely French; he spoke the French language by preference; he was at no pains to disguise his contempt for everything German in intellectual matters; he corresponded with Maupertuis and took the *Grand Persifleur* to his meagre bosom, and as nearly loved him as he could love anyone; he blew little twirligig French airs on his flute, and wrote long French letters and hideous French poetry to the ungrateful philosopher; and the Court, and all the little Courts that were his neighbours, followed his enlightened example and danced to the great-little man's piping. Voltaire ran away after two years of it, and laughed

at the caperings and antics he had left behind him; but, nevertheless, French manners, French fashions, and the French language were universally adopted at Court, where the vulgarity of the mother tongue would not for a moment have been tolerated. We look round Germany and we see all the princelets and dukelings imitating the doings at Versailles. Whether it be at Wilhelmshöhe or at Ludwigslust, at Herrenhausen or at Nymphenburg, at Charlottenburg or at Schönbrunn, the same Francomania exists; people seem almost ashamed of their nationality, and take refuge in the cosmopolitomania that appears to promise so much and means so little. Even Lessing, a German amongst Germans, from the point of view of literature, is not ashamed to say that of the love of country he 'has no conception, for that at the best it appears to him to be a sort of heroic weakness, which,' he adds, 'he is right glad to be without.'

As we pass wondering on, we come to the lowest point of Germany's humiliation in the Napoleonic occupation. By that time there had been almost French enough heard within their borders to satisfy the wildest Francomaniacs, yet—however unwelcome a reminiscence to those whom it chiefly concerns—it cannot be denied that a certain reflected glory was felt, by some of the subjugated States, to shine upon them in the conqueror's startling successes. Napoleonic alliances softened much that might otherwise have been bitter, and engaged those families over whom the French Emperor had thrown his iron yoke, and bound to him for better for worse by the gilded bonds of matrimony, to accept the situation and

range themselves on the side of the stranger. Theirs was the valour of discretion; and if the yoke galled, no one saw the ugly mark, for it was worn under the garb of a laughing philosophy. The little King of Rome's cradle held two empires together; Baden and Bavaria were pledged body and soul; the nearer the throne the more French, the less German. In Vienna, where the gay, pleasure-loving Austrians had more readily adapted themselves to the decrees of fate than had their ruggeder Northern brethren, French manners and dress were universally adopted by all the higher classes of society; French uniforms were as common as German on the parade-grounds; and whether the Corsican or the Hapsburg lay in imperial chambers, whether the traditional grey great-coat and cocked hat of *le Petit Caporal* or the white tunic of the gentle Joseph perambulated their kings' palaces, the people were equally contented, provided only the situation afforded *spectacle* enough for their entertainment.

Frau von Pichler, in her 'Denkwürdigkeiten,' tells us that on the occasion of the Congress of Vienna a favourite actress won immense applause in an otherwise mediocre piece by repeating with emphasis the following quatrain:—

'Foreign manners, foreign fashion,
Foreign morals, foreign yoke,
We accepted, and "with passion"
In a foreign language spoke.'

And the lively lady was much amused by hearing a fair creature in the next box sigh out, sentimentally, 'Ah! c'est qu'elle a bien raison, celle-là!' The reaction came to Germany, as we all know; but her language to the present hour bears traces of the

servile imitation of years; of the mean compromise that in compliment to her conquerors grafted German buds on to French stocks.

Goethe, the greatest of the Germans, had, like Lessing, no idea of the patriotic sentiment; Germany was a geographical fiction in his eyes. He knew Weimar, and he knew Frankfort, but he could not recognise a 'nation.' When Napoleon had threatened his master, Goethe rose for a moment to enthusiasm; but when the whole nation rose, he remained passive. 'Shake your fetters; the man is too great for you!' he says to one, and to another, who strives to excite in him a hatred of France, he answers, 'I have often felt a bitter pain at the thought that the German people, so honourable as individuals, should be so miserable as a whole. A comparison of the German people with other peoples awakens a painful feeling which I try to escape in any way I can.' Such discouraging words as these, spoken by a great man—by their greatest man—in the hour of intense national excitement, are significant indeed; and it is not so many years ago as late events might lead us to believe since Prince Bismarck, in an impassioned speech on the Jewish disabilities, flung a similar reproach at his countrymen. 'I would call the attention of those gentlemen,' he said, 'who are so fond of seeking their ideal *outre-Rhin* and *outre-mer*, to one distinguishing trait in the character of the Frenchman and the Englishman; that is, to the proud feeling of national honour, which does not so easily fall down in admiration of foreign institutions as is unfortunately the case with us.' It reads like a fable that the Prussian

Chambers should be taunted with a want of patriotism. 'Tempora mutantur et nos mutamur in illis!' Prussian patriotism has of late years become somewhat oppressive, and we are apt at times to forget that it has not always deserved this reproach.

The uneducated English mind has only one idea of a 'foreigner,' and that is, that he must necessarily be a Frenchman. Beyond this the Philistine imagination cannot go. It is, however, surprising when we find persons of culture making the same mistake. There is no greater *bévue* in the present day (I would use the word 'blunder,' but it does not exactly convey my meaning) than to persistently address Germans as *Monsieur* and *Madame*. It is a political offence as well as a social one. There is amongst us a stupid prejudice against the word *Frau* (we immediately picture to ourselves a procession of hideous Dutch *vrouwen*, and recall all the obliging things that bluff King Hal said of poor Anne of Cleves); but as true politeness consists in putting ourselves in the place of the person we are addressing, and as we read every day of our Princess Royal in German papers as the *Frau Kronprinzessinn*, we should do well to lay aside this childish objection, and to understand that German ladies and gentlemen prefer being spoken of by German prefixes, and addressed by their own proper appellations. Every educated German understands English, and you are quite justified, if you do not speak the language of the person you are addressing, in calling him 'your Highness,' or 'your Excellency,' &c.; but you are not justified in forcing French names and titles upon him; and, in doing so, you are guilty (no doubt unwittingly) of a want of courtesy and

good breeding that a moment's reflection will lead you to avoid. 'So 'ne rechte Krämer's Matame!' an old servant once said to me; conveying in a sufficiently expressive manner her contempt for the underbred airs of some small shopkeeper's wife, who imagined that she was doing the correct and 'fashionable' thing by adopting a French prefix. As well (and better, if we would not exasperate national feeling) might we address our fair German friends as *Signora* or *Donna*; the words *Madame* or *Monsieur* can only be used appropriately when the persons addressed are French, or the conversation is being carried on entirely in that language. How much nobler, for instance, is that fine old German title *Freiherr* ('Free-Lord'), and *Freinn* ('Free-Lady'), than the equivalents Baron and Baroness! In the *Freiherr* we see the stately representative of feudal times; the protector of his vassals, 'free-lord' of himself, but faithful in his allegiance to the crown he supports: in the 'Baron' we see the outcome to our modern civilisation, the haunter of Monaco and Baden; a man in *gants glacés*; made by his tailor, marred by a life of false excitement and doubtful pleasures, with no reputation to speak of and no convictions worth mentioning. It may be said the comparison is unfair; that there are exceptions, &c. &c. Granted. But as I stood lately in a distant *Gottesacker*, and read the inscriptions on two tombstones side by side, I could not but feel how far more dignified was the 'free-lord' of feudal times than the modern 'Monsieur le Baron' of the Boulevards and the gaming-tables, though the latter may be a development of species.

Prince Bismarck, in a circular recently addressed to foreign Governments, has notified his opinion of the ridiculous prejudice that would fain make French the language of the world. In this note he says that the diplomatic correspondence shall be carried on between Berlin and each Power *in the language of the Power addressed*; and he requests (if German be not used in reply) that the language of the country with which the Foreign Office is in correspondence may be employed. The German F. O. is equal to the occasion; English, French, Spanish, Italian, nothing comes amiss to its clever clerks and ambitious *attachés*. Let the other nations make themselves comfortable, and write in their own vernacular; for the German secretaries 'unknown tongues' do not exist; and if they did, it would be the business of every man to overcome any little difficulty of the kind without hesitation; they are there to do their duty, and they will do it with a zeal and thoroughness that knows no bounds.

Since the Emperor of Germany visited Italy, *il Rè galantuomo* has ordered that the officers of the Italian army shall forthwith apply themselves to the study of German. One can scarcely imagine that the languid, lazy, liquid Italian tongue will take very kindly to the rugged accents of the once hated *lingua tedesca*.

On the language of German journalism we can barely touch at this moment. It more nearly approaches the American model in style than that of any other country. To say that it is 'tall' is to say nothing; it is always on the high horse; it is pompous, prancing, and aggressive; there is a gush and garrulity about it that is infinitely vapid and fatiguing.

It twirls its moustache and clanks its spurs, and stalks over you. Your mind falls down fatigued by its inflated verbosity; your taste is outraged by its wearisome egotism, and your finer sense revolted by the dirty paper and poisonous ink that are the media of all this grand writing and high-flown sentiment.

At the language of official life, at the ridiculous titles official people claim, we have already glanced. The exactions in this direction are almost sufficient to frighten a simple-minded person out of society. Have you given the right man the right title? Is he a *Geheimerath* or a *wirklicher Geheimerath*? Was that prince who affably condescended to address you a Royal, or a Transparent, or a Serene Highness? You have just addressed a lady (who has no right to the title) as *Excellenz*, and made her your implacable enemy for life. You have occasion to write to a Roman Catholic clergyman, and you for ever offend him by addressing him as *Ew. Hochehrwürden*, which is a Protestant title, instead of *Ew. Hochwürden*, the correct Catholic style. How are you to know that privy councillors and presidents exact the predicate *Hochwohlgeboren*, which belongs of right to the nobility? (2nd class), and how can you guess that a count must be addressed as 'High-born' (*Hochgeboren*), or even, under some circumstances, as *Erlaucht*, a baron as High-well-born (*Hochwohlgeboren*); and that the common herd exact *Wohlgeboren* as well as their own patronymic on the letters you address to them? It once occurred to the writer of these pages to have occasion to send to a little Jew shopkeeper for a reel of silk or a skein of wool. The nearest

townlet was ten miles distant, and being unwilling to trust her commission to the rustic messenger, she wrote a note, dictated by a kind relative, to the shopkeeper in question. Left to herself, she addressed it to 'Herr Meyer, Linendraper,' adding the name of the town, and deposited the letter on the hall table. 'What! will you, then, insult the people?' cried a critical and choleric cousin, snatching up the poor little missive; 'you blame yourself ('Du blamirst Dich'), my best one, by such ignorance of the forms!' and stripping off the offensive cover, he re-enclosed it, writing in a fine, flourishing hand, 'To the Well-born Herrn Jacob Meyer, Merchant' (*Kaufmann*). I felt quite ashamed to enclose the twopence-halfpenny that was to cover my debt in the face of such a grandiloquent address as this; the very poetry of commerce could do no more than build up such a structure on the foundation of the little Hebrew huckster's obscure shop.

Altogether the address upon a German letter is a serious affair, and cannot be attempted in any light spirit of enterprise. You have to consider your declensions, and to call to mind all the social and official prerogatives of the person you are addressing. No such slipshod, easy familiarity as 'General Smith' or 'Colonel Jones' can be tolerated. You must begin in one corner of the envelope, and, if you wish to be decent, end in the other, as—

'Seiner Hochgeboren
dem Grafen
Adalbert von Kanonendonner,
Major-General-Inspekteur
der K.K. Artillerie u.s.w.,
Hieselbst.,'

or wherever else he may be; and if your friend hold a civil appointment, a far more elaborate address will probably adorn the superscription.

In society a married lady is always addressed with the prefix of *Gnädige*, or *Gnädigste, Frau* ('gracious, or most gracious, lady'). If she have a title, it is not customary to use the family names in speaking to her, *Frau Gräfinn*, or *Frau Baroninn*, being deemed sufficient. Many persons use *Meine Gnädigste* ('my most gracious'), without further designation. Amongst female friends the formula is somewhat less ceremonious, *Liebe Gräfinn*, or *Generalinn*, or *Geheimeräthinn* being sufficient. Young ladies are not addressed as 'Miss' So-and-so, but, by gentlemen invariably, as *Mein gnädiges Fräulein.* In Vienna the title *Comtesse*, in contradistinction to *Gräfinn*, is only employed towards unmarried ladies. It is not customary to say 'Colonel Rag,' or 'Major Famish;' *Herr Oberst* and *Herr Major* are the correct forms; *Herr Hauptmann* and *Herr Lieutenant.* In speaking *of* these gentlemen you may of course mention the family name of both the Rags and the Famishes. I may give an illustration of my meaning in the following experiences. I was equally well acquainted with a Baron Wolff and a Baron Behr, both members of well-known Courland families, but I never could remember which was which. It was of no great consequence, as safety was afforded in the convenient *Herr Baron*; but on more than one occasion it so happened that I had to speak of these gentlemen when others of the same rank were present. I was obliged to particularise, and I made a shot at the

Wolff. The next time I took desperate aim, and it was at the Behr. I fancied fate had favoured me until a cloud on the countenance of the latter gentleman informed me I had blundered. Meeting him a few days later in a shady avenue, he accosted me with a stiffness that was barely tempered by its cold civility. 'I have perceived, my most gracious,' he said, 'that you are in the dark as to my most insignificant personality ('meine höchst unbedeutende Persönlichkeit'). You have on several occasions spoken of me in my presence as Baron Wolff; now, allow me to tell you that the Wolves are not to be compared with the Bears.' Crushed as I was by his *morgue* and magnificence, I could not but smile (as I muttered out my confused apologies) at the serious tone of his reproof.

If all these dangers and difficulties should discourage any of my readers, let me say for their consolation that not only are all educated Germans (and all Germans are more or less educated—generally more) accomplished linguists, but they have none of the *mauvaise honte* of Englishmen in airing their gift of tongues; and if the pronunciation be not always musical, it is always intelligible, so that they will always speak to you in your own tongue, if you decline venturing into theirs; and further, that nothing can exceed the kindly patience with which they will listen to, and help one out of, conversational difficulties in their own language. There is no ridicule, nothing wounding to the most sensitive susceptibilities, in the broad smile that beams over their friendly faces as you go plunging about in the dismal

swamp of declensions; they stretch out a firm helping hand, and land you on *terra firma* by their timely aid, without so much as noticing your embarrassment.

Fatiguing alike, however, to alien ears and sense is the vicious abuse of the adverbial and adjectival form in the language of everyday life. An adjective and a note of admiration will serve, for instance, to express the feelings of a family all round. The emotions of a group surveying the beauties of Saxon Switzerland, or the Rhine, will be rendered as follows:—Mama: 'Reizend!' Sophie: 'Himmlisch!' Adelheid: 'Wunderschön!' Helga: 'Bezaubernd!' Charlotte: 'Entzückend!' and so on *ad infinitum*. At first, especially if the group be one of pretty girls, each shrieking out her little note of spasmodic admiration in a higher key than the last, you will think this pretty animation very *naïve* and charming, but by degrees it will pall upon you; you will wish that they could be persuaded to utter a few consecutive sentences, or you will regret that they should have begun with the climax. It is a common mistake to suppose that German travellers are morose; they are the most talkative of companions; they talk *pro bono*, and, like Tennyson's brook, though men may come and men may go, they seem able to go on for ever.

It is—amongst ladies especially, amongst unmarried ladies very especially—considered the correct thing to 'gush.' If you do not gush, you have no soul—no *Geist*, no *Gemüth*. But unlimited gush is apt to become tiresome; and the exaggerated virtue of enthusiasm not unfrequently degenerates

into a disagreeable sloppiness of sentiment. 'I hope,' said Goethe, in a fit of impatience at the fashion of sentimentality prevailing around him, 'that I may not hear the word *Gemüth* in a German mouth for the next thirty years.'

The servants of a German household address the children individually as 'Du,' until confirmation casts the *toga virilis* upon the shoulders of the boy, and gives the girl her equivalent feminine drapery. In ordinary households servants are addressed by their masters as 'Du:' the form is more familiar, but it marks the subordinate position of the person so addressed. In great houses, and indeed in some sufficiently modest establishments, 'Sie' is employed in speaking to the *Dienerschaft*: it is more distant than 'Du,' but it implies a greater consideration for the individual to whom you are speaking. In old times servants, soldiers, and all inferiors were spoken to in the third person singular, as 'er;' but in the present day such a form of address would be looked upon as an outrage. Inferiors invariably use the third person plural in addressing their superiors:—'Haben Frau Generalinn gerufen? Excellenz haben befohlen. Herr Oberst sind wohl nicht unzufrieden?' The family is spoken of collectively as the *Herrschaft* by their servants (royalties are mentioned by their equerries and aides as the *hohe Herrschaft*), and a lady will make use of the same formula towards a servant when speaking of the children; she will tell him to fetch the *kleine Herrschaft*—not 'the children'—home.

The language of German home life has, as most of my readers are probably aware, many a coaxing

turn and caressing twist. The intimate 'Du' that marks near relationships, old friendships, or nearer and dearer connections *in spe*, consecrates the second person singular, in a special manner, to home life. How endearing are the 'chen' and 'lein' of domestic language, how sweet and soft 'mein Herzchen' ('my little heart') from a mother to her child! how pretty and protecting 'mein Liebchen' ('my little love') from the youth to the maiden! how tender to a mother's ears the 'Mütterchen' and 'Mütterlein' of a dearly loved daughter! Perhaps to persons who do not know German such utterances are 'hideous;' to me they are full of simple pathos and beauty. The words *Kindlein*, *Engelein*, *Mägdlein*, by their very sound alone, call up before our vision those charming German engravings where firm outline, pure form, and vigorous conception go hand in hand; we see the candid brow, the well-opened, questioning eyes, the opulent plaits, the fearless, intelligent look, and we read, in a word, the poems of Childhood—of Maidenhood.

How pretty is the 'Gesegnete Mahlzeit' ('May the meal be blessed to you') of the friends whose hospitality you have shared, or of your neighbour at table, who, when the meal is ended, will turn to you with this graceful benediction! How warm and simple the 'Grüss Dich Gott' ('God greet thee') of some dear familiar friend; how charming in feminine ears the courteous, ever-recurring Austrian 'Ich küss' die Hand,' that seems to recall the very days of chivalry! It is inconsistent (and worthy of a woman) to say that the lack of these and a hundred other such pleasant

phrases makes conversation seem cold and bare, abrupt and discourteous, when, after a long residence in Germany, we return to the plain, unvarnished speech of English life, whose yea is yea and whose nay is nay.

CHAPTER VI.

DRESS.

'A myrtle, even in the desert, remains a myrtle.'—*Talmud.*

DRESS means something more than clothes, and these than covering. The fig-leaves of our first parents were but symbols, whereof the meaning is vastly more important than a mere superficial glance might suggest. Dress should, as far as is possible, translate to us the character of the wearer; it should bear about it some individuality, some mark of special identity, so that we feel the husk or hull is in harmony with the kernel.

It pleases us to think that Zenobia's zone and Flavia's fillet are matters of choice, not matters of chance; we smile on Cynthia's cestus and Sappho's sandals, and praise the peplum Phillis wears, because fillet, cestus, and sandals become the women that we love.

Dress, to use a homely simile, should, like a *filet de bœuf*, be neither overdone nor underdone; it should hit the happy medium. The dress of German ladies errs in both particulars; that of the morning leaves much to be desired, that of the afternoon offers much that might be dispensed with. Without plenty of money

we cannot have rich dress, but we may, none the less, have all that is essential to comeliness and comfort. We are bound, to use a commercial phrase, to make our appearance 'as good as we can for the money.' With well-arranged hair, tidy shoes, mended gloves, and clean linen at her throat and wrists, no woman can look ill. A poor lady in a plain black gown, with no other than such simple adornments, but with that sense of freshness and care about her that should always accompany a woman's presence, may look as noble as—aye, and far nobler than—all the puppets of the 'fashion plates,' or their more ambitious sisterhood, decked in the pre-Raphaelite millinery of modern dilettante dress. A woman who respects herself and loves her husband will never be a dowd; she dare not be a slattern. Large means may be denied her, but cleanliness and care are always within her reach; and if, as has been somewhat hastily asserted, a woman's dress be the index of her mind, it behoves her all the more to see that it be well ordered, scrupulous, and not devoid of dignity.

In many a room where the furniture would not 'bear daylight' from an art, or even from an auctioneer's, point of view, a happy fancy, a pot of flowers, a cosy corner, a blooming window-ledge, a book, a sketch, a glint of sunshine, a dash of colour, an atmosphere indefinable, that tells of a woman's presence and a woman's care, may cover all the multitudinous sins of the offending tables and chairs, and make us forget, or even, better still, forgive, the general shortcomings of the apartment.

We like to believe of beauty that it would be as

beautiful in the desert, for the sun and the sand and the sky, as it is in the ball-room, where, by one consent, it is crowned 'belle.'

A German lady understands nothing of such wild theories; she does not even appreciate the 'sweet civility' that lies in the fact of a woman coming to her husband's or father's breakfast-table trim, fresh, and fragrant; on the contrary, she issues from her bedroom in a loose wrapper, carpet or felt slippers, and with what, in your haste, you might call a night-cap. Courtesy demands that it shall be spoken of as a *Morgenhaube*, and in the sense that the nightcap proper has been taken off, and replaced by a less tumbled edition, we may accede to the term; otherwise it has no pretension to be dignified by any finer name than you have given it. With hair undressed, and stuffed away in plaits or curls under the muslin topknot, in the most uncompromising of *déshabillés*, the lady presides over the scene of sloppy slovenliness to which allusion has been made in a former chapter. If you have seen her *en toilette* the night before, meeting her now you will scarcely recognise the fairy vision of your dreams. The elaborate *frisure*, where great masses of hair lay piled, Juno-like, above the brow, or rippled in sunny curls lovingly over the uncovered shoulders; the sweeping silks, the charming coquetries, have all disappeared, *vice* a singularly unattractive and ungraceful style of apparel promoted. At first you will imagine you have stumbled upon the housekeeper, who, suffering from dolorous tic, has arisen to a hasty performance of her morning duties

and donned this surreptitious costume; but (fortunately for German women) hospitality, as we understand it—the hospitality of spare rooms, that is—is a thing unknown, and the occasions when a stranger can gaze upon the *Hausfrau déguisée en papillotes* are necessarily very restricted. There is only the husband, and the husband knows no better; he would be startled out of his ordinary phlegma should his wife appear 'finished' at that early hour of the day, and would think that sudden frenzy had seized her for its own.

Many years ago, when Germany was as yet a *terra incognita* to me, I arrived late one evening at the gates of a grand ancestral *Schloss*. The ladies assembled were in all the gloss of satin and glimmer of pearls. It was too late to tear open trunks and take out a fresh toilet. Dust-defaced and travel-stained, I sat dejectedly amongst them, and slowly and sadly resigned myself to circumstances; but next morning I confessed that fate was not at all unkind. 'Good morning, my dear,' said my host; 'but—but—you are mistaken; we do not expect the Grand Duke!' I certainly had made no preparation for royalty, and only a dim understanding of the drift of his words dawned upon me as I gazed round on the dazzling creatures of the night before, and found they had all disappeared into nightcaps and dressing-gowns. What a falling-off was there!

Nevertheless, they were much displeased, and thought it betokened an insular arrogance when I ventured to remark that, if the Grand Duke *had* come, I should have made no change in my dress.

While they would have been scrambling out of their dressing-gowns, and screaming for their maids, I should have been calmly contented in my clean holland gown; but that you should dare to receive in a cotton gown a person of elevated rank coming unawares upon you betokens, to the German female mind, an insensibility and an ignorance of the *bienséances* that verges on criminal lunacy. You ought to show that you have 'dressed' for the occasion. Any other behaviour is in their eyes mean, republican, vulgar, low, and quite inconsistent with those ideas of subjection in which every well-educated German woman has been educated from her youth up. To be well dressed does not mean to wear the clothing most appropriate to the occasion, but to have on your last new gown, with, if possible, twenty yards more trimming and six dozen more buttons than anyone else has. In Germany women dress for the promenade, the coffee party, the theatre, the public gardens. As a rule, they have no great means at their command; but with what they have they contrive to bring about as disastrous a result as their worst enemies could wish. They have no intuitions of the becoming; they have not even the feminine 'instincts' of dress; the rudiments of it are as yet unknown to them. In second- and third-rate towns one draper and two or three milliners will supply all the resident belles. The result is a distressing monotony in the apparel that pervades the streets. Now and then some bolder spirit will be visited with 'inspiration' on the subject, but generally after such a fashion as will cause you to return thanks that there are so few prophetesses in the land.

Such flights of fancy are rarely viewed by the weaker sisterhood with approbation, and ridicule is almost sure to overtake the wearer. Yet no one will annoy her in her native town. Her companions may covertly titter at her taste, intimate elbows be not too well bred to nudge each other in notes of reprobation as she passes by; one may jibe and another may jeer at the ill-assorted finery; but as every citizen, street-boy, artisan, and factory girl has known the wearer from her youth up, no palpable inconvenience will result from poor Jenny Wren's little sumptuary experiments.

German dress has no originality and no *chic*. It is snatched wildly, right and left, from French fashion-books and English advertisements, and the result of this hybrid combination is, if judged by the canons of taste, little short of atrocious. Of an independent yet modest simplicity of dress; of the æsthetic treatment of such 'hulls' as poor humanity is condemned to wear, of the harmony of well-chosen low-toned tints; of unity of effect in the corresponding shade of gloves, parasol, and bonnet, or the judicious juxtaposition of dark and light; of a dash of colour on a sober background, the ordinary German woman knows nothing. She has not the courage to be plain if the 'Mode Journal' says she is to be elaborate. Her clothes sin not even so much by ugliness as by inappropriateness.

The pathetic results of want of taste and judgment in this matter of dress are more particularly apparent in the case of elderly German women. The hair once thick is now thin, the neck once round

and white now coarse and red, the delicacy of feature and complexion a thing of the past; all is hard, used, prosaic. The Frenchwoman puffs her delicate grey hair into feathery curls, hides the hollows, and repairs the ravages of time with cascades of lace; graceful draperies soft as cobwebs set her face in a filmy framework, infinitely charming; soft, tender shades of colour approach the faded cheek without outraging it; and English elderly ladies follow, with more or less success, in the same judicious train; but the German woman shows her bald patches, her unattractive throat, her awkward figure, without disguise and without remorse. No cap covers the wisp of hair that out of an abundant *chevelure* is all that remains to her; there is neither grace nor dignity in her gown; coarse collars and crotchet frills tumble helplessly on her elderly shoulders. 'What does it matter?' is plainly written in the general neglect of her appearance, which strikes one painfully, less as an absence of vanity than as a want of self-respect. Younger folk can perhaps afford to be careless, but an elderly woman should be scrupulous; she may even be a little elaborate as to her 'setting' and no one will rise up and reproach her. It is sweet and pleasant to see that she is careful for others long after all personal vanity is extinct; that she arranges her *drapeau de vieille femme* gracefully and still adorns the world, with which she has almost done, by a gracious presence.

Perhaps in no country is dress so much talked of as in Germany, with so little result. Tartans of the most eccentric colours and arrangements are always

en vogue. Let the fashion-books say they are *mode*, they become the rage. They bear no resemblance to the clan-tartans with which we are all more or less familiar; they are lurid combinations of clashing colours, evolved out of the enterprising manufacturer's speculative brain, hideous and alarming to the unaccustomed eye. Let a woman be short, broad, and sandy; she will clothe herself triumphantly in a scarlet and yellow tartan, and yet expect to be thought in her right mind. Let her be tall and sallow; a disastrous green will check her angular person in dismal repetition from top to toe.

There are certain aspects of toilette in which the Englishwoman is allowed all over the Continent to be unapproachable. Frenchwomen claim the precedence in their *toilettes de luxe, toilettes de ville, toilettes de bal*; but they concede us the palm in the matter of travelling costume, in our hats and habits, in our umbrellas, walking-boots, and waterproofs. English travelling costumes, quiet in colour, tasteful, simple, elegant, and modest; the snowy linen collars and cuffs, with their simple solid sleeve-links and throat brooch, that set off the brunette's dark skin and make the blonde more dazzling; the tidy felt or straw hat, which no weather can spoil or put out of shape; the neat umbrella, trimly furled; the light waterproof; the sensible boots, are all beginning to be imitated on the Continent; but as yet German ladies have not exactly appreciated the gist of the matter. To them such a dress is more or less of a masquerade; worn less for practical purposes than because it is 'the fashion to wear it.' They have never in their lives been accus-

tomed to the rough outdoor exercise to which the most gently bred amongst us are used from childhood; to them the 'constitutional' is only known through English novels; they do not set off for a long stretch across the moor, or to walk to the neighbouring town, 'for the sake of the exercise.' Such muscular femininity is foreign to their lives; and the dress that makes this sort of outdoor activity independent of elemental combinations must necessarily be an unwonted garb to them. They will perhaps have adopted the tweed or homespun costume; but the material will be half cotton, and will shrink out of recognition in the first shower of rain; the hat will be there, but, instead of leaving it unadorned, or gracing its native felt at most with a flat, unspoilable ribbon and wing, it will be covered with a forest of feeble feathers, that the wind and the mist will cause to droop dejectedly, like weeping willows, around the face of the disconsolate wearer. A sense of the fitness of things will tell a woman 'to the manner born' that Balmoral boots and a homespun gown demand stout linen collars and cuffs; but ruffles being 'the fashion,' the fair German plagiarist will carry tulle round her neck on a mountain tour, and, quite unconscious of incongruity, wear a huge Elizabethan frill with a coarse woollen costume. The same malignant showers that have played havoc with her hat and gown will have sent all the starch out of her frills and furbelows, and made them fertile sources of dissatisfaction: the thin stuff boots with sham holes, simulating good honest balmorals, are as useless as though she were shod with brown paper; mountains cannot be climbed

nor tempests defied in such a costume; the whole thing will have turned out a delusion and a snare, and the temper of the disappointed traveller will suffer, certainly partial, probably total, eclipse.

'The thing that charmed me most in our Swiss tour,' said a frank German gentleman to me, 'was to see the freedom, the enjoyment of life, the fresh spirits, of your English girls. They were ready at any hour of the morning, *fix und fertig*; they were everywhere; they had one waterproof gown in which they made all their expeditions; and their fathers and brothers seemed to find them no trouble. I liked to see their frank enjoyment. I liked their boots and stockings,' cried the ingenuous gentleman in a rapture of enthusiasm; 'they were so trim and tidy that it didn't matter though it rained cats and dogs and pitchforks downwards; they were ready for any weather and equal to all occasions.'

Turning from such free open-air experiences to the closed doors of the early hours of the day in German home life, a striking contrast presents itself to us. During the forenoon, to such ladies as cannot indulge in the luxury of a maid, comes the *Friseuseinn* —as the ridiculous Gallo-Germanic word conveys, the female hairdresser. These women are an abominable institution, to be reprehended on more counts than one. Enough that they encourage idleness and slovenliness in the matter of that glory which a woman has upon her head. Until that is 'tired,' the lady, to use a feminine phrase, 'is not fit to be seen.' The *Friseuseinn*, like the barber of the comic operas, is a personage and a power; she knows

all the tattle of the town and the scandal of the neighbourhood. Her very occupation gives her opportunities of gossip that make her dangerous, and allow her to study at her ease the weaknesses and defects, moral and physical, of those ladies who are deluded enough to employ her. Under strict promises of secresy she imparts her titbit of gossip, and benevolently helps further on the road of slander any detrimental *on dit* that she hears by the way. She packs up her dirty brushes and combs, mangy frizettes, greasy ribbons and sponges, and goes cheerfully her unclean way, bag in hand, leaving the lady free at last to cast her cap and wrapper and appear dressed for the day.

The chrysalis has become a butterfly, able at length to breathe the outer air, and show its gorgeous hues to the outer world. On the promenade, where loungers most do congregate, the dilatory fair will probably meet many of her acquaintances; dashing officers returning from parade will at once gladden her eyes and enliven the scene. The culminating point of satisfaction will be reached should happy chance send the *hohe Herrschaft* home from their morning drive that way. It is pretty to see the flutter of devotion and excitement with which these loyal ladies turn right about face (*Fronte machen*), and sink to the ground in the billowy bliss of a curtsey that literally beams with beatitude. It is good to think that there is still such blind belief in the world. The man may be a Blue Beard of the deepest dye; he may lead a life scandalous to the beholder; he may have the cruellest opinion of women, and never forego a sneer at their

expense; and yet, so be he the Prince that reigns over them, these devoted ladies will be ready to grovel before him in ineffable rapture. No doubt there are rude persons in Germany as elsewhere, to whom a grand duke is no more than any other man; but 'society' would be ready to stone that man or woman who should venture to declare, in the words of the most powerful sovereign that perhaps ever lived, that royalty is only entitled to respect in so far as it is 'respectable.'

German ladies will tell you that the nature of their domestic occupations makes the cap and dressing-gown necessary evils; that they could not go into the kitchen in anything that would spoil; that the cap protects the hair from dust, and preserves it from the smell of frying-pans; that the *Schlafrock* can be flung off at will, and with it all offensive odours and reminiscences. But, whilst prepared to allow that the life of the ordinary German woman is little better than that of an upper servant, and inclined rather to pity the misfortune than to blame the fault, we cannot concede the position. If there be in the world any kitchen where a lady may potter harmlessly, that surely is the German kitchen, with its clean hot-plates, its well-washed brick floor, and total absence of dust or soot. Yet German ladies during morning hours are not nearly so much *like ladies* as our own cooks, who have scrubbed, and hearthstoned, and black-leaded, and swept, and sent up an elaborate breakfast, and yet are ready at ten o'clock to take orders for dinner in clean cotton gowns, tidy aprons, and

trim caps. And again, everyone who has visited a German *Badekur* (where no frugal thoughts are allowed to disturb the *hausfräulich* mind) must be familiar with the Noah's-ark-like figures moving about in mushroom hats over frilled head-gear and long, shapeless morning gowns; proving how wedded to this unbecoming costume are the fair wearers. This rooted sin of slovenliness, which gives up the greater part of the morning to a slatternly incognita, is one of the dearest privileges of the *Hausfrau*; and, far from converting her from the error of her ways, by preaching a propaganda of trim morning attire, you will only arouse in her mind a contemptuous pity for the puppet existence that would presume to do away with the very insignia of virtuous domesticity. The Nemesis of a neglected toilette cannot overtake her as it is sure to overtake the ordinary active Englishwoman who ventures on the doubtful luxury of 'breakfast in bed.' She is not liable to antemeridian incursions; the clergyman of the parish does not descend upon her for small and early charities; aunts and cousins do not pop in on their way from shopping; the gentle sluggard is not called upon to take her hat down from the hall peg and go round the garden with a neighbour who wants to see her roses; enthusiastic youths (generally cousins) do not call upon her for unlimited admiration of what their rods have done since daybreak, nor do gushing girls rush in, all health and hoydenism, to get her to 'settle with mamma' about to-morrow's boating party or next week's picnic. She is safe from all intruders.

The ladies that she knows are not yet 'fixed up;' and the mysteries of their toilettes are equally with hers in the *Morgenland* stage.

It is not that one desires a woman 'still to be dressed as she were going to a feast.' That is precisely what one does not desire; but one wishes to see her clean and unruffled; clad with that scrupulousness and simplicity that are but the outer symbols of the purity and peace within. There is something elevating in contact with a woman of fresh and fragrant presence. A gentle self-respect speaks to us through the care and propriety of her attire; she endears herself to us by this indirect compliment paid to our presence; her sweetness comes to us ennobled by a dignity which is but an added charm. It is difficult to be rude, or rough, or coarse in her spotless presence; it is impossible to be unduly loud and familiar with a woman whose dress bears the impress at once of refinement and reserve. 'Cleanliness,' say the copy-books, 'is next to godliness,' and even the ungodliest man is ready to put off his mental shoes and acknowledge he is on holy ground in the presence of a pure and spotless woman. We do not like to think of any lady having to rush away in abject terror if by chance one of her husband's friends should call during the forenoon. Dress is not without its influence on *address*. A woman in her right gown will seldom be in her wrong temper. She will feel at ease, not racked as to the 'sit' of her bib and tucker, or exercised as to the angle of her topknot. Not needing to think of herself, she will be better able to think of her guests, and will enter into the conversation of

the moment with a gaiety and gusto that will charm her visitors. Should, on the contrary, her gown 'gag,' her shoes be down at heel, her hair untidy, embarrassment and pre-occupation will sit heavy upon her.

The evening dress of German ladies is far superior to their walking attire; in the first place, it is appropriate, the really beautiful hair of German women being seen to great advantage undisfigured by the *Morgenhaube*, or the often tasteless headgear of the promenade. Again, the sin of dirty white or faded coloured gowns is unknown; crisp muslin and tarlatan, fair fresh faces, and pretty gay-coloured toilettes make a German ball-room a pleasing spectacle. There is, perhaps, very little luxury, but many bright and charming effects, to be observed on such occasions.

The daughters of the *bourgeoisie* have a particular affection for low dresses, and one is struck by the number of bare necks and shoulders that may be seen during an afternoon's walk or drive in the conspicuous summer-houses that border the roadway. But this, again, is only the clinging to an exploded fashion, for the pictures of the period tell us that our own grandmothers and mothers went bare-necked in the days of their youth.

Cosmetics, paints, and washes, auricomous fluids and Tyrian dyes, have not as yet entered into German home life. But amongst the 'upper ten' they are as popular in Germany as elsewhere. Personal remarks are not, as with us, considered ill-bred. On the contrary, they are almost *de rigueur*. If you do not admire loudly and openly, you will disappoint your friends; and they will think their effect is not good,

and that all their efforts have been in vain. 'Nein! aber wie schön!' says a friend to you; and whilst you modestly reply, 'No, really; but you are yourself charming,' the same reciprocities will be passing all around you. No lady hesitates to ask where you got your gown, and how much it cost the ell. A friend of mine once travelled from the Dan of the North to the Beersheba of the South in a grey tweed waterproof costume; and in every railway carriage she entered during the journey she was asked the price of the dress, the name of the material, and whence it came. With the reply, 'From England,' the unfailing remark, 'Das hab' ich mir schon gleich gedacht,' showed the appreciative faculty of the gentle questioners; but the price outraged them. To spend such a sum on a *mere* travelling dress—on a dress that was to keep you warm, and dry, and comfortable; that was light, and water-tight, and almost untearable—seemed to them an altogether unpardonable extravagance.

German women are almost entirely without personal vanity. Their solicitude about their clothes, the time spent in talking toilette, has its pathetic as well as its twaddling side. One may read beneath the chatter of tags and rags, of chignons and chiffons, a very real and a very painful humility. What, in our haste, we may take for vanity is just the reverse of it. This very anxiety as to appearance, this wearisome discussion of sumptuary details, betrays a want of self-confidence, of self-reliance, almost of self-respect, that at once grieves and depresses the outsider. They have no confidence in themselves, no belief in being

able to please but by virtue of their coverings; their dress must do it, not they. A German girl would expect a man to fall in love with her, if at all, when she had her best gown on; the gown counts for so much more, to her humble mind, than the body and the soul inside it. The very words *Putz, geputzt*, have an eminently displeasing ring of tawdriness about them, suggestive of incongruous frippery and finery.

Dress ceases to be a pleasure when it becomes a source of strifes and envyings. The life of the ordinary German woman is, perhaps, above all others, calculated to develope that faculty for 'the infinitely little' which reduces existence to the dead level of Philistinism, and to encourage that mean personal estimate of things which Goethe inveighs against as the *Gemeinheit des Lebens*. In this spirit women, otherwise really amiable and estimable, will tear a toilette to tatters, pry, inspect, cavil, and condemn with a pertinacity worthy of a better cause throughout a whole afternoon.

Men in Germany are rarely seen out of uniform; when they are, it is greatly to their disadvantage. Yet such is the inconsistency of human nature that nothing affords a young officer so much delight as to elude the vigilance of his *Vorgesetzten*, and appear at a picnic or on an excursion *en civil*. In Germany, where everyone is a soldier first and a man afterwards (very much afterwards), the freedom granted to our plungers and friskers to promenade along Piccadilly or down the shady side of Pall Mall in garments eloquent of Poole is unknown. The most audacious of

Moltke's heroes would scarcely dare to pass under the nose of his superior officer in non-military garments. Sooth to say, the travesty is not telling. The young man's legs, which looked straight in uniform, appear stiff now; his waist, which is accustomed to the belted sword, seems wanting in balance and compression; his well-squared shoulders appear clamouring for the epaulettes; his hand gropes for the sword-hilt; he can scarcely be expected to carry an umbrella (that weapon so dear to the heart of the Briton), and his swagger seems inappropriate shorn of sabre and stock. On the whole he has very much the appearance of a *petit epicier endimanché*. The clothes, being only taken out at rare and distant intervals, usually belong to a past fashion, and being worn surreptitiously, with frequent glancings round corners lest generals should be lying in ambush, with three days' *Zimmerarrest* for the youthful irregularity of costume, there is a want of ease and dignity disastrous to the effect of the young man's conquering charms. He was very handsome in his uniform. Why didn't he stay in it?

There was amongst my acquaintances a clever and agreeable person who had attained to the slow dignity of major, and was certainly old enough to have known better, yet upon every suburban or rustic occasion he persisted in getting himself into 'civil' clothes. Tradition asserted that he still wore his confirmation waistcoat. We need not descend to particulars; *ab uno disce omnes*. It was his craze that every woman who gazed upon him thus was fated to love him. 'Let them languish,' he said superbly,

drawing on a pair of grass-green gloves after having wound immeasurable yards of checked cotton round his neck, as one sees in the sporting prints of the early part of the century: 'Let them languish' ('Lass' sie schmachten'). In the garb of his profession he passed muster, and did not appear to consider himself specially fatal to the fair sex; fortunately for us, circumstances did not admit of his showing himself very frequently in this bewitching array.

This strictness in the matter of uniform has its pleasant side in so far as the mere outer aspects of society are concerned. It makes the streets and parks gay, it renders the most ordinary ball-room almost dazzling, and gives an air of state and ceremony to the simplest festivities. The colour and the variety charm the eyes, and relieve the dreary monotony that inevitably results from a dismal congregation of blackcloth-wearers.

Official etiquette demands that men who are not 'military' shall put themselves into evening clothes when they pay a visit of ceremony to a 'personage.' A deputation going up in the obligatory swallow-tail technically termed a *Frack*, at the hour of noontide, in white kid gloves, white ties, and black indispensabilities, makes a ghastly appearance. Yet how much more decent, and how far less disastrous, even this than the 'dress' (so-called) of English dowagers on 'drawing-room' days!

The German gentleman indulges, like his womankind, in the morning gaberdine, and appears wrapped in its voluminous folds, with dreadful worsted-worked slippers on his feet, until business or pleasure shall

call him from the bosom of his family. But as a man is more simply dressed than a woman, and cannot wear a night-cap, one may, if liberally disposed, take it for granted that he is only incomplete as to his outer garments, and try to accept the *Schlafrock* as a lounging coat; indeed, the *Joppe* which Young Germany affects for morning wear corresponds to the shooting-coat of home life.

Austrian gentlemen are, as a rule, irreproachable in their 'get-up,' which will at first suggest to you that they are Englishmen of the best type. Their garments are confessedly cut rather after the British than the Gallic model, and their behaviour, like their apparel, 'is not too strait or point-device,' as Lord Bacon says, 'but free for exercise or motion.' To be mistaken for an Englishman used to be (perhaps it is so still) rather a compliment than otherwise in Austrian ears; the Viennese 'swell' inclined to *afficher* his Anglomania, and was flattered by his successes in that line. There was a time—not so very distant—when the same amiable weakness prevailed in the North. Not in matters of dress alone were English ladies and gentlemen copied and commended. Even the poor, old, despised British Constitution used to be held up to the admiration of Germany. But, alas! 'ces beaux jours sont passés;' no more red rags are wanted; we must hide our diminished heads and 'go delicately,' if we would avoid attracting notice or giving offence.

CHAPTER VII.

AMUSEMENTS.

'The music in my heart I bore
Long after it was heard no more.'

Wordsworth.

OF amusements in Germany it may be said that the name is legion; but as the division of the sexes, in both public and private diversions, is almost as strict as in a Ritualistic church, it might appear to the superficial observer that the young ladies and gentlemen must amuse themselves, as the old chronicler says, *moult tristement.*

That this is not so, I have been assured most strenuously by many of my German friends, who loudly declare that a *Kaffee*, for instance, with men in it, would be an *affaire manquée* altogether. To these Eleusinian mysteries we will, after having first seen what entertainment outdoor life offers to the modest saunterer, presently return. No matter how humble the household, the domestic pocket seems always able to produce sufficient coin for the cakes and ale, the beer and skittles, of the moment. We have seen that there is nothing in a German home (the flat being flattest) to particularly engage the loving care of its inmates. If you have swept, you need not be guilty of the futile folly of garnishing your house also. You

have no garden to cultivate, no greenhouse to potter round, no croquet-lawn to coddle, no window-flowers to encourage, no patent mower or beneficent hose to experimentalise with; the names of the commonest plants are unknown to German ladies, to whom talk of lobelias and petunias, calceolarias and verbenas, would be but babbling.

As a rule, the coffee-gardens of Germany are open to all comers. The accommodation is of the roughest —a few sandy walks, a group of trees, some straggling bushes, a plot of ragged grass, countless little round tables, benches, and chairs, a *Kegelbahn*, a *Bierhaus*, and a band. The music supplied is generally bearable, sometimes excellent, and not unfrequently *sans reproche*. Between the pauses of the band you hear the rolling of the ball and the fall of skittles; waiters rush wildly to and fro in answer to shouts of 'Kellner!' or impatient strikings of spoons and knives on cups and glasses. Coffee, chocolate, *sauere Milch*, beer, bread, cheese, and effervescing drinks are generally to be had for a few modest pence. To such coffee-gardens German families flock during the summer afternoons. The *Honoratioren* do not despise their simple attractions. The Adonises of the garrison come up and pay their stiff military respects to the general's daughters; the honest citizen sits in the sun and smiles satisfaction on the social scene. The charming young *Fräulein*, both of the *bourgeoisie* and 'society,' titter amongst themselves as, huddled up together like a covey of doves, they talk of their admirers and admire each other's clothes, whilst the elder women 'tatt,' 'crochet,' or knit in placid en-

joyment of the hour. The *Herr Papa* puffs his cigar, drinks his *Baierisches Bier*, his *Bock*, or his *Mumme*, and is ready to engage in harmless converse with anyone willing to talk and let talk. If now and again a young man ventures amongst the ladies, he is received by the unmarried of the party with a fluttering timidity and a modest downcasting of the eyes (sufficiently flattering to the young man's vanity) that makes the brief dialogue about as troublesome, insipid, and discouraging as can well be imagined; but let the enterprising youth beat his retreat, the tongue-tied damsels break forth into the most unvarnished personalities, allusions, *Neckereien*, with becks and nods and expressive glances that contrast singularly with their previously assumed demure demeanour.

It is a known fact that German ladies are most abstemious; the stronger sorts of wines scarcely ever appear even at dinner-parties, and when they are produced ladies never partake of them. A dash of claret, that just colours the water, is the extent of their wine-drinking. A glass of champagne and water, or a nip of *Bowle*, are excesses not to be indulged in without little protesting shrieks and pretty apologetic shamefacedness. This does not, however, apply to Bavarian ladies, who accompany their husbands and brothers to the *Biergärten*, and call for and consume their *Schoppen* as manfully as could their husbands.

Of that frugality which never deserts the true German, from his uprising to his downlying, at home and abroad, travelling or stationary, two amusing instances occur to me. One, that of a man owning

vast estates, the possessor of much actual, the heir to still more prospective, wealth, who, travelling (so his friends positively affirmed) from Stettin to Vienna, only bought an orange by way of refreshment *en route*. Hence he acquired the *sobriquet* of 'Pomeranzen L——;' indeed, amongst his intimates he was known by no other name. The other instance affords an example of that ant-like foresight which is in direct opposition to the code of those careless persons who recommend no thought for the morrow. It is so characteristic of acquisitiveness, prudence, and a fine feminine perseverance that I cannot resist giving it.

A party of two ladies, a *Mamsell*, and two children, travelled from the interior of Germany to England. The ladies not being related, occupied separate bedrooms, the *Mamsell* and the children sleeping in a third apartment, the whole party using a common sitting-room. The journey was long, the children young, and the stages necessarily short. Everyone who has travelled in Germany knows that with each cup of coffee the waiter deposits at your side a little china shell, containing six or eight lumps of sugar. Now it so happened that none of the party took sugar; and when at night the *Mamsell* went into her mistress's room to see if she could help her, the triumphant Abigail exhibited with the greatest glee an enormous bagfull of sugar, gleaned by some cunning sleight of hand from the little sugar-receptacles (they had partaken twice of coffee during the day's journey) under the very nose of the waiters. On the hotel bill, next morning, appeared the inevitable item of 'Bougies,' for the four rooms occupied by the party,

Some objection was made, but the waiter insisting, the bill was paid without reduction. 'Nein! dies ist aber zu toll!' exclaimed the indignant waiting-woman, and forthwith swept the eight wax-candles into her capacious pocket. Remonstrances were in vain. 'Sie haben dafür bezahlen müssen!' she replied sturdily, and disregarded all admonitions. What with repeated coffee-drinking by the way, three nights in hotels, and evening meals at which tea figured, *Mamsell* had become like a perambulatory grocer's shop; she was all sugar and candles. 'But what will you do with all this sugar and wax?' the lady said plaintively. 'I shall be four months in England, and my relations will not expect me to provide lights; and, besides, we none of us—neither the children, you, nor myself—take sugar, or we should not have this horrible collection.'

'Das schadet nichts,' replied the imperturbable *Mamsell*. 'Sugar and candles will keep.' 'Well,' I asked my friend, who told me the story with many pathetic comments, 'and what did she do with her groceries?'

'Why—would you believe it?—she took them travelling in trunks all over England with her, and when we returned to Germany, in order to elude the vigilance of the custom-house officers, she made two huge pockets like potato-sacks, into which she stowed her acquisitions. Not content with this, she pursued the same system on the homeward journey, so that at last I trembled to order a cup of coffee, dreaded entering an hotel, and blushed at the sight of a *Kellner*.' 'And what eventually became of her spoils?' 'Why, that was the drollest part of all. She kept them until

Christmas; then she tied them up in pound packets, and made presents of them all round her family, remarking to me with the most complacent air, 'Wenn Einer eine Reise thut, so kann er was erzählen!' Being once again on German ground, we will return to the amusements which await us there.

It is no mean advantage that one enjoys in being able to hear, absolutely free of expense, any afternoon during the summer months, an irreproachable stringed or military band discoursing sweet music. Who that has sat, for instance, on the Brühl'sche Terrasse under the starlit heavens, and seen the moon shining on the rippling Elbe, and watched the fourfold reflected lights of the double bridges, throwing snaky tongues of flame into the rapid river, above which rise in ghost-like procession the distant shrouded mountains, and marked the gay groups passing to and fro to that admirable band of stringed instruments, but retains a grateful remembrance of the place and the hour? The large beauty of the scene, the mystic influence of firmament, mountain, and flood; the human interest nearer at hand; the historic memories; the dry warm night, all bring enjoyments that seem harmonised by the strains that rise and fall, make the heart ache with yearning memories, or soothe the soul with sweet impersonal wonder and content. All around people are moving to and fro—beautiful Polish women clad in deep mourning for the woes of their crushed country; artists of all nations come to study the treasures and wonders of the galleries; languid Englishmen who seem prepared to suffer all things; young couples on their wedding tours; belted warriors whose spurs

ring on the pavement, and whose hands are constant in salute; Frenchwomen chattering gaily, and discussing, perhaps, the old vexed question 'si un Allemand peut avoir de l'esprit;' German belles, somewhat overdressed, but adding by that means local colour to the scene; Jews from Posen and Leipzig; students with plaids over their shoulders; professors, statesmen—all drawn abroad by the lovely night, by the soft wavering music, by the moving, living human stream that passes to and fro. You are not greedy of speech in that hour; silence suits you best. Let Beethoven, and Strauss, and Schubert speak; as for you, you will hold your peace and be thankful.

Quite different is the impression created by the *Volksgarten* or the *Neue Welt* at Vienna. There nature has no part. The booth and the orchestra are but elegant cockneyisms; the flaring gaslights, the overdressed women, many of them evidently *lionnes* of an advanced type, the ostentatious promenading to and fro of celebrities *dans tous les genres*, may amuse, but it can do nothing more for you. There is a flare of folly and a flavour of vice in the atmosphere that takes the sweetness out of the scene. You will not care to be silent here, or to go home softly under the shining stars, fearful lest a jarring or unsympathetic word brush something, you know not what, of sacred from your soul. Such places are, I suppose, much like the Vauxhall of our fathers, or the Cremorne of later days. But they are exceptional in Germany, where for the most part a blameless sobriety of demeanour makes the public gardens of the towns the customary resort of families, fathers and

sons, mothers and daughters, meeting there in friendly intercourse.

This inborn love of music it is that draws Germans together and fills their theatres, their concert-rooms, their public gardens. Every German man and woman is born with the musical instinct; in many it grows to be a passion; in the poorest German villages you will be certain to find an admirable quartett; the schoolmaster, the miller, the sexton, and the shoemaker will meet and play their Bach or Mendelssohn, Spohr or Haydn, with all the diligence and love of conscientious musicians. Boys and girls sing the touching melodies of the mountains and the woods, the wild, plaintive *Volkslieder* and *Weisen*, with marvellous precision. One hears the goatherd on the mountains, the *Jäger*, and the *Sennerin*, all carolling at their work, and *Jodel* answering *Jodel* from height to height. Pious pilgrims passing across the lakes from shrine to shrine lift up their voices in song, and borne across the waters in the midst of a vast and solemn nature, such simple strains fall like gentle messages from another world upon the heart. The soldier sings as he keels the regimental pot and pipe-clays his belt and breeches; the laundress sings amongst her suds; the smith chants a jolly stave in praise of the hammer and anvil. Chateaubriand speaks, in his 'Mémoires d'Outre-Tombe,' of seeing, in the dusk of the evening, young workgirls, basket on arm, young workmen carrying the tools of their trades, passing into a hall. A noted page is given to them, and with one consent several hundred voices join in marvellous precision, sending up a grand chorus to

the rafters. Each one takes up his belongings and goes his sober way, leaving the clear-sighted old *Diplomat* to remark that the French 'sont bien loin de ce sentiment de l'harmonie, moyen puissant de civilisation, qui a introduit dans la chaumière des paysans de l'Allemagne une éducation qui manque à nos hommes rustiques. Partout où il y a un piano, il n'y a plus de grossièreté'—(Berlin, 1816.)

He is probably not mistaken. A German *may* be rough and rude; he may be a bear (as John may be a bull); but in him the elements of the 'tiger and the ape' are entirely absent. The wildest German democrat will never lose a certain reverence for humanity; and no German woman could by any possibility develope into the hideous *tricoteuse* of the Reign of Terror, or that yet more ghastly product the *pétroleuse* of the Commune. The difference is not one of degree, but of kind. The bands of young journeymen artisans you meet in the summer twilight are singing; the girl stands at the door, and 'Mein Lieb' ist auf der Wanderschaft' floats from her lips; gangs of little children in the warm May night, coming through the town gates out of the meadows beyond, with boxes full of cockchafers, chant in their shrill childish trebles, 'Maikäfer, flieg;' those students are about to give a favourite professor a *Ständchen*; that band of wandering minstrels are miners, as by the insignia embroidered on their coat-sleeves you may see, going to some great fair or *Messe* in the neighbouring State.

Amongst the amusements of German life, that bore, the so-called 'musical party,' is unknown. People

who love music come together; they play their trios or quartetts; sing their duos and solos, madrigals and glees; stop, take this or that passage over again; discuss the composer's intention; try it one way and another, enjoy it, and pass on to fresh enjoyments. There is no yawning audience bored to death in the background, longing to talk; guilty, perhaps, of that indiscretion, to the fury or despair of the performer, and the mute misery of the hostess. There is no 'showing off' and forced acclamations, no grimace, and no vanity in the German evening. These lovers of music meet together with the reverence and simplicity of primitive Christians reading the legacies of the Evangelists; and having interpreted their beloved masters to the best of their abilities, go their quiet way rejoicing. Of the absurdity of gathering a crowd of unmusical people together, calling it a 'musical party,' and paying a professional person to bore the assembly, the sincere German mind is, happily, incapable.

After these open-air concerts you have the theatre. With us the flare of the footlights always smacks somewhat of dissipation. To have been often to the theatre seems to savour of frivolity, perhaps even of extravagance. They manage these things better in Germany, where theatre-going enters as much into the daily existence of men and women as the meals they eat and the clothes they wear. The drama is regarded seriously; the stage is not looked upon merely as a source of amusement; it is treated as a potent means of education, moral as well as intellectual. Princes of the smaller States are princely in

their support of the drama; the Ministry for Public Instruction votes its yearly sum, and the Grand Duke adds his munificent contribution; as Goethe says, German culture owes more to the liberality and generous encouragement of the little, despised, so-called 'tin-pot' State Governments than she is ever likely to owe to the more distant Imperial sympathies of a united Fatherland. Had Dresden, Weimar, Hanover, Stuttgart, and Brunswick been only provincial towns, surely results would have been far different from what they are. The Opera House and the *Schauspiel-Haus* at Berlin are Imperial property, and are very heavily subsidised from the Civil List. The office of *Intendant* is held by a gentleman of position, and everything is done to render these places of amusement agreeable to the *beau-monde*. Of the sixteen unsubsidised theatres in Berlin, the best known are the *Friedrich-Wilhelmstadt*, where modern dramas, light operas, and burlesques are played; the *Victoria*, which corresponds to the Porte St. Martin; and *Kroll's*, a sort of Alhambra and Cremorne combined. At Wallner's you have *Posse mit Gesang*, but as the jokes are for the most part mere local allusions, it offers no attractions to strangers.

According to the terms of your *abonnement* you will be able to go more or less frequently to the theatre. Generally a lady will arrange to have her *fauteuil* on the same night with, and in the immediate vicinity of, friends. Men are not allowed in the dress circle, nor women in the stalls, which are devoted to the ubiquitous military. Officers obtain their *abonnement* under specially favourable condi-

tions, and are free to come and go without worry from box-keepers or seat-guardians. It is the correct thing for them to put in an appearance for an hour or so during the evening. If his Royal Highness be there, he is better pleased to see the parterre of his pleasure-house filled with gay uniforms. Should the play weary or the ballet bore him, he can look down with pride on his gallant little army, and think what fine fellows it is composed of. Next to the Royal box is the *Fremdenloge*, generally occupied by distinguished strangers passing through the town. The names and titles of its occupants will be duly chronicled in to-morrow's 'Anzeige.' You are at liberty to sell your ticket of *abonnement*, should other engagements prevent your availing yourself of it. The agent will charge you a small commission for conducting the transaction. A lady goes to the theatre with her maid or a friend, and without any impropriety returns after the same simple fashion. The performances will begin at 6.30, or 7 at latest, and she will be at home again by 9 or sooner. In the theatre, as in the coffee-garden, there is strict division of the sexes. In larger towns, where the passing through of many travellers makes the local laws less stringent, it is not unusual to see men and women sitting together, but they are almost invariably strangers and pilgrims. Birds of passage enjoy a freedom in such particulars that the *Einheimischen* cannot boast; and it is all these easy privileges, these rational, inexpensive, and early amusements, that make a residence in Germany so charming to English people, whose intelligence is perhaps in advance of their means; who are ready to

forego the parade of life, if they may only taste some of its reasonable pleasures; to whom men-servants and maid-servants and rent and taxes at home are ruinous items, and who are willing to take out in culture what they sacrifice in comfort.

I wish that space allowed me to speak more at length of German actors and actresses. Of the former many are men of deep and sound knowledge, who love their profession, honour and are an honour to it. Actresses are not unfrequently women of recognised character and worth. It is no uncommon thing for a favourite actress to remain twenty, thirty, or forty years faithful to one stage. 'Our Frau Müller,' 'our good Müllerinn,' and similar terms of affectionate proprietorship sound pleasant in our ears when applied to these faithful, patient friends of the public. It is almost a matter of course, on going into a shop where you are well known, the day after any important piece has been played, that the shop-keeper will ask, 'Well, what did the *gnädige Frau* think of the Gretchen or the Clärchen of our good Meyer last night?' And 'the smooth-faced, snub-nosed rogue' will soon let you know (without any pertness or undue familiarity, be it observed) that whosoever else may be ignorant, he knows his Faust, and his Egmont, and his Minna von Barnhelm down to the ground. Actresses of good character are invited to the better-class *bourgeois* tables, where they are honoured guests; they mix freely with the unmarried daughters of the family, and are as sober in their attire and demeanour as the tamest of the respectabilities they frequent.

The 'starring' system, so fatally prevalent in England, is unknown in Germany. When a great actor is announced to play *als Gast*, the regular staff of the theatre in which he will give a limited number of performances are perfectly willing to take whatever subordinate *rôles* may be assigned to them. Everyone engaged is honestly anxious that the *ensemble* shall be as perfect as possible, and actors who are popularly supposed to be at least as vain as poets are irritable come down with a good grace and disappear *pro tem.* into small parts in the interests of their art, with a cheerfulness that does them credit. Before an actor, in Germany, can expect to be permanently engaged for any *Hof-Theater*, he must have learned to intone and speak correctly, and however small his part, he will be expected to study it as conscientiously and to know it as thoroughly as if it were the most important in the piece. Neither has the actor a very easy life. 'Long runs' are impossible where there is only a limited public; on those nights in the week which are devoted to tragedy, drama, and comedy the actor will have to appear in different parts. The *répertoire* is a large one, the pieces are changed every day, and singers as well as actors are incessantly engaged in studying new *rôles*. Subscribers will not pay to see the same piece over and over again. Thus the financial prosperity of a *Hof-Theater* depends very much on the variety of its programme.

The writer was astonished, on returning to London after several years' residence in Germany, to see the raw and ragged performances which were hailed in

our most popular London theatres with almost childish delight. One favourite actor seemed sufficient to atone for the most glaring deficiencies on the part of the subordinate characters; and for a 'sensational drama,' which would have been hissed off the boards of a German *Hof-Theater*, the British public were taking seats a month beforehand, and telegraphing for places from the provinces.

We, who are not a musical people, though we are rapidly acquiring the taste, and, as is the manner of all neophytes, give ourselves monstrous airs of connoisseurship, can scarcely understand how the 'music of the future' should command the enormous popularity it undoubtedly enjoys in Germany. With us the select few go to hear 'Lohengrin' or the 'Tannhäuser;' and we come away, if we would only be candid enough to say so, simply overwhelmed and perplexed. But let a Wagner night be advertised in a German theatre; the house will be crowded to the roof, the representation will have to be repeated two, three, four, half-a-dozen times, and every night there will be the same struggle for seats. Incredible as it seems, Wagner, in the very broadest sense of popularity, is popular; curiosity has had time to die the death long ago, if it were a mere matter of curiosity; his name on the play-bill is sufficient to fill the house, and to fill it from all grades and classes.

But, nevertheless, light opera is greatly in vogue, and it is pleasant to see the absence of all grimace and affectation in the great *musici* who listen with pleasure to Auber, Boieldieu, Offenbach, and others whereof the name is legion. What the caricature is

to the cartoon, such is the comic opera to the classic. Not high art, perhaps, but none the less enjoyable on that account; provocative of honest, innocent mirth, and gay, guileless laughter. There are dozens of light operas familiar to the German public which are quite unknown in England. 'I only play *classical* music,' says the young English lady of whom you venture to ask a gay tune. And there is an accent of marked disgust at your unutterable shallowness on the severe adjective. Poor thing! she loses a great deal of pleasure—like many other pretentious and exclusive people.

Nothing brings home to us more vividly the pleasant simplicity of German life than the *Sommer-Theater*. In towns where there is no Court, and not a sufficiently large public to make a permanent theatre a paying speculation, a band of strolling players is welcomed with enthusiasm. Let me recall my first experience of a German *Sommer-Theater*.

It was in a Northern town—a garrison town, but one of the deadliest-liveliest of places that a morbid imagination could picture. Presently the Summer Theatre was announced in the 'Anzeige.' Forthwith we all ran about disseminating and cackling over the glad tidings. The performance took place on a temporary stage erected in the inn garden. We all sat on benches, not so much as a tarpaulin to cover us, and the front seats were occupied by all the *Honoratioren* of the place. Colonels' and majors' and captains' wives shone resplendent in their best gowns, and all the military men were in attendance. Several influential families

drove in from the country, and the conversation between the acts was of the most animated description. The primitive arrangements carried one back to the days of the Elizabethan drama; or, by a slightly wider stretch of the imagination, to the masques and frolics of the Versailles *bosquets*. No one could be permitted to put up a parasol, as it would have obstructed the general view, and I have a lively remembrance of a blazing western July sun scorching my ears and neck into cinders. The performance, if my memory serves me, was very creditable. Even in towns where there is a permanent theatre, these strolling *troupes* are allowed to pitch their tents. They require special permission, however, to do so; not only from the town authorities, but also from the *Intendant*, whose legitimate receipts are not to be interfered with by a humble rival; so that the visits of these strolling players are generally timed to take place whilst the *Hof-Theater* is being painted and redecorated, and the Court actors are away for their summer holiday. So great is the jealousy of rival entertainments that not even a circus-booth is allowed to be erected during the fair-time without special permission, lest it should interfere with the receipts of the legitimate drama.

After the theatre the ball. The country that invented the waltz understands the ball to perfection. No crushing and crowding into small carpeted rooms, inadequately furnished with waxed dancing-druggets; no trampling and tearing, no buffeting and ricochetting, no sitting on stairs or standing at drawing-room doors with your train on the next landing-place.

Firstly, no one gives a ball in Germany unless he have a ball-room to offer his guests. Nevertheless, a vast amount of picnic balls, subscription balls, and officers' balls are given at very moderate expense, and to the unlimited satisfaction of everyone concerned. A picnic ball is managed as follows:—Some happy householder has a ball-room, but does not feel justified in going to the expense of a large entertainment. He is asked to lend his room. One or other of the bachelors of society draws out a list of families to be invited; it is sent round, and, if you accept, the stewards forward you in a day or two a ticket, with a list of the things you are to contribute; as, for instance, 'two fowls, three pounds of coffee, an *Eistorte*, and a *Sandkuchen*.' These you send in on the appointed day; the host probably contributes the lights, and perhaps the music; or, if the ball be given in an hotel, the landlord supplies lights and service for a moderate amount; the sum is divided amongst the subscribers, and the result is a maximum of pleasure at a minimum of expense.

The Court—where there is one—the Ministers, the *corps diplomatique*, the military, civil servants, merchants and shopkeepers, all give their own balls, at which, as a rule, only members of their own corporations or particular society appear. Of course guests are occasionally invited, but their presence is exceptional and not always productive of good-fellowship.

At all balls, whether Court, private, or subscription, the office of conducting the dances is entrusted to a *Vortänzer*. He will generally be chosen from

amongst the most accomplished and agreeable of his set—'ein flotter Kerl,' as the old fellows will call him, with a chuckling admiration, half pride, half envy. He will arrange the sequence of the dances, give the band the signal to commence and that to leave off; he leads the dances, calling out 'Two turns round the room, six couples to follow.' By these means perfect order is preserved; ladies do not get overheated; there is no destruction of the 'properties,' and your dress will be as immaculate at the end of the evening as when you entered the room. The non-dancing guests stand round, in an outer circle, looking at the gyrations of the younger folk; and division after division of dancers, the number regulated by the size of the room, follows in turn the lead of the *Vortänzer*, until everyone has had the pleasure of flying in unimpeded progress quite as often as is good for him over the polished *parquet*. The dance over, instantaneous division of the sexes; the young man wheels right about face, clicks his heels together, drops his head so that his bump of self-esteem may be inspected without difficulty, and immediately withdraws. The cotillon, only struggling into popularity here, is the crowning point of the evening's pleasure, and invariably finishes the ball. It is the *Gefühlstanz*. You not only spend a long (and it is presumed agreeable) time with the partner of your choice, but you are sought out for extra *tours*, and in your turn have to seek, after a fashion that causes much amusement and many surmises as to the elective affinities of the hemispheres wandering in space.

Picnics are a favourite diversion in Germany. They are not what we understand by the term. The young ladies are in their best bibs and tuckers, the young men feeling fish-out-of-waterish in plain clothes, the old people toiling and panting after the young ones; everyone rather affected, rather afraid it will rain, rather sorry their shoes are so tight. A little niggling, demure walk through a weedy wood; much genteel giggling, exclamations of terror at rustic horrors, gnats, and a general sense of having your best clothes on, with salad and pancakes in a tumble-down inn garden, form the rural delights of the day. Division of the sexes is apparently not quite so strict as usual, but none of the lambs are allowed to stray; the flock is kept well together, a vigilant old sheepdog or two always on the look-out. I think my readers must confess that even the limited list of amusements which I have here been able to give proves that our cousins German, if not a gay, are at least a gregarious people.

There is no space to describe the sleighing parties, with their hardly-to-be-hinted-at privilege of a kiss from the lady of your choice, and we must pass on to the best-beloved and best-abused of all German amusements, the *Kaffee-Gesellschaft*. Strictest division of the sexes. Mystery, hated of men, adored by women. The *Kaffee* is an afternoon entertainment, generally commencing about four o'clock. Strong coffee, chocolate flavoured with vanilla and beaten up with eggs and cream: every imaginable kind of *Gebäck* (i.e. cakes of a richness to make itself remembered), *Sandtorte*, and finally *Eistorte*, are the

luxuries upon which you may regale yourself. Yet still others are provided. It is a perfect orgie of scandal. At every word a reputation dies. A flutter of animation runs through the company as the best-informed lady produces bit by bit her sensational details. Ahs, and ohs, and head-waggings, and shoulder-shruggings, relieve the feelings of the fair censors, while they 'murder characters to kill time.'

'Nor do they trust their tongues alone,
But speak a language of their own;
Can read a Nod, a Shrug, a Look,
Far better than a printed book;
Convey a libel in a frown,
And wink a reputation down;
Or by the tossing of a fan
Describe the Lady and the Man.'

I often wished, assisting at such festivities, that the Dean of St. Patrick's verses might have been 'writ large, to be understanded of' the company, above the doors of these censorious saloons.

To sit in circles and slander; to snatch scandal from your servants, and listen to libels of your *Friseuseinn*; to collect calumnies and grasp greedily at mean gossip; to whisper, to insinuate, to malign, to backbite, to bear false witness, and to revel in envies and jealousies and all uncharitableness, seem too often to be the chartered privileges of the votaresses who celebrate these rites. Had men been present, for very shame the chattering tongues must have spared many a reputation now torn to tatters; but men abominate the very name of a *Kaffee*, and do not hesitate to declare roundly that they consider a *Kaffee-Gesellschaft* an 'immoral institution.' Many

gentle ladies have deplored to me the low, personal tone and the vulgar gossip they have to endure in these (so-called) '*ladies*' parties,' and heartily deprecated the institution from which they had not the courage entirely to detach themselves.

Only an elderly lady, a 'grande dame de par le monde,' whose age places her beyond scandal, and whose rank elevates her above criticism, can venture to invite men to a *Kaffee-Gesellschaft.* Of such pleasant afternoons I retain a lively remembrance. Our hostess, an ex-Austrian ambassadress, received us with her secretary and *dame de compagnie* in attendance. Pretty young women with their husbands, old devoted friends, gallant generals *en retraite,* diplomates of the snuff-box and gold-button period, a stately dowager or two, a pleasant, comely old maid or so, any young officer or civilian who had claims to distinction, made up our dear old friend's 'afternoons.' People felt honoured by her invitation; and with all the decent order, and even modest state, of her *entourage,* she was so lively, so simple, so utterly herself, that these little gatherings, merry and unrestrained as they were, seemed to recall the time when the true *grand ton* was struck in the tone of simplicity, and to tell us something of the charm, the gentle wit, and the graceful courtesies of a day long since gone by.

CHAPTER VIII.

WOMEN.

'And Nature swears the lovely dears
Her noblest work she classes, O!
Her prentice han' she tried on man,
And then she made the lasses, O!'

Burns.

'EHRET die Frauen,' says Schiller in one of his best-known poems: 'sie flechten und weben himmlische Rosen ins irdische Leben'

('Honour to women! To them it is given
To garland the earth with the roses of heaven');

and in a key of fervent exhortation he proceeds to contrast in changing metre, and terms certainly *not* advantageous to the 'superior,' the characteristics of the two sexes.

By the 'superior' we of course mean the stronger sex: the *style esclave* still obtains in Germany. No John S. Mill has as yet arisen with Quixotic enthusiasm on the social horizon of Teutonia, nor has, so far, the voice of the emancipated been heard in the Fatherland.

It has somewhere been rashly asserted by some one that every woman not born an Englishwoman, could she have had a choice in the matter, would

have chosen to be so born. No greater error could be made as regards the German woman. She, taking her all round, is absolutely contented with her lot, and supremely disregardful of the estate of other women. The day of small things not only suffices for her, but is to her as a crown of glory; she despises the frivolity of the French, the freedom of the English, the fearless strides and absolute independence of the American woman. Do not believe that you will be able to sit long in the seat of the scornful: you will have to come down and go out, for towering high above you, on her pedestal of home-baked virtues, and looking down upon your ornamentalness and uselessness with the fear and dislike virtue assumes in gazing upon vice, stands the traditional *Hausfrau*. That she should have anything to learn of her neighbours (outside the Fatherland) is impossible: there is only one country in the world, and that is Germany; there is only one woman, and that is the German woman. In the face of such convictions as these it would be daring to hint at the state of mind that has been characterised as a mean satisfaction with a mean position. The 'coming' woman, as yet, casts no shadow across the dead level of German home life. The 'platform woman' and the 'medical woman' are still only known by evil report; beings that cause the virtuous matron to draw her imaginary skirts shudderingly around her ample form, and to pass by, with mentally averted eyes, on the other side.

When, in Germany, the (so-called) chivalry of the Middle Ages fell dead, and the romantic period came

to a timely end, Woman seems to have disappeared into indefinite drudgery, whence she only emerges to bewilder us by her paradoxical position during the Goethe-Schiller period. The intellectual resurrection of the Fatherland, the age of philosophy and letters, the Weimar-Athens epoch, when a grand spiritual revolution shook old prejudices and false tastes to their rotten foundations, presents a picture full of intense interest to the student of human nature. After years of silence and obscurity Woman comes again to the front; yet, truth obliges us to confess, in no very elevated guise. Artificiality was banished from Society; Nature now was to have her rights; paint and powder, ruffles and *talons rouges*, were deposed; and in the place of French audacity, wit, and sprightliness we have classic robes, fillet-bound heads, melancholy, moonshine, and sentiment. All social conventionalities are upset and defied. Men and women change partners as in a quadrille; a continual *chassez-croisez* confuses society. 'There is hardly a woman in Weimar,' writes Schiller to Körner, 'but has a *liaison*; they are all coquettes. One may easily fall in with an affair of the heart, though it will not last any time.' Extravagant worship of the purely intellectual, on the one hand, and a throwing off with undisguised contempt the old traditional restraints of life on the other, mark the most brilliant period of German history. A glorification of personal freedom is the gospel of the new school, whereof the highest doctrine seems to be that every man shall do what is good in his own eyes, since his appetites, passions, and desires are sacred

emanations from a Superior Being, implanted in his breast only to be gratified. Selfish sentimentality, hysteric weepings over the dulness and indifference of mankind, rhapsody, melting of sympathetic souls, romantic meetings, absence of all firm purpose or high-strung resolve, elective affinities, bathos and suicide, mark the epoch of the rehabilitation of Woman in Germany.

As we gaze round on the Weimar group we are puzzled. We see Jean Paul with his *Titanide*, Charlotte von Kalb, a big, flighty, foolish woman, tumbling, morally and physically, any way (the lawful husband philosophically indifferent to the eccentricities of his half-mad, slatternly spouse), disputing the possession of Richter's Platonic soul with the sentimental Emilia von Berlepsch, also 'a married lady;' and in the dim background languishes, somewhat obscurely, a Madame de Krüdener (not the author of 'Valérie,' be it observed), and yet another sympathetic being, nameless to posterity. It is true the 'only one' (*der Einzige*) is a little shocked by the fall from the empyrean of one 'dear angel,' and a little trammelled by the exactions of the other, but his purer spirit at length finds the repose it seeks in the haven of matrimony. We see the great Goethe, after endless 'love affairs,' not too great to form a *liaison* with Frau von Stein (Herr von Stein quite agreeable to the arrangement), of whom it must be said that she turned out a considerable thorn in the majestic poet's flesh. A sentimental and bellettristic correspondence flourishes during a decade, long before the end of which we read between the lines

that Goethe is heartily sick of his exacting charmer. They quarrel—as all lovers in all times have done, and will do—and the disputes are generally made up by presents of sausages, fruit, or cakes from the high-tempered lady. Goethe goes after strange goddesses; and the rupture is complete when he 'declines on the lower range of feeling' of a Christiana Vulpius. We see the calm Schiller puzzled as to which he ought to love best, his wife or her sister Charlotte von Lengefeld; and an uncomfortable suggestion presents itself to the mind that he may have married the wrong lady. We are almost tempted to think that the correct Körner had a *tendre* for his sister-in-law, the artist, Dorothea Stock, whose lover, Huber, ran away with another man's wife, said man uttering pious aspirations for the happiness of the interesting couple, and imploring Heaven to bless their union. We see Werner, the author of 'Die Weihe der Kraft' ('Consecration of Strength'), himself a signal example of mental and moral weakness, divorcing two wives, and before he is thirty years of age looking out for a third. He finds the lady, and divorces her also after eight weeks of matrimony. Plainly he had no vocation for the holy estate. 'For a Christian man to leave three widows behind him,' says Mr. Carlyle, 'certainly wears a peculiar aspect.' We see Bettina von Arnim running about the country in adventurous guise, whilst all the ladies weep tears of envy and *Rührung* over the exquisite *Naïvetät* of that apocryphal volume known as 'Goethe's Correspondence with a Child.' Friedrich Schlegel does not hesitate to rob

a friend (to whom he was under the deepest obligations) of his wife, and to write an infamous novel in glorification of the deed. We see young Jerusalem dying of Wertherism; Von Kleist shooting himself, with his 'friend' Sophia Vogel, 'am heiligen See,' near Potsdam; and Charlotte Stieglitz trying to rouse her husband, a confirmed hypochondriac, by stabbing herself to the heart before his eyes with a dagger. But of unedifying particulars enough to prove that such extravagances at the period to which we refer were not isolated exceptions, but rather the rule of the day. Not the least part of the strange picture lies in the fact that the exceptional women ('they are *all* coquettes,' says Schiller) of blameless lives and decent conduct mix freely with their more elastic sisters, and seem definitively, and of conviction, to have adopted the axiom that all lapses from virtue are to be regarded with the strictest toleration.

Amidst all these ecstasies and fervours, simmerings and sighings, we turn with a feeling of relief to the wholesome typical figure of Werther's Charlotte, and admire the exquisite calmness with which she, having seen

> 'His body borne before her on a shutter,
> Like a well-conducted person
> Went on cutting bread-and-butter.'

She, after all, though the others be the representative men and women of an epoch, is the typical German woman; true through all time; and she has gone on cutting bread-and-butter ever since. In fact, for decent German women there seems, by universal consent, to be no other career; and when we consider that the world is full of exorbitant persons, who cla-

mour three times a day for food, let us give all honour to the bread-and-butter cutters of life.

But in the rebound from artificiality the then polite world fell into such extremes of genteel sensibility that no one dared to be truly natural. The ambition to shine, if not by talents, then by singularity; if not by beauty, then by extravagance of opinion; if not by rank, then by recklessness—destroyed the very simplicity that the enthusiasts had originally taken for their text, and 'the modesty of nature,' overstepped, became unnatural.

Nevertheless, we must remember that this is the period to which every German man and woman turns with pride and pleasure; it is the moment of time when Woman emerges from the obscurity and drudgery of the dark ages, and becomes a personage and a power. The lives at which we have briefly glanced are not the lives of obscure, little-regarded persons; they are those of the representative men and women of the times, who gave the tone to society and to literature; not hidden shamefacedly under deprecatory bushels, but set up high on the altars of enthusiasm and hero-worship. These men are their greatest; these women their highest and brightest; these philosophies and poesies and moralities their supremest, sublimest, best. It is their *ne plus ultra* of all that culture and development can produce—like the age of Pericles, an age to be cited by admiring worlds for all after times, with proud pointings of the finger to the unapproachable group and triumphant upward glances of unspeakable adoration.

This is what German men and women get out of it. To outsiders this affectation of Nature is the most

offensive form of the artificial. The French *marquise*, chattering shallow philosophies, could at least amuse you by her wit, if you refused to be bewildered by her beauty; but these votaresses of 'Nature' pose, parade, and perorate with an almost indecent effrontery, whilst they bore you to death with their dull loves and high-flown correspondence. The talk is so tall, the outcome so small; the sentimentality is so heavy, flat, stale, and unprofitable, that you turn from these *femmes incomprises*, these tender, transparent souls, and feel in your heart that perhaps worse things than epigrammatic immoralities, paint, and patches have happened to you.

The ideal woman of Germany is still much what Schiller painted her; she poses in passionless serenity (as you may see on the title-pages of the poetry-books), surrounded by sister souls and crowned with stars. She is a soft, sentimental creature, all sensibility and adjectives, weaving 'heavenly roses' into this earthly life; sighing softly to the stars, wandering in moonlight, culling forget-me-nots and pansies, and enwreathing her blonde brows with the flowers of the feelings; melancholy, sympathetic, *schwärmerisch*; blue-eyed and pensive; swimming, somewhat vaguely, in vast seas of sentiment, not far from dangerous gulfs of bathos. The Egeria of some favoured Numa, the 'heavenly friend' of a semi-Platonic lover; vaporous, floating somewhere, like Mahomet's coffin, between heaven and earth, ready to dissolve at the touch of this gross work-a-day world, and so pass away in a state of elemental purity to more sympathetic regions.

There is no figure more poetic than that of the

ideal German woman ; there is no actuality more prosaic than the flesh and blood reality, as she lives and moves and has her being. The ideal woman is always unmarried ; the real woman is married. If marriage be the prose of life, German marriage is of prose the prosiest. 'Mit dem Gürtel, mit dem Schleier,' says Schiller, with the gentle cynicism of his cold, calm nature, 'reisst der schöne Wahn entzwei!' With the loosened cestus and the lost veil the sweet madness is also lost. He knew best. The finding is not one to gratify the weaker sex generally, but no German woman has been found to resent the poet's utterance. They thenceforth, if goddesses at all, are household goddesses ; their pedestal, if pedestal be still possible, is set upon the great Teutonic tripod—the home-baked, the home-brewed, the home-spun. Marthas henceforward, cumbered about with too much serving (consider only those clamourings for food at which we have already glanced) to have time for aught else.

It seems to be an accepted dogma that a man is a man whether he be Bachelor or Benedick ; whereas a woman may only be properly so called when she has fulfilled her destiny as wife and mother. Short of that she is an incomplete unit ; and, whatever other 'mission' she may have fulfilled, that which Nature originally intended for her remains unaccomplished. Under the heading of 'Marriage,' Woman in her fullest development shall be dealt with ; for the present we can only contemplate her as she walks 'in maiden meditation fancy free.'

The girl is, however, mother to the woman ; and if, in the majority of cases, the woman be only the

greater child, a glance backwards from effect to cause will go far towards explaining this feminine phenomenon. We have seen what the ideal German woman is, and the young lady tries to copy her. She piques herself upon her 'sensibility,' and is proud of her *Empfindlichkeit*, a quality which often has the root quite as much in 'tetchiness' and temper as in tenderness. She is easily offended, easily discouraged, easily thrown off her balance. The feminine virtues of patience and submission become, by exaggeration, vices of helplessness and indecision; she is kept in a state of such tutelage and irresponsibility as can scarcely fail to make her troublesome at a crisis and useless in an emergency. Clinging and clamouring have come to be looked upon as somewhat obstructive attributes, and the parasitical virtues are, generally, rather at a discount amongst us; but this is not so in Germany, where negative acquiescence ranks higher in women than positive affirmation, where their poets paint them helpless and their husbands, like them, subjugated.

When the writer of these pages first went to Germany, it was with the expectation of finding in every tenth woman an uncrowned Corinna, and in every twentieth a silent Sappho—silent only in the sense, be it observed, of the poet's 'mute, inglorious Milton.' Even at the Capitol Corinnas were not; and Sappho was conspicuously absent from Lesbos 'without leave.'

Now, in Germany learning is the characteristic honour of the nation; and it is the proud boast, and the just one too, of German women, that they alone, of all the modern feminities of the earth, are abso-

lutely well educated. In 'ladies' schools' it is not, as a rule, the mistresses who teach; they confine themselves to attending to the 'creature comforts' of their pupils, and superintending the lower branches of education, needlework, &c. Competent masters are engaged to instruct their pupils in history, literature, modern languages, &c. The same professors that lecture to their brothers and cousins within the university halls and college class-rooms come down from those greater altitudes to teach the children and young girls in their day-schools.[1] They are

[1] The Berlin correspondent of the *Daily News* disputes this statement. Whilst recognising and admitting the justice of the foregoing picture on the whole he says: 'The most ambitious and comprehensive attempt ever made in Berlin to open the higher studies to women owes its origin and success to two English ladies—to the initiative, the intelligence, the fidelity, the energy, of Miss Archer and the patronage and support of her Imperial Highness the Crown Princess. I refer to the Victoria Lyceum. This institute, organised and directed by Miss Archer, provides, at moderate rates, literary and scientific lectures for ladies. The subjects are such as the history of art, English literature, Italian poetry, astronomy, botany, &c. This would seem to be an enterprise in which every German father or husband would be immediately interested. The fact is, however, that nearly all the leading professors have seemed to regard with disfavour, as a lowering of their professional standing, the appearing before women to lecture, and Miss Archer has been obliged to fill up her list with men of merit indeed, but men whose necessities forbade them to make any distinction of sex in the lecture room. The German philosophy does not forbid the education of women, but it represses with *brutal rigour* any demonstration of the so-called emancipated.'

This may be true of the Berlin professors, but not of those elsewhere. The offence probably lies in the endeavour to give the higher education of women an official, recognised character, 'a local habitation and a name,' as it were; and any organised attempt in that direction would probably meet with the same opposition in other towns. 'An "emancipated woman" is a woman who reads Greek and Schopenhauer,' says the *Daily News* correspondent.

taught regularly, systematically, patiently, lovingly. How much the young ladies profit by such teachings it is not for us to say, but we may venture to affirm that a German girl must be dull indeed who is not well-read. Everything is taught, and everything is taught well. But, after all, a building is not made of brick only, nor a ship of mere wood; and there are a score of diverse influences and social conditions working on the outer and inner systems of female education in Germany quite beyond the reach of any professors however eminent, or any pedagogues however profound.

Besides education, there is such a thing as self-education. A woman may be very well up to the general mark—nay, high above it in all matters of ordinary education—yet, if she strive not to teach herself somewhat of those things that make life lovely, she will learn before long that all her knowledge is but as sounding brass and tinkling cymbals, and that the wisdom of her professors has been spent on her in vain. In the moral and social education of a German girl, even in her physical education, precisely the contrary doctrine prevails. She is taught that to be womanly she must be helpless, to be feminine she must be feeble, to endear herself she must be dependent, to charm she must cling. She is not brought up to be, she does not desire to be, the companion, the comrade, the equal, in 'all that not hurts distinctive womanhood,' of the men around her. She is thrown back upon herself and other women for society and amusement; a life that revolves in a narrow, circumscribed round of inanities is considered

good enough for her. To be herself is to be nothing —less, worse, than nothing. To be as like everybody else as she can; to copy her friends' clothes, phraseology, and manners; to worship the platitude of precedent, to conform to the dead level that custom has prescribed, to keep carefully to the sheepwalk, to applaud in concert and condemn in chorus, is the only behaviour that can be tolerated. If she does these things she fulfils all the law and the prophets, and it shall be well with her; but if she do them not she will be viewed askance by her sisters, eyed with dislike and suspicion; it will be whispered that she is a *Blaustrumpf* or a *Freigeist*; it will be proclaimed that she is a *Pietistinn* or an *emanzipirtes Frauenzimmer*; she will be stigmatised as *überspannt*, revolutionary, dangerous, objectionable.

Allowances are made by these gentle ladies for the eccentricities of French, English, and American women, on account of the unfortunate accident of their birth; but they are inexorable towards one of their own circle who would dare to assert any originality of character or independence of action. Woe would certainly betide the folly of that virgin who would venture to shake off the 'wounding cords that bind and strain,' and make an existence for herself independent of the cackling of the *Kaffeen* and the weariness of infinite boredom broad-based upon everlasting babble. Visions of charming German women I have known rise up and look at me with blue pathetic eyes. They are the exceptional women, the women least loved by their fellows—disturbing, uncomfortable souls, bringing constraint and *gêne* in

their train. The utterances of such women, though modest enough, are out of key with the Philistine chorus (shall we say the *vox Dei*?) in the background. And, after all, it is by these, not by the vague, exalted, heroic figures, that the sorry action of the play is helped forward and the platform chiefly occupied. They have one bugbear and one object of idolatry, these monotonous ladies—a fetish which they worship under the name of *mode*; a monster between public opinion and Mrs. Grundy. To say that a thing 'is not *mode* here' is to condemn it as if by all the laws of Media and Persia. It is not her centre, but the system of her social education, that renders the German woman so hopelessly provincial. Recent great events might have led us to expect greater results in this direction. The last advices from Berlin show that petty personal spites, small envyings, backbitings, and jealousies are as rife in the Imperial City as in the much-despised little *Residenz* towns. Nor can any change for the better be hoped until men and women are allowed, or will allow themselves and each other, to mix on terms of greater personal equality and dignity.

Let us look back at the physical conditions of the young girl's life. We have seen her sitting *hinter'm Ofen*, living in a dry, overheated atmosphere, nibbling at unwholesome nicknacks, pecking at her food, and poisoning herself with sweets and sours. A girl is seldom sent to school away from home, by reason of the extra expense of board and lodging. Everyone who has lived in Germany must remember with pleasure the gangs of fresh round child-faces passing

through the streets during early morning hours. All these little students carry neat knapsacks containing books, slates, &c., strapped on their backs, and the pavements and the promenades are made merry with their chatter. *Jahrein jahraus* they go, growing less round and less rosy as time passes on, until early maidenhood is reached. On holidays the children meet together and play; there seems no idea that these little brothers and sisters should suffice for each other, with the occasional excitement of 'a party.' Boys and girls do not play together as our boys and girls do; even at a very early age strictest division of the sexes obtains. Were boys allowed to burst in upon the confabulations and titterings of these little misses, and loudly proclaim their scorn (as English youth is apt to do) of 'girls' nonsense,' it might be better eventually for all parties.

As the little girl grows older, she has her coffee-parties like her elders, and makes a vast number of acquaintances of her own age, so that society forms a large ingredient of juvenile life. All the little sayings and doings, envyings and uncharitablenesses, are repeated day after day; the little spites and jealousies are kept up through a long course of years, and the daily gossip becomes almost a necessity of life. There is no 'coming home for the holidays.' The children are *at* home; they have only more time for the discussion of the quarrels and friendships that have rejoiced or offended them during the 'half-year;' more coffee-drinking, more gossip, and more liberty.

The child buds into early maidenhood, and then this passing to and fro through the streets, where she

knows everyone, and is known to all, begins to have its disadvantages. She becomes self-conscious, has a bowing acquaintance with her friends' brothers, who meet her by chance (or otherwise) on their way to or from school and college. A system of coquetry is now inaugurated, which is not without its influence on her character. Hitherto she has had coffee and gossip; but now a fresh stimulant comes to her life; she has something to conceal; her eyes become less candid, and her gaze is not so fearless as it was. Here again not the girl, but the system, is to be blamed. The sort of frank 'flirtation,' beginning openly in fun and ending in amusement, which is common amongst healthy, high-spirited boys and girls in England, and has no latent element of intrigue or vanity in it, but is born of exuberant animal spirits, youthful frolics, and healthy pastimes shared together, is forbidden to her, and these tacit arrangements are made and enjoyed after the surreptitious manner of stolen fruit.

Quite young German children are extremely deft with their fingers, and it is surprising to see what charming specimens of their handiwork these little maidens offer at birthday shrines or on Christmas trees. It would be well that English governesses and schoolmistresses followed the example of German ladies who undertake the education of girls in this most essential part of a gentlewoman's education; for the most part it is totally neglected in our better-class schools, and the present rage for art-needlework has nothing to do with the prosaic essential acquaintance that every lady should have with the

darning needle and the cutting-out scissors. As a German girl approaches the completion of her education her studies are somewhat relaxed, and she profits by the time thus gained to attend once or twice a week at a *Nähschule*, where well-brought-up ladies will give her a course of lessons on cutting out, fixing, piecing, patching, darning, as well as in every possible and impossible sort of ornamental stitchery. She will make her brother a set of shirts, and for herself a complete outfit against the day when she emerges from schoolgirlhood into young-ladyism.

The rite of Confirmation now comes. In Protestant Germany it means nothing of the religious enthusiasm, the ardent aspiration, the passionate resolves, that often mark the epoch in the minds of our young people. There is nothing of 'recollection' or piety about the rite. It simply means, to those whom it most concerns, a long dress, visiting cards, a bouquet, a lace-frilled pocket-handkerchief, the 'Du' of childhood exchanged for the 'Sie' of young-ladyhood, and the potential *Schlafrock* and *Morgenhaube* for early hours. Visitors pour in to offer congratulations and presents; cake and wine and bustle pervade the domestic atmosphere; a droschky is hired, and the confirmed young Christian is driven out to pay visits and show off her finery.

German girls have no outdoor amusements, if we except skating when the winter proves favourable. Boating, riding, archery, swimming, croquet—all the active, healthy outdoor life which English maidens are allowed to share and to enjoy with their brothers is unknown to them. There may be several horses

in the stable (as is not unfrequently the case where there are cavalry brothers), yet no one dreams of training any of them to carry a lady. Such diversions are looked upon by the girls themselves as bold, coarse, and unfeminine. In proof of this I may mention that having once in a *Kaffee* announced the pleasure I had in prospect in the shape of equestrian exercise, a thrill of reprobation and disgust seemed to pass through the party. A kind friend leaned towards me and whispered, 'Say no more about it: it will make a scandal. And you know, my love, it is bold, it is unfeminine, it is ungraceful, and—*überhaupt es ist hier keine Mode.*' It was useless that I said I was going to ride with relatives, that I had always been used to ride, and so on. I might have committed crimes and been considered less guilty.[1]

'When I grow rich,' said a generous relative to me one day in the presence of a young and beautiful widow, 'I will make you a present of the prettiest pony carriage I can find, and a pair of grey ponies, that you may drive yourself.'

'Thanks,' I said, laughing, for the prospect appeared comically remote in my eyes.

'How can you laugh?' asked my pretty friend. (I expected that the noble offer would have impressed her

[1] That these petty prejudices and absurd attempts at tyranny still prevail may be gathered from a passage in the Princess Salm-Salm's lately published diary. 'Mrs. General von S——,' says the Princess (the same lady whose 'starvation code' had so outraged the Prince's eupeptic sensibilities), 'endeavoured to persuade me that the King [of Prussia] *had been much displeased at my appearing on horseback near the promenade at Ems.* She *knew it from reliable sources.* I did not believe it. The kind notice their Majesties took of me caused many

very favourably.) 'How can you laugh? I should be very offended if any gentleman proposed to me that I should drive myself like a *Droschkenkutscher*.'

Country walks, thick boots, and water-proof clothes are altogether out of the feminine programme, nor could you convince these German ladies that a good gallop in the open, or a long stretch over the common, would morally and physically be much better for them, more wholesome and commendable, than the close, unhealthy atmosphere of coffee-gossip. It is in vain that you tell them such exercises, far from unsexing them, fit them all the better for the duties of their sex; it is difficult for them to hear you out and not show the scorn they entertain for you.

For much that affects the lives of German women we must, however, look at the conditions of existence generally. In England, where the villages are closely dotted about, where noblemen's seats, manor-houses, the luxurious villas of retired bankers and merchants and lawyers stand thick and threefold, where the social position of the clergy is a recognised one, country life takes an idyllic turn that the pencil of Leech will hand down to posterity. The girls in these families are all about equally cultured and well-mannered; they feel no shyness when asked to the big entertainments that the duke gives to his country

pangs of jealousy even amongst my nearest friends.' Princess Salm-Salm, judging from internal evidence (we speak ignorantly), we should suppose to be an American lady, and the freedom enjoyed under the stars and bars would render any such attempted coercion ridiculous in her eyes. She disbelieved the majestic pettiness suggested by her friends, and touched the truth of this matter with the point of the needle.

neighbours; they are not overcome with embarrassment if the sons of the house let the light of their lordly countenances shine upon them. Very often the rector's daughter is a far more graceful woman than Lady Dorothy or Lady Elizabeth. The schoolfellows of these young ladies, though not the cream of the cream, are of good position, with brothers in all the professions—at the bar, in the army, in India, in the colonies, in merchants' and bankers' and lawyers' offices. There is a refinement and an ease of manner about them that makes their acquaintance desirable and their society pleasant. They come up to town once or twice a year, and visit largely amongst their friends in the different counties of England; and belonging to what may, for want of a better term, be called the upper middle classes of society, there is yet nothing in their language or bearing to define their position or indicate their precise rank. They will read the same books, hear much the same talk that everyone hears, and, having connections 'up and down along the scale of ranks,' acquire insensibly an ease of manner that has its basis in self-respect and a modest independence of, and indifference to, other folks' grandeur. But in Germany there are no smiling villages where squire and parson and lord of the manor meet on terms of friendly equality; no big red-brick houses with paddocks and shrubberies and brilliant gardens; no trim villas with closely shaven lawns, geometrical flower-beds, and a 'man and a maid' to keep things going. Germany is a thinly populated country; the scattered villages are mere assemblages of huts, huddled together in dismal

muddiness, or rotting away in picturesque desolation. The *Pächter*, or tenant farmer, may have a smart, trim abode, and the *Bauer*—not, as is often supposed, the patient, plodding 'peasant,' but—a sort of yeoman farmer, tilling his own little plot, has doubtless gold and silver and linen galore cunningly secreted in chests and presses, after the manner of his kind in other countries. And there, too, is the parson; but neither he nor anyone else thinks of model cottages, draining, window-gardening, or the like. In short, *there is no one to think of it.* The farmer is usually a greedy, grasping, extortionate man; the *Bauer* much the same; the parson, a farmer like the rest, is very like the rest, as we shall see elsewhere, in other matters. The lord of the soil is a great noble; the estate is twenty, thirty, forty miles in circumference, and his well-tilled acres bring him in a vast revenue. He comes occasionally for the shooting, and his stewards and bailiffs transact the necessary business of the estate with him. The ladies of the family are at Berlin or Vienna, Ischl or Baden; some of them are, perhaps, 'placed' about the Court. What have they in common with the womenkind of such lumbering, uncouth clods as these? Now and again, with a trampling of horses and a blowing of trumpets, they arrive, dimly magnificent through a whirlwind of dust and fanfaronade. The people on the estate pause with apathetic wonder in their monotonous work, and gaze up out of the vast brown, hedgeless fields as though the gods had flashed by that way. On Sunday the family pew, which is like a great opera-box, will be furnished, and the *gräfliche Familie* will yawn

through the squalid service. The parson, before he begins his discourse, will bow to the sublimities in the opera-box, and perhaps, if the countess be bored beyond endurance, he may be fetched up to the *Schloss* during the afternoon to make up a second whist-party, and play unlimited 'robbers' into the small hours of Monday morning.

From the foregoing it will be readily understood why it is that German women can know nothing of the charm of country life. There is no such thing as country life, as we understand it, in Germany; no cosy sociability, smiling snugness, pleasant bounties and hospitalities; and above all, for the young folk, no freedom, flirtation, boatings, sketchings, high teas, scamperings, and merriments generally. 'Society' in small towns is necessarily very restricted, commercial people (these have hitherto been generally Jews) visiting amongst each other, professors and professional men's families forming another circle, whilst 'society' proper, consisting of officers' families, of those 'placed' about the Court, of the higher civil functionaries, with a scattering of the *noblesse* unattached, who prefer living in town, or have retired from active service, regard all outside their own exclusive circle with supreme indifference, not to say contempt.

Years pass: the young girl is no longer so very young; her friends are beginning to be anxious; a suitable *parti* must be found. She has not much choice. She must marry an officer, or an *employé* as high in office as may be. This is no case of curates and croquet, or of barristers and Badmin-

ton, archery-meetings and Government clerks and a villa at Putney. Clergymen are *nowhere* in German 'society'—barristers impracticable (for matrimonial purposes), and of bankers, merchants, and commercial people generally out of the big towns there can be no question. Nevertheless a marriage is arranged; but first there is the knotty point of the *Caution* to be settled. A *Caution* in its Transatlantic sense must not here be presupposed. A *Caution* in the Teuto-technical sense is the sum of fifteen thousand *Thaler* (more or less, according to the grade of the intending Benedick), to be deposited, if the lover be, as he is almost sure to be, a military man, in Government funds, by the contracting parties, so that, should the husband be killed in the service of his country, or die an inglorious death at home, the widow may have a sufficiency upon which to live *standesgemäss*, or in a manner befitting her position. There are, however, not very many young couples who can deposit this sum, so that, what with money difficulties and the scarcity of suitors, the young lady has a somewhat uncertain time of it until fate and the *Caution* smile propitious.

The betrothed couple are, however, not much nearer than they were before: they are never allowed to be alone together. They put on their best clothes and go about paying visits, and the poor old *Frau Mama* toddles panting after them, always keeping the young folks well in view. This may, perhaps, account for the singular manners and customs of lovers in Germany, their demonstrative familiarities being quite calculated to terrify a shy person into

apoplexy. The betrothal is, on the whole, a more important affair than the wedding.

The evening before the marriage—the *Polterabend*, as it is called—a singular ceremony takes place. All the friends of the bride's family go to her house, and everyone provides himself with some piece of crockery to cast before her door, so that accumulated pots and sherds render the road impassable. The custom doubtless has its origin in some old Sclavonic religious rite, as about the altars and places of sacrifice of Sclavonic tribes such heaps of pottery are almost invariably found; but no one thinks of such things on occasions like the present. Noise appears to be the object, in every available discordant form. Unlimited coffee and cakes and *Bowle* are consumed. People arrive in costume, place is made for them, and they repeat appropriate and inappropriate verses, original or borrowed, whilst they present their gifts. Clatter and confusion reign; it is a relief if dancing vary the scene, which generally closes with speechifying, toasting, and rather indiscriminate allusions of the pointedly personal character. Having brought our young friend so far along love's flowery way, we will pause ('Der Wahn,' says Schiller in depressing numbers, 'ist kurz, die Reu' ist lang'), hoping to meet her again before long in all the added dignity and lustre of matronhood.

It will be understood from the foregoing that German marriages, though not concluded in the altogether conventional manner of the French, have still a vast deal less of sentiment and a great deal more of calculation about them than the 'gushing' cha-

racter of the nation might lead us to expect. The German has many points of resemblance with the Scotchman: he is 'canny' and long-headed, prudent and frugal; he is sentimental, but not carried away by sentiment. 'Wenn der Deutsche schenkt,' says Goethe, 'liebt er gewiss!'

For the maiden lady of noble family foresight has provided the refuge of the *Stift*. A *Stiftsdame* has a recognised and official position in society: she wears her *Order* across the breast or on the shoulder of her black silk gown in the 'world,' and lives in a state of droning comfort when her leave of absence expires and she has to retire to her secular cloister. The Protestant *Stift* supplies (in a very advantageously amended form) the place of the Catholic convent. The Reformation, not knowing what to do with its superfluous spinsters, instituted the *Stift*, or 'Foundation for Noble Maidens.' The foundation was made in this manner:—A certain number of Protestant nobles, living within a given circuit, would become aware (*dans le temps*) of a number of marriageable, but not likely to be married, daughters dwelling within their borders. Thereupon they would come together, consult, compare, and resolve that each count or baron should contribute his thousand *Thaler* (more or less) towards the purchase of lands; that the sum thus invested should give each depositing party a presentation in perpetuity to the so-called *Stift*. A house or houses would be forthwith bought or built; forests, fisheries, farms, added thereto; an overseer or intendant appointed; an abbess or prioress nominated (probably the lady of

most distinguished descent amongst the nobles contributing). The land would be farmed, the *Stift* supplied with every sort of produce, the accounts audited by one or other of the founders, and for all time a comfortable—nay, in many cases a luxurious—retreat be provided for such maidens as were doomed to fade suitorless into the sere and yellow. It will easily be understood that in many cases the land purchased at a few shillings per acre has, in the course of years, risen to an immense value; that many of these *Stifte* have become extremely wealthy, and that, so far as material comfort goes, they leave nothing to be desired. The rule is a secular one. In all cases the ladies are allowed to go into 'society;' leave of absence for three or six months yearly is granted; marriage is quite a possibility; friends are received with hospitality, even with profusion; a sitting- and bed-room and a personal attendant are apportioned to each lady; and though in some cases meals have to be partaken of in common, and permission asked of the prioress or abbess to take drives into the country or a walk into the village, yet the severity of rule cannot be complained of. On the other hand, there is often a pettiness of tone, a narrowness of feeling, a personality, and a prejudice that makes life in such institutions a weariness. The meanest of all pride prevails—the snobbish elevation of rank and title-worship, that adulation of mere descent, that envy and detraction and rage for be-littleing which is, more or less, the poison of German society generally, and the special poison of all small, self-contained, self-occupied, self-adulating communities.

I have dwelt at some length on the system of prying and scandalising that obtains in Germany, because it is a crying evil, one that cuts at the very root of all confidence, and peeps and whispers with a persistence worthy of a better cause; but I should be unfair were I not to add that it is done without any conscious malignity—out of *désœuvrement* rather than of malice prepense, *pour passer le temps* rather than to injure or destroy. Neither can it be possible that these ladies believe all the news they promulgate—nay, nor the half of it. It has not unfrequently happened to the present writer to see the lady whose character had just been torn to tatters, or was in process of tearing, enter the room with unsuspicious confidence, and meet with the warmest of receptions. At first one is startled; upon reflection one understands that this system of 'murdering characters to kill time' is after all mere amusement (for the murderers) and a clinging to 'use and wont.'

It will be objected that there are narrow circles and parish politics everywhere, and that gossipry is not the exclusive privilege of the German. True, but it is only when for years and years the same local twaddle repeats itself, the same personalities and pryings prevail, that the mischievous and offensive results become overpowering. It will be asked, How it is, then, that young English ladies are so enthusiastic for Germany and the German life? Simply because they *are* English—free to take all that is pleasant (and there is much that *is* pleasant—nay, even precious—in that life); untrammelled by all the social tyranny that cribs, cabins, and confines

the ordinary German woman; bound by no obligation to do as others do; free to come, and go, and enjoy; not dreaming in their easy philosophy of life of the horror with which such comings and goings, sayings and doings, are regarded in strictly German circles, nor how loud the reprehension, how utter the condemnation, that watches and follows their unsuspecting footsteps. An English girl would revolt from the tyranny of small things that encompasses a German girl's life; she would start aside like a broken bow, rebel overtly, and probably prefer the life of a governess (and that is saying much), with a sense of work, and independence, and personal identity to carry her onwards, to the dull routine of comparative comfort and superlative nonentity.

CHAPTER IX.

MEN.

'The proper study of mankind is Man.'—*Pope.*

WHEN a man, as will now and again happen, has the misfortune to write and publish a more than usually feeble story, the critics, by a simple yet ingenious method, gently convey to him that he has mistaken his vocation in life. 'Miss So-and-So,' they say, 'will probably be surprised to hear that all her men are monsters; that the arch-angelic do not as yet walk amongst us clothed in tweed and broadcloth; nor do Oxford shoes disguise the cloven foot of our acquaintance,' and so on, through paragraphs of infinitely cruel jocosity, admirably calculated not only to extinguish the well-meaning young man, but also *pour décourager les autres*, 'les autres' being the enterprising ladies from out of whose midst his critics are supposed to have singled him.

These papers being avowedly written by a woman, she perhaps *ought* to leave all opinion or comment on 'the head and crown of things' to the more competent virile pen. She would only venture, by way of apology and justification, to say thus much: that, if 'some power' have given 'the giftie' to men to see

themselves and each other all round as other (men) see them, women are not altogether out in the dark; *they see men from their own* (i.e. the feminine) *standpoint*, and this coign of vantage is not an altogether unimportant one. A man in his dressing-gown and slippers may show more of the real man that is in him to his wife than is ever likely to be known to his fellow-swaggerers at the Club, or the Major Pendennises of life with whom he lounges along the Row in the morning or sneers languidly through a summer's afternoon.

To say of men generally that they are of the 'superior' sex is to say very little when applied to German men. Unfortunately the genius of the language and the scheme of creation do not admit of 'superiorest;' so we must go round about it, and say that in Germany the relative position of the sexes is what one imagines to be conveyed in the sentence 'and the sons of God took unto themselves daughters of men.' It is not, however, my purpose here to speak specifically of the German 'husband,' because that, though an essentially feminine view of the subject, would be to limit it to an inconveniently narrow sphere; and a man, whether bond or free, whether bachelor or Benedick—'a man's a man for a' that.'

And, to begin with the physical aspects of the matter, we may venture to affirm, without fear of contradiction, that from earliest childhood the German man has privileges above the German woman, and these privileges grow always and increase. We know what their respective physical education is. The boy belongs to his *Turnverein*; he mixes with his in-

feriors, superiors, and equals; he profits by his holidays to take long walking-tours; he lives entirely during these summer excursions in the rough, carrying his modest wardrobe in a knapsack, eating how, when, where he can; falling in with parties of other youthful students like himself, fraternising on the road, hob-a-nobbing in the inns, singing with his full young voice the *Volkslieder*, the *Studentenlieder*, the *Soldatenlieder*, of his Fatherland. He comes across ruined castles, ancient fortresses, Druid circles, quaint old hunting *Schlösser*, convents, churches. Straightway he learns all about what he sees; if he be not himself a student or an antiquarian, one or other of the party is. His young chest is bared to the breeze; his strong young limbs climb the mountain; his eye roves keenly and restlessly to right and left. What there is to be seen he will see; what there is to learn he will learn; what may be known he will know. The scents of the thyme and the pine linger in his tawny young mane. He takes a draught of milk, a draught of water, with the simple food his wallet affords; he lies down, with his plaid under his head, in the shadow of the rock, or beneath the murmuring pines and the hemlocks, and enjoys his noonday nap. He saw the sun rise this morning, and has walked many an upward mile since daybreak. Seeing him lying there, you may, perhaps, take him for a young artisan (*auf der Wanderschaft*), as perhaps he is (for boys of all ranks will go out to spend their holidays in the summer woods); or perhaps you discern, despite his rough clothes and his modest equipment, signs of that good blood in him which, as the proverb says, *ne peut mentir*. In any case, though he may not look what

you would call a 'gentleman,' he looks a man, with manly purpose and intention even in his sleeping eyelids and smiling mouth. He will get up presently, and go singing through the sunlit woods, a gay, cheery, enviable young athlete. So, with a certain rough freedom, breathing nature, full of quaint, simple prose and poetry, with infinite capabilities of enthusiasm, with dim aspirations and vague yearnings after possible impossibilities, the German youth goes his way through ideal paths into the great reality of the future.

Speak of the German, and you see the soldier. It is not only that the warlike element is the predominating one; it is that obedience, punctuality, endurance, high courage, silent perseverance, mark the whole manner of the man. The compulsory military service, so much bespoken, bewritten, commended, condemned, has had its fine moral influence on the nation at large. A man has served his time as *Freiwilliger*; and he returns to his groceries, his farmeries, his draperies. He has learned exactitude, punctuality, obedience. Can there be a finer practical education? He has learned to hear, not to speak, and to obey. In turn he will bring such habits of order and thoroughness into civil life with him as shall compel promptness and obedience, and make the refractory look and the insubordinate word alike impossible. Taken from the receipt of custom, from the yard-wand or the coffee-mill, and set down in the barrack-yard, he learns new things, other things, more things, than if he passed his life behind a ledger, measuring ribbons, or weighing out groceries. His officers are men of

noble blood, of fine type, of fair presence. The very aspect of them is an education for him. He admires without envying them; he acknowledges their superiority and does not hate them for it. For to the honour of the German nation let it be said that even the rankest Radical spits out his spite less at the person than at the thing he hates. With this promptness to obey the word of command we find the corresponding roughness and readiness in giving it. Dismissed from volunteer duty, he is apt to carry *soldatesque* forms into private life, to indulge in laconic utterances and look for military exactitude of obedience. So much for the non-professional soldier; for the man who may yet have to do real hard service in the *Landwehr*, or harder yet in the *Landsturm*, but who, for the time being, is released from his military duties, may go back to citizen life once more.

Hitherto for men of gentle birth the army has been the only profession in Germany. No man who wrote *von* before his name had any other career open to him, unless it were diplomacy; but it must be remembered that in the pre-Imperial days, when Prussia was a third-rate Power, diplomacy could offer but very limited prospects in life to men of good family and small means. The diplomatic representatives of the smaller States not unfrequently resolved themselves into modest consuls, who, though perhaps not quite so ornamental as an ambassador, envoy, or minister, were at least equally useful, with the further advantage of being infinitely less expensive. Then there was the higher civil service (*höhere Beamten Stand*). But even the highest of such posts repre-

sented but a dwarfed ambition; and again, the posts were not many, and the ladder to be climbed, rung by rung, painfully long; so that by the time a man had attained to the dignity of *Finanzminister* or *wirklicher Geheimerath* wintry snow would already be lying on his 'frosty pow.'

Again, there is the smaller bureaucracy, whose name is unspeakable legion—assessors, auscultators, tax-collectors, *Zollbeamten*, and half a hundred more. All these little men are very big in a small way, endlessly prolix, persistent, and pedantic. They love to make their authority felt; they listen to your most heartrending appeals with impassive phlegma. They prod your picnic basket, poke your luggage, and pry into your pass with the official slowness and *sang-froid* that are at once their pride and their delight. They turn a deaf ear to your explanations; they offer none in return to your agitated remonstrances. You begin to lose patience when you find you are treated like a thief and a robber, that you are scuffled and buffled from pillar to post, that your name is written in ponderous tomes, and sand cast, like contempt, on the unworthy letters of it. Patience, my friend; you are only being controlled. It is for your good, as Squeers jocosely observes when he whacks young Dunderhead.

Speaking roundly, one might say that the Fatherland is all barrack and bureau. If you have not the spiked helmet you will have the red tape, and where red tape is not there will be the spiked helmet. Muskets point the moral and officialism adorns the tale.

Attorneys—a clamorous, noisy, cackling crew—have ever been inodorous in the nostrils of the refined, and in Germany you would search in vain for scions of noble blood amidst their turbulent ranks. 'I do not like,' said Dr. Johnson, referring to a person who had just left the room, 'to speak ill of anyone behind his back, but I believe the gentleman is an attorney.'

The Church (in Protestant Germany), in spite of the late King of Prussia's attempted episcopacies and Anglicanism, remains utterly unattractive in aristocratic eyes. They were literally 'episcopacies.' The king who invented the bishop could not create the see. Bankers are almost exclusively children of Israel (occasionally ennobled—*baronisirt*—if they have been accommodating in the matter of timely loans), and whilst commerce seems to be the prerogative of the plebeian the army remains a patrician monopoly. But already, if *they* have not changed, circumstances are changing all that.

However great Germany may be as a military nation, bristling all over with helmet-spikes and fortresses, she can only become really and abidingly great when years of peace shall have consolidated her position. Commerce, the child of peace and the mother of plenty, is, after all, the furnisher of the thews and sinews of war. The country of the milliards knows as well as any other country—nay, better, if the history of her past finance be worth anything—the value of full coffers and the dignity of no national debt. That she cannot remain politically great unless she become commercially great; that the

fruitful rivalries of peace are the balm and oil her bleeding wounds require—there are abundant evidences to show. In her desire for a wider field and ampler opportunities she has stretched out tentative fingers across ticklish frontiers, warily touching this or that border town, casting covetous eyes towards this or that convenient port, sending out consuls to the east and to the west, and establishing relations to the north and to the south. And these very facts, this very attitude, open up vast future prospects to the young manhood of Germany. As a great Power Prussia (and her dependencies) will be able to dispense with petty pride; noble fathers will see no dishonour in having rich sons, bankers and merchants will be admitted into 'society,' and honest independence will know how to exact respect and hold its own against expiring prejudice. Marriages with the daughters of rich speculators and contractors are already quite the order of the day; and though one would prefer a more independent standpoint, and would rather a man should make money for himself than take it from another, yet we must not be impatient. Patrician blood is found to mix very kindly with plebeian money. The young lady is charmed to write the magic prefix before her name, and to find herself launched into higher circles; the young gentleman discovers that an opulent father-in-law is extremely convenient on occasion, and forgives the want of a pedigree in consideration of the plethora of pelf. One or other of the offspring of such a marriage may come into the world with commercial instincts (as some babes are said to come mouthing silver spoons), and a purely

ornamental young gentleman and lady thus become the unconscious founders of a race of merchant princes.

It has been said that the well-born German is distinguished for his *morgue* and disregard of those in a lower station than himself. This was, and is, his chief reproach in the eyes of his middle-class fellow-countrymen. He does not conceal that he despises their want of manner, their glaring solecisms, their extraordinary coarseness of behaviour and absence of tact. They, who perhaps know as much as he does, are richer than he is, are unconscious of all that jars and grates upon one of a finer fibre than themselves, and are apt to declare that he trades on his nobility and assumes a merit that he is far from possessing. 'The Prussian nobility,' says Heine, 'must be regarded in the abstract. It relies on the idea of birth, not on the concrete reality of money.' Not from the so-called 'lower orders' is resentment so likely to become dangerous, as from the well-educated, underbred middle-class—the very middling, if refinement of speech, suavity of manner, and gentleness of utterance count for anything. The middle-class as we understand it—one brother a merchant, another in the Guards, the eldest son of the house heir to a baronetcy, the youngest walking the earth in an M.B. waistcoat and waiting for the family living—is almost incomprehensible to the ordinary German mind; but let us hope that the day may not be far distant when the arrogance of the aristocrat may be tempered and the tone of the citizen refined. So long as commerce means mere shopkeeping, every petty grocer writes

Kaufmann (merchant) over his shop-door, and every Jew usurer signs himself *Banquier*, it is to be feared that a commercial career will not prove very attractive in the eyes of, or draw many recruits from, the upper ranks of society. It is not given to every man to be what in common parlance is called 'born a gentleman;' but if his birth be not gentle, his manners may make him so. 'For he is gentil,' says Dan Chaucer,' that doth gentil dedis,' and we all know that a 'cotton lord' may be a truer gentleman than the descendant of a 'hundred earls.' The modest independence and self-reliance which bring about suavity of manners and an absence at once of the servile or the arrogant in a man's intercourse with those of another rank is not at a premium in Germany, where either self-assertion or obsequiousness strikes the outsider with a sense of pained surprise.

The German gentleman, the man of noble birth, of splendid presence, of polished if of cold and arrogant manners, fails where we might expect him to fail. 'Without love,' says our great humourist, 'I can fancy no true gentleman'—love, that is, not of the individual, which may be but mere sublimated selfishness, but that chivalrous devotion which high-minded manhood ever bears to gentle womanhood. The German gentleman may be gallant; he may be a man of pleasure, a lady-killer, a *grand viveur*. As a rule he is perfectly ready to flirt with any pretty woman, to make daily *Fenster* parades before her windows, to whisper soft, sentimental nothings to her during the course of the cotillon, it may be even slightly to 'compromise' her. She is of course a married woman

(for these attentions would mean marriage to a girl), so she knows, or ought to know, how to take care of herself. He will go away, and laugh over his little social successes when his comrades banter him on his *bonnes fortunes*; and she will be backbitten in the *Kaffeen*, and a tolerant society will view the matter with indifference, unless indeed it comes to such a climax as makes indifference no longer possible; and even then an easy-going temper disposes the lookers-on generally to be tolerably lenient. Their bark is much worse than their bite in these matters, and, after all, one must not draw the line too tight. Marriage is beset with a thousand difficulties; life is more amusing behind the scenes of a theatre than in the dull domestic round. One likes to have one's moments of relaxation, and eternal parade, civil as well as military, is rather a gilding of the lily. Women are well enough to be 'a moment's ornament,' but life is easier *en garçon*. One has a thousand egoisms and ambitions to occupy one's time and thoughts, and a man gallooned all over with gold and staggering under orders cannot be expected to sit like Hercules at Omphale's feet. German ladies are not accustomed to the entire and untiring devotion which Englishwomen accept with all the calm unconsciousness of a right. No man rises to open the door for you when you leave the room; if cups of tea or coffee have to be handed about, it is the lady of the house that will carry them round. She will be rewarded with a 'Tausend Dank, meine Gnädigste,' but the 'most gracious' will be allowed to trot about all the same. A man need not wait in that happy land

for 'pain and anguish' to 'rack the brow' before the ministering angels appear upon the scene. You (one of the angels) may search an hour for your *sortie de bal* in a cloak-room before one of that group of glittering beings assembled round the door will put out a helping hand. When at last you emerge from your difficulties, and pass down the stairs, they will draw themselves up in *stramme militärische Haltung*, click their heels together, and bring their heads to the level of their sword-belts; and if that is not devotion, chivalric behaviour, and splendid respect the world has none to show and you are an exacting and irrational malcontent.

In everything the German is controlled. He is controlled in his love-makings and marryings; he is controlled in the utterance of his opinion; he is controlled in his goings out and his comings in. The journalist is liable at any moment to fine and imprisonment, the caricaturist to arrest. Of liberty of the press there can be no question, of the license of the law no doubt. In the old gambling days of Baden and Hombourg no native officer was permitted to play at the tables; the money of the State must remain absolutely in the State pocket; but this fatherly solicitude for the coin of the country did not extend itself to the pocket of the peasant, who would stand gloating through long Sunday afternoons at the heaps of gold, venture at last his florin or his *Thaler*, and retire into his working-day world on Monday a disillusioned chawbacon. Control touches even the follies and flirtations of the young. Lately, in a northern capital, garrisoned by Prussian troops, an ardent

young lieutenant and a coy and bashful maiden found themselves for a moment, by some rare chance, in a deserted tea-room alone. The enamoured youth had just caught his fair one by the hand, when her most intimate of intimate bosom-friends entered. The poor girl started up in terror, and, forgetful alike of her love and her lover, broke out, 'Pray, pray, best Evelina, do not say what you have seen.' Evelina promised, and the imprudent maiden returned at once to the ball-room. But lo! next day the story, with various embroideries, was circulating through all the *Kaffeen*; and behold, the day after, the ardent lieutenant summoned to an irate general's presence. 'Young man,' said his stern *Vorgesetzter*, glooming down upon him in grim regulation wrath, 'you are transferred to depôt duty on the frontier; there you will have ample time to reflect on your indiscretion. *Es ist Ihnen nicht erlaubt jungen Damen aus den höheren Ständen zu compromittiren.*' And forth, like ball from the cannon's mouth, behold our gay young *militaire* shot over the frontier. Hear this, gallant young English gentlemen, horse, foot, and dragoons; hear it, too, young English maidens inclining tender ears to manly pleadings, and be thankful that your bosom friends are not spies, nor, as a rule, the colonels of our regiments martinets in matters of the affections. Resistance in any shape is hopeless; it will be put down, in whatever form or in whatever rank it makes its sporadic appearance, with an iron hand. Beneath the drapery of that flowing white mantle, that reminds you of the crusaders of old, you may plainly perceive the steel gauntlet of armed despotism. 'Whilst all

the others were boasting,' says Heine, 'of how proudly the Prussian eagle soared towards the sun I prudently kept my eyes fixed upon his claws.'

The German makes a good colonist because he is frugal, patient, and hardy; but he seems to need a transplantation to another soil to shine forth in all the excellence that not unfrequently becomes his. The German workman at home is dilatory, unpunctual, slow, and often extremely 'bungling' in his work. There is not the same competition as with us; if he do not choose to hurry himself, you must abide his pleasure; he is the obliger, you the obliged. You give him a model, and he executes his copy not amiss; it only falls short of supreme excellence; a little more finish, and it would have been absolutely well done. The German labourer is a marvel of heavy artfulness: he seems always to have something to do that interferes with continuous work; either he has to spit upon his hands, or to adjust his raiment, or to take a dram, or have a 'crack' with a comrade, or pick a quarrel with an enemy; in short, he is inventive in this respect to a degree that his general stolidity would never lead you to suspect. The writer remembers watching throughout a period of some months an English 'navvy' who had command of a gang of Germans engaged upon some waterworks. Abuse flowed freely from the lips of the stalwart Briton, and though he spoke an unknown tongue the desired effect was produced; the instant, however, his attention was withdrawn, or his amenities ceased, the stolid crew abandoned all active labour and became passive spectators of the general scene. 'I'd liever have one

o' ourn nor five on 'em,' said that British 'navvy,' in a tone of rueful indignation, one day to a sympathetic auditor who was watching the slow progress. Even the stalwart frame, the loud voice of the man, and the free use of his choice vernacular had ceased to have its effect, and the gloom of despair hung heavy on his brow. Yet we know that two-thirds of the sugar-bakers, bakers, and tailors in London are German, and that America speaks largely the language of Hans Breitmann. It would seem that the sight of incessant activity and untiring energy universally prevailing around is necessary to arouse the German, and make him shake off the lethargy that otherwise possesses him, for if we study the lists of commercial names we shall be led to the inevitable conclusion that he is as successful in commerce as he is in war.

Crimes of violence are of very rare occurrence in Germany; the German is not cruel, he does not murder, he does not assassinate, he does not beat his wife or kick her with hobnailed shoes: he does not love blood. Bloodshed is distasteful to him unless, as in the Franco-Prussian war, it be his duty to shed blood; then he consents to butcher and be butchered (as during the awful days of Gravelotte and Mars-la-Tour) with almost automatic endurance. But whilst we allow for the difference of temperament that distinguishes the Teuton from the Celt, we must concede that education counts for something in this matter. Educate the masses, and they will not love, as the French lower orders do, to welter, when excited, in the blood of their fellow-men, to lick their lips in savage lust to lap it again. The German is generally

rough, and sometimes brutal, but humanity, on the whole, prevails, and the brute in him is less than the man. Indeed, that sort of 'sentiment' which is so marked a characteristic of the modern Teuton is to be found even in the *dramatis personæ* of the police reports.

'It is characteristic,' says a modern writer, speaking of his fellow-countrymen, 'that our German rascals have always a certain sentimentality sticking to them. They are no cold-blooded knaves of calculation, but are blackguards of sentiment. They have *Gemüth*, and take the warmest interest in the fates of those they have robbed, so that one cannot be quit of them. Even our distinguished *chevaliers d'industrie* are not mere egoists who steal for themselves, but court coy Mammon to do good with their ill-gotten gains.'

In the old historic days of the small *Residenz* towns the unwary stranger who found himself at Court was, if of unsophisticated mind, literally blinded and bewildered by the blaze of stars and decorations that glittered in the firmament. Awe-struck by the cloud of heroes and veterans, he prepared, as though wandering through the Walhalla of the universe, to put his mental shoes from off his feet, in acknowledgment that he was standing on the holy ground of heroism. But when, upon enquiring, he ascertained the truth of the matter, and learned that every serenity, transparency, or impalpability passing by that way, and dining at the Grand Ducal board, would have to send, as a matter of mere routine, the 'order' of his State to Court officials, first, second, or third class, each according to his kind; when he learned that this blazing

star, as large as a Piccadilly birthnight illumination, had been conferred on the occasion of the *grandes chasses*; that that noble order was bestowed on the Duke's representative at the baptism of an archduchess, and the other resplendent decoration was but the evidence of an Imperial dinner-party—he would not unfrequently go his sardonic way, sneering the sneer of the cynic at the tinsel and frippery of such supreme sham.

The writer of these lines remembers a most worthy, inoffensive man upon whom fate had most inappropriately conferred the combined offices of *Grand Chambellan de la Cour* and *Theater-Intendant.* He had accompanied his royal master to every Court in Europe, and his sovereign being of convivial turn and addicted to 'dining' the princes who passed by his way, stars and garters continued to flow in upon the first official of the Court. The wags were pleased to suggest all sorts of incongruous and incompatible positions for the 'thick-coming' decorations, and it was feared that he would at last, however unwillingly, be forced, all the rest of his person being pre-occupied, to sit upon the orders of the future.

There is a characteristic anecdote of Prince Bismarck in relation to this subject, which may appropriately be quoted here. Herr von Bismarck, standing on a bridge, was watching the groom watering his horses. The animal which the groom rode stumbled and threw the man into the lake. Herr von Bismarck tore off his uniform and took a 'header' after the unlucky servant, bringing with difficulty his burden to land. The bystanders who witnessed the scene

memorialised the Prussian Humane Society, and in consequence Herr von Bismarck received the simple medal of that institution. In the early days of his fame, when as yet this was the only decoration that adorned his broad breast (and one must have lived in Germany to realise how pitiable an object in the eyes of his fellows is a diplomate without decorations), he was asked with a polite sneer, by a distinguished colleague, what was the meaning of this modest medal. '*It means that I have now and then the habit of saving a man's life,*' replied Herr von Bismarck, his stern glance qualifying the half-jesting words.

Great were the envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitablenesses that fermented in female breasts on these occasions. The adjutants' wives had always a grievance. One would complain that her husband, holding a double office about the Court, should not have had a first-class decoration; another would weep that she, whose family was of the ancient of the earth, must endure the slight of seeing her spouse receive an order of the third class, while the little pert upstart who had married the *Oberstallmeister* pranced past her in an ornament made of the diamonds picked out of the Grand Cross, that he, the Master of the Horse, ought never to have had! The infinite littleness of such a life was the fair butt of fermenting 'patriots;' no wonder that Radical writers brought what wit they could to bear on the subject, or that the reformers were great on fossil feudalism. For a people that had discovered gunpowder, printing, and the Critique of Pure Reason such a spectacle included almost every humiliation; the wonder to all lookers-

on being not so much how, as by whom, that vast revolution which is called Imperialism has been brought about. The united Fatherland, the old dream of national unity, is realised, but the very dreamers themselves must, one would think, be still rubbing incredulous eyes, seeing after what an unforeseen fashion they have awakened.

Yet Prussia has indisputably this one glory above all the other countries of Teutonia, that, whilst they have had gossipries, scandals, intrigues, nests of squabbles, and parish politics, she has a history. Her Electors have been the elect, her kings have been the ken-ning men; they have known and they have done; abstract knowing could not help them, only concrete doing—alert, restless, thorough; looking into everything, examining, proving; scant mercy, short justice; frugal, thrifty, hardy, sharing common perils with the common soldier, keeping kingly state when kingly state was demanded; rewarding, punishing, reprimanding, with here a genial act and there a jovial word; the *Landesvater*, not the king alone, but the father of his people. Other knowers and doers looking upwards, not because of the mere kingship of their chief, but with fullest confidence in his power and will, both to know and to do, arose in their places, each in his *Fach*, the thing done varying according to time and circumstance, according to person and place; valuable chiefly not for the magnitude of it, but for the reality of it.

The history of the House of Hohenzollern is the history of Prussia—nay, 'if aught of prophecy' be ours, bids fair to prove the history of Germany. We

have seen a gallant old King at the head of a sorely tried army, enduring hardships with the courage of an adolescent; we have seen the Crown Prince sharing common perils with the common soldier; we have seen all the available princes of the blood fighting, marching, watching, enduring, conquering, and dying side by side with the peasant; rained upon, snowed upon, hailed upon, stormed at by shot and shell; travel-stained, blood-stained, mud-bespattered, war-be-tattered; not mere 'men with muskets,' but soldiers to the backbone, one and all, prince, peer, and peasant, willing to die for the Fatherland.

True valour, not rash daring, patient endurance, not foolhardy escapades, steadfastness of heart and stability of mind, inspired these men, who stood up to fight for their belief, to die for what they thought the justice of their cause—not the light Greek fire of inflammable enthusiasm, such as caught the boulevards one day in July, and set all Paris, like straw, blazing, but the deep volcanic fire of conviction, long smouldering, darkly hidden, portentous, unquenchable, unless, indeed, by crimson seas yet to flow. It is supremely characteristic of the genius of the two nations that whilst the French were hysterically shrieking 'A Berlin!' falling upon each other's necks, and vowing to celebrate their Emperor's birthday in the palaces of Prussia, the German polished his arms, sang his 'Watch on the Rhine,' said no word of Paris, and before many months were over crowned his gallant old King emperor in the Hall of Mirrors at Versailles. This is the history of the German army; all honour to it and to those who led it on to victory.

In civil life it was in old days the pride of the Prussian official that he lived narrowly, that only by a close economy was he able to make those two proverbial ends meet which in domestic economy is considered so desirable a result. Parsimony was his pride; his private economies went to enrich the coffers of the State, and his patriotism was of the type of which Virgil says, 'The noblest motive was the public good.' For him a dinner of Spartan broth, and the *mens conscia recti* therewith, was better than all the flesh-pots of the Fatherland unseasoned by the antique virtues. The Fabricius type is, alas! extinct, gold-scorners impossible, and the austerity of Cincinnatus a thing of the past. Imperialism obliges, and ostentation is now the order of the day. Representative officials receive handsome salaries; splendid emoluments rain down on the worthy; the day for small economies is over; the Fatherland has to be 'represented,' and the country of the milliards must show itself great in all directions.

It is little understood or realised in England that pomp and circumstance illustrate at Berlin the glories of the new Empire after a brilliant fashion. There is, indeed, not one Court, but many; not only the Emperor and the Prince Imperial, but all the other princes of the House of Hohenzollern keep up official state, whereof the exponents are gorgeous uniforms, resplendent liveries, showy equipages, and brilliant entertainments. We may think how dull by comparison our deserted quasi-republican capital appears in the eyes that prize pomp and pageantry, and how strange the utter absence of all official glitter and

grandeur to those accustomed to the presence of a Court. We take our German friends to the Horse Guards (all we have of magnificence to show), and point out the imposing appearance of our Household troops. 'Have you ever seen our *Gardes du Corps?*' is the only comment—'splendid giants, mounted on huge chargers, wearing a classic silver helmet crested with eagles' wings, a dazzling silver cuirass, and *juste-au-corps* of "white samite, mystic, wonderful"?' You perhaps say No. 'Ah, then, indeed!' replies your Prussian friend, as one who makes allowances for your ignorant worship.

The modern German is likely to become a thorn in the flesh of humanity at large, not because he is victorious, but because he is for ever blowing the blast of his victories on the trumpet of fame. The braying of that brazen instrument is, of necessity, not so sweet in his neighbours' ears as in his own; yet should you venture to remonstrate he will fix a quarrel upon you, and you will have abjectly to ask him to continue his melodious strain. It is not enough that his country has become one of the great Powers of Europe; he wants you to say that it is the greatest. Success is so sweet to him, power so new, triumph so intoxicating, and the old Radical dream of a united Fatherland realised, he himself hardly knows how, in Bismarcko-Imperialism is such a bewildering experience, that he stands on the highway, pistol in hand, and exacts your admiration or your life. It is not enough that you have at an earlier stage of the journey already paid your tribute of admiration; you must pay it again. You are to go on admiring; your awe and your respect are to become vocal; if you are not loudly, consistently, per-

sistently, with the Fatherland you are against it. It is by sufferance that your humble vehicle rolls along the Emperor's highway. Get out and grovel, then all shall be well with you; resist, and you shall be torn out of your coach, and the great jackboots will kick you ignominiously into space, and the big man will go his swaggering way with a grim smile behind his tawny moustache, as one who exterminates the lively, pertinacious *pulex irritans*, otherwise sublimely big and indifferent.

The crumpled rose-leaf on Germany's bed of glory is, that she cannot get every other nation to admire her as much as she admires herself; and in her present egotistical attitude would fain extract what she covets, if not otherwise, then *à force d'armes*.

'Man braucht ja nur zu mucksen,' said a lively German friend to me during the war-scare of '75, 'und gleich geht's wieder los.' I could only offer up a silent prayer that *we* might not be caught 'grumbling,' and that the battle of Dorking might be chronicled by some Froissart of the future. 'There is, alas! no want of signs,' a German professor writes to Mr. Herbert Spencer, 'that the happy contrast to French self-sufficiency which Germany heretofore displayed is disappearing since the glories of the late victories. They ridicule Frenchmen, and yet what animates them is, after all, the French spirit translated into German.' The rampant patriotism of so-called Prussian Liberals, whose talk is of German liberty, German thoroughness, German insight, German wit, German justice, and German generosity, has been found to prove afflictive on more than one occasion to the more modest of their fellow-countrymen. 'The patriotism

of the German consists therein,' says Heine, 'that his heart grows narrower, contracts, like leather in the cold, and hates all that is foreign. He is no longer a citizen of the world, an European; he is only a narrow-minded German.'

It is this uneasy tone, this monopoly of adulation, this exacting, suspicious restlessness, that tells tales of the fever of ambition pulsing through every vein of the new system. Fever has a false strength that looks to the sound man much like health; let him look again, and in the glare of the patient's eye he will see evidences of the distempered blood, and will be careful to soothe rather than to irritate. When we speak of the one crumpled rose-leaf in Prussia's bed we speak hyperbolically. Hers is no rose-strewn couch; on the contrary, it is, as those who know her best best know, an uneasy bed; a bed that will have to be made again and again, lucky for her if so at last it become a place of rest. To leave metaphor—her extent of frontier is immense; she will yet need all that is best in her best men. Austria may remember some day the recommendation which she was unable to resent when given, that she should transfer her capital from Vienna to Pesth. The advice might in itself be good enough, but we are not apt to relish good advice from victorious foes. At any moment Bavaria may break away. Hanover harbours resentment; Scandinavia hates Prussia for her ruthless want of faith; it is known that the coming Czar[1] is intensely anti-Prussian, and that the long lists of Germans who

[1] Written in November 1875, before any rumour of Czar Alexander's temporary retirement had been noised abroad.

fill distinguished positions in army and State are offensive, beyond any present possibility of expression, to a very large party in Russia. Alsace and Lorraine have, as Elsass and Lothringen, to be kept under, and increasing vigilance must inspire fear where no love is. And if Elsass and Lothringen, why not also possibly, in the less pleasant days that may be coming, Kurland and Liefland likewise? To say nothing of Belgium and the low-lying countries with convenient canals and opportune sea-ports, and a language, that is in itself suggestive, for it must be acknowledged that—

'the difference is not much
Between the sound of Deutsch and Dutch.'

Since 1870 the aggregate revenues of the lesser States which compose the German Empire are stated to have increased from 42,000,000*l.* to 54,000,000*l.*, which would appear to proclaim a certain amount of civil prosperity. But the 12,000,000*l.* is absorbed by the additional military burden that has been the consequence of the victorious issue of the Franco-German war. There is an increase of taxation of about 30 per cent. on the old inglorious, easy-going times, and the conquerors have not only to pay largely with their pockets, they pay also in their persons. The limit of age for military service has been suppressed, and now that the glitter of glory is subsiding there are many persons mean-minded enough to repent not only the blood, but the gold it has cost, and will continue to cost, the country. 'If Europe should ever be ruined,' says Montesquieu, 'it will be by her warriors.'

When we speak of the German of the present day, we have all of us, unconsciously, the grand modern prototype in our minds—the man of blood and iron, the Hammer-man, the Thunderer, the Baresark, the Bismarck — the great typical heroic figure, that will go down to future ages colossal, momentous, immortal. He, the greatest, comes home to the smallest, to men's business and bosoms in a special manner; the likeness of him hangs in the humblest hut. But for him Hans and Michel had not laid down their lives in French mire and clay; but for him food were not so dear, nor widows so many, nor wives so few; but for him taxes had not been so rigorous, nor money so scarce. Yet he is the idol of the populace —of that populace which erewhile stoned, lampooned, caricatured, and reviled him; of that populace that was nothing more than mud-seas at his feet on the vast field of the Fatherland.

Now he reigns supreme; the contempt he once showed for them is become the enemy's portion; the people are grown his willing instruments. He has known how to read the signs of the times, to seize the chances of the moment, to wield and to weld; to mould the old order of things into a new order; to root out the republican *rabies*; to crush down the Radical spirit; to grasp the national mind; to hold the nation's heart; to venture, to succeed, to dare, and to do. The national vanity, the popular pride, have been flattered by his miraculous successes; surely a grateful people will foster their hero. Their good old Emperor is well enough, but even *he* had not been but for Bismarck. He, gallant old gentle-

man, has scruples, hesitations, tendernesses of conscience, regrets; is not much other than any private man—him we do not specially care to go out and greet. As for princes, clothed in soft raiment, dwelling in kings' palaces, their name is legion; but this man, *der Einzige*, the only One, unique; his like not again to be seen this side of eternity; a prophet, and more than a prophet—him we will worship, before him we will fall down. A gigantic mass of all that makes Manhood, he carries a high look with him; fire and reality, as well as blood and iron, are in that great figure and big brain. He speaks, and it is as though the king of beasts sent his leonine roar before him through the forests of which he is lord. That orator, erst so eloquent, seems now but froth and fribble. The attempted epigram of the penultimate patriot dwindles into mere spite. Prudence becomes pedantry; warning, the mumblings of blind senile leaders of the blind; threat, the mere futile squeak of peevish incompetence. The little sneers have struck too low, they fall unheeded at his feet; he will not stoop to notice them; let them lie: but from his height, god-like, dæmonic, he will pour forth his lava stream of scathing eloquence, which, by mere attraction of gravitation, reaches its destination in the infinite flats beneath him. This stinging tongue, this arrogant intellect, this ruthless will, this keen daring and restless ambition, what are they but the outcome of the ages? In him you see the typical German; the *guerre*-man, the war-man; the *gar*-man—the whole man; nay, rather a demi-god unfathomable, terrible. There is, in all modern history, no figure

like this figure, no mind like this mind, unless it be the brief apparition of a Mirabeau on a background of unaccomplished destiny. A man for men to fear, for women to love; for, beside that primeval titanic force, there dwells another man in him in strange and striking contrast with the Briareus of the Tribune—a gentle, genial, human-hearted man; witty, winning; loving the soft sound of women's voices, the beauty of bright eyes, the prattle of children, the yellowing woods, the setting sun. A Triton, indeed, but not amongst minnows. 'No great general,' says Froude, 'ever arose out of a nation of cowards, no great statesman out of a nation of fools.' That the mute Moltkes and bashful Bismarcks of the Fatherland are many we may be sure; but history is careful only of the type. Looking at such a man as this, surrounded by such men as these, we, who are but spectators of the drama, are almost tempted, since finite man cannot go on infinitely, to re-echo the prayer of Paracelsus, and cry, 'Make no more giants, God, but elevate the race at once!'

CHAPTER X.

MARRIAGE AND CHILDREN.

'Hail, wedded love!'—*Milton.*

MARRIAGE is surely the golden key to the celestial portals of Liberty. Let us see how it has fared with our young friend since the frolic festival of the *Polterabend.* The marriage itself is, by comparison, but a tame affair. Wedding favours, marriage tours, best man, bridesmaids, lockets, general regardlessness of expense, and *lune de miel*, sacred to seclusion and sentiment, are honoured in the breach rather than in the observance; and where people have not large means, or at least cannot afford these luxuries without inconvenience, we may fairly applaud the practical common sense which decrees that young people in love can be just as happy at home a month sooner as a month later. For the 'great' these post-nuptial extravagances are permissible, for the 'general' they are entirely out of the question. The bride, and not (as with us) the bridegroom, furnishes the house, plate, linen, and all that is requisite for the young couple to set up housekeeping. The gifts that flow in are, generally speaking, of the most moderate, not to say shabby, character; so that the burden and heat of the

day fall upon the parents of the young lady, and if there should be half a dozen daughters the consideration of ways and means is apt to be a rather serious one.

The knot tied, domestic life begins. To choose one's own dresses (subject to marital approval); to have one's coffee as strong as one likes; not to be stinted in sugar; and to go three times a week to the theatre, with appropriate *variations de toilette*; to make oneself, perhaps, renowned as a *Hausfrau*—who would not accept such a fate with the rapture good fortune proverbially excites? And yet—and yet there have been found uncomfortable souls to whom these delights have not sufficed. Of such misguided females let us keep silence; it is ever our duty to represent the best of its type.

'Entre l'arbre et l'écorce,' says the shrewd old French proverb, 'ne mettez pas le doigt.'

We, in England, are accustomed to think that, be her lord and master never so lordly and masterful, a woman reigns, as a rule, supreme in her own house; on matters of domestic detail, be he otherwise never so despotic, he will scarcely presume to speak, nor does his voice, loud enough, perhaps, otherwhere, often make itself heard on questions of household arrangement. Meddling men are altogether exceptional and irregular in English households.

The precise contrary obtains in Germany; the husband is the king, the wife merely the prime minister. He sits in his arm-chair, smoking perennial pipes, and auditing, with all the severity of a Lycurgus, the poor little woman's abject accounts. He knows all about the butter and dripping, swears at excesses in

soap and *Sauerkraut*, is abusive as to fuel, tyrannical as to candles and red herrings, and terrible on eggs and bacon. A woman is no more a mistress of her own house in Germany than you or I (despite the Laureate) are masters of our fate. She is simply an upper servant—nay, of many a gently born and gently bred lady it may be said that the dull drudgery of her life is such as no *upper* servant would endure, such as would be scarcely tolerable to 'the maid that does the meanest chars.' The maid can at least creep into dim obscurity when her hours of work are at an end; but the lady has to clothe herself in such raiment as her station is supposed to demand; and to leave weariness of the flesh and vexation of spirit in the kitchen with the pots and pans. The lady in black silk (really an 'upper servant') who consents to superintend the Browns' gorgeous establishment for the moderate consideration of fifty pounds a year (everything found, and no indelicate enquiries as to perquisites) would scorn to employ herself in the menial manner common to many noble ladies in Germany. Do I not, for instance, remember my neighbour, pretty little Baroness B——, like the maid in the nursery rhyme, standing 'in the garden hanging out the clothes'? Have I not gazed with a tender admiration (of which to this day she is unaware) at Frau von C——'s fair face as I watched her from my window ironing her husband's shirt-fronts all through a blazing afternoon, whilst now and again a diamond-drop would roll from her brow and fall, audibly hissing, on the iron? Have I not seen, with a sadness I dared not show, the indefatigable Hauptmänninn von Z—— baking, boiling,

stewing, pounding, sifting, weighing, peeling, with an energy that positively paralysed me at my post of observation? She would chaffer with the peasants who brought butter and eggs to the kitchen door, cheapening their already miraculously cheap offerings; she would scold the slavey (who, as we know, is no slavey at all), tap her girls smartly on the shoulders, and rap her boys over the knuckles, and never ask for change or rest. Who ate all the good things she compounded? I suppose her husband, a big burly man, with a red face and beery, guttural voice. I could hear him snoring away all the early part of the summer's afternoon (the windows were open towards the garden), when at four o'clock he would cast his *Schlafrock* and *Pantoffeln*, get himself into regimental clothes again, buckle in his big waist, and go swaggering down to his club, ogling every girl and woman he met by the way. I saw the other day that he had been decorated with I know not how many stars and crosses, and had grown into a lieutenant-colonel, and I could not help wondering how it was with his poor little wife, who had been under fire so long; had marched and counter-marched, and come to the front like a gallant little volunteer, always obedient to the word of her superior officer, cheery and uncomplaining. Has she, too, got her slow promotion, and stepped out of the ranks beyond the kitchen range, beyond the whole *batterie de cuisine*, with the order of merit on her faithful, modest little breast? I doubt it. I dare say, if I could look in upon her now, she is still cuffing supplementary boys off to school, lest they should disturb the paternal post-prandial slumbers, and rating the slavey as energetically as ever.

In the households of military men, or in those of the *höhere Beamten*, the womenkind gain little —comparatively little—by the promotion of their lords. No greater independence of action is granted them, no wider sphere or larger interests. Washing-days come round as before; the potatoes have to be peeled, the carrots scraped, and the slavey driven; the stockings to be knitted, the shirt-collars to be ironed, and the eternal locking and unlocking to go on, with very slight modifications, just as it did five, ten, twenty years ago. The master is decorated; he has new titles, becomes more expensive, generally ornamental, and sublime; he goes to the *Ministerium* or the *Kammer*; he sits upon the Bench, or he wrangles in Parliament, or he elaborates the *Kriegspiel*; he comes in contact with men of various shades and colours of opinion; at the club he reads the daily papers and learns how the world wags; he plays whist, goes to the theatre, and, if he have nothing to do, returns home again about nine o'clock. Having discussed, so far as was prudent, all political news at the club, he is hardly likely to begin on the state of the outer world when he finds himself once more in the bosom of his family. Besides, women don't read the newspapers; what is said and done in their infinitesimally small circle is more to them than all the huge disasters of humanity, the *Kaffeeclack* of more significance than kings and *Kaisers* toppling to their ruin, the rumour of a scandal of greater interest than all the vast problems and conflicts of the social and moral universe. And so a little local talk is all that is likely to turn up, and, as it is very local indeed, and has been revolving for the last thirty years

on his, and the last twenty years on her, part (for at five they both knew a fair amount of town-gossip), the conversation is not precisely of a nature to make them forget the time or be heedless of the coals and candles.

We are accustomed to think of Germans that they are a domestic people. The truth is that of domesticities there is enough and to spare; but of domestic life, as we understand it, little or nothing. Beyond eating, drinking, and sleeping under one roof the sexes have little in common. The woman is a slave of the ring; for the wife the baking and brewing, for the husband the cakes and ale; for her the toiling and spinning, for him the beer and skittles; for her the sheep-walk of precedent and the stocking of virtue, for him the paradings and prancings; for her the nippings and screwings, for him the pipings and dancings; for her the dripping-jar and the meal-tub, for him stars and garters, and general gallooning, glitter, and sublimity.

'German marriage,' cries Heine, with one of those outbursts of candour which his offended countrymen have characterised as cynical, 'German marriage is no true marriage. The husband has no wife, but a serving-maid, and he still goes on living his intellectually isolated life even in the midst of his family.'

In a comic paper there appeared the other day, amongst advertisements for things required, but scarcely likely to be met with—

'Wanted, a lady help, with deft fingers, who can open oysters, peel walnuts and prawns, and make toast.'

Now, what some English wag treats as an impossible production German home life offers wholesale to the spectator. The woman is *there* to pick the shrimps, shell the lobsters, and peel the potatoes of her lord and master. What wonder, then, if he be lordly and masterful? His creature comforts are materially increased, and his pocket spared, by the excellent existing arrangements. The *Hausfrau* saves him a servant—indeed, she saves him unknown quantities—by her thrift and labour. She has an interest in the firm, such as no paid hireling could have; she is to the manner born, and knows life under no other aspect; nor does she take it amiss that her spouse swaggers and gambles with the surplus coin that has been retrenched by the cheese-parings and flint-skinnings that habitually exercise her frugal mind.

'After visits and finery,' says Hazlitt, 'a married woman of the old school had nothing to do but to attend to her housewifery. She had no other resource, no other sense of power than to harangue and lord it over her domestics. Modern book education supplies the place of the old-fashioned system of kitchen persecution and eloquence. A well-bred woman now seldom goes into the kitchen to look after servants. Formerly what was called "a good manager" ("she is a priceless *Hausfrau*," writes Goethe of one of his fair friends to another), an exemplary mistress of a family, did nothing but hunt them from morning till night, from one year's end to another, without leaving them a moment's rest, peace, or comfort. Now a servant is left to do her work without this suspicious tormenting interference and fault-finding at every step, and she does it all the better. A woman, from this habit, which at last became an uncontrollable passion, would scold her maids for fifty years together. Now the temptation to read the last new poem or novel, and the necessity of talking of it in the next company she goes into, prevent her, and the benefit to all parties is incalculable.'[1]

That a woman should be her husband's helpmeet

[1] Hazlitt's *Tabletalk.*

as well as his housekeeper; that the noblest union is not one of supreme authority and abject submission; that the wife should 'sway level to her husband's heart;' that she is there not only to sew on his shirt-buttons and darn his socks, but also, if needs be, 'to warn, to comfort, and command;' that her household motions may be light and free, a spirit yet a woman too; and that she may, if she be so willed, come 'at the last to set herself to man like perfect music unto noble words'—is a view of marriage too heretical for any orthodox German lady to entertain. The subjection of woman dates from the Creation, and no new-fangledness shall obliterate the precedent of Paradise.

I remember at an æsthetic tea a quiet and outwardly insignificant little person being called upon by our host (her husband a German gentleman of ancient lineage) to produce some translations which she had made from one or other of the great poets. The verses were put into the hands of a certain Dr. R——, a man whose highest ambition it was, *mirabile dictu*, to edge himself 'any way' into society. He was a person of assured standing and acknowledged merit in his own particular circle; known as a blind Conservative, and as the recipient of several gold medals 'für Kunst und Wissenschaft,' bestowed upon him by various appreciative potentates and Powers for his exertions on their behalf. He was, nevertheless, only there on sufferance; to be tolerated in consideration of prospective usefulness, and treated from that point of view with a faint conciliatory show of shallow cordiality. He was as well behaved as the rest of the company, if his manners were not quite so

easy as theirs ; yet one felt vaguely that he was in, but not of, the 'world' he aspired to frequent.

The verses were read, and soon afterwards the influential editor left the room. A little stir of relief buzzed through the party ; but an old *Hausfreund* taking their host by the arm, led him apart. 'You have committed a mistake, *lieber Freund*,' he said. 'Your wife may have talents, but in your place I would not allow her to have anything in common *mit derer Art Leute* (with that sort of people). They are only to be tolerated on account of their potential political usefulness.' Of course persons with a pedigree are blandly permitted in Germany, as 'royal and noble authors' elsewhere are, to dabble feebly in literature, and not to lose caste by the dabbling. It is a mania like another. But there is a general assumption in the world that is peopled by generals' wives and councillors' spouses that literary fame in a woman is, as Lord Macaulay says, 'a blemish, and a proof that the person who enjoys it is meanly born and out of the pale of good society.'

A woman of declared 'literary' propensities must accept the fate thrust, *nolens volens*, upon her, and sit patiently in that outer court of the Gentiles to which she is indiscriminately relegated together with Arcadians, Bohemians, boon companions, and inferior persons generally. It is, of course, out of the question that she should be a good *Hausfrau*, or that what she has in the place of a mind can be given up to the minutiæ of the storeroom and exigencies of the larder. The fiat has gone forth, and she must console herself with the thought that there is justice in heaven.

In the present instance it will be observed that the lady was in no wise consulted as to her views or feelings on the matter, and it is to be hoped that the blank, expressive silence which fell upon the company on this unexpected revelation may, without the suggested marital coercion, have saved her from further follies of the kind.

I have seen English gentlemen introduced, without due preparation, into strictly German circles made miserable for a whole evening, and finally driven to the verge of distraction, by the gentle, persistent attentions of the ladies of the house. When he realises that he is being waited upon by these fair damsels, the Englishman jumps wildly and apologetically from his chair, stammers out confused and bashful excuses, clutches the cups and platters out of the ministering angel's hand, and subsides, red and ruffled, into his seat. He hopes it will not happen again; he devoutly trusts it is over. But no; scarcely is his complexion recovering its normal hue when another lovely being is 'staying him with flagons, comforting him with apples, bringing him butter in a lordly dish,' or offering sausages at his shrine. Again he bounces out of his seat like an india-rubber ball, again clutches convulsively, apologises, confounds himself in horrible polyglot inarticulate excuses, and subsides exhausted into his chair. He looks round and sees that all the other men are being waited upon; he perceives that it is 'the custom of the country;' that it proceeds, not from the paucity of servants, but from a plenitude of female devotion. If servants were wanting, then surely the men would wait upon the ladies.

He tells himself severely that when at Rome your behaviour should be of the strictest Roman type; he reminds himself that the first condition of good breeding is, that you should implicitly conform to the usages of the society in which you find yourself; he will submit; but when the third and most beautiful daughter of the house presents him with *Häringsalat*, his feelings are altogether too much for him, and entirely overcome his good resolutions. He goes through the same frantic formula again, with the secret impression that he is making a most abject fool of himself, plunges wildly and despairingly at the comestibles, and subsides into a limp and melancholy condition. He is like a bull in a china-shop, the girls think, and they hold firmly to the family crockery and the best glass. 'They are dreadfully restless, *die Engländer*,' said a young cousin to me; 'see how quiet and well-behaved our gentlemen are, and wait for their turn!' This was all the poor chivalrous young Briton got for his pains. Pains! they were tortures, agonies.

Elderly marriages are very rare in Germany, where a wholesome common-sense view of the relationship prevails, and designing elderly spinsters and dangerous elderly-juvenile bachelors are comparatively scarce in society. In Hungary Roman Catholics and members of the Greek Church may marry at almost any age—males over fourteen, females over twelve—whereas Protestants may not marry until the respective ages of eighteen and fifteen. In Austria persons under twenty-four are minors, and must have the consent of parents to enter the marriage state. In Bavaria the laws vary considerably with the districts:

in one the limit of valid marriage has been fixed at fourteen and twelve; in another at eighteen and fourteen; in a third at eighteen and fifteen. Soldiers are not allowed to marry under thirty years of age. In Hesse Darmstadt the law of 1852 required that every man should have reached the age of twenty-five before he ventured on the *rôle* of a Benedick; but in 1868 the rule was modified, and marriage became legal at twenty-one years of age. Even when the legal age is attained the consent of parents and guardians is indispensable. Runaway matches are, therefore, impossible, and much after misery is, no doubt, thus avoided; but none the less, strange complications, not here to be entered upon, sometimes arise.

Reference has already been made to the extraordinary apathy that prevails in matters sanitary throughout the Fatherland. The same obtuseness obtains with regard to all that concerns health, well-being, and happiness, if under happiness we include that first condition of the *mens sana in corpore sano*. Not only does the physical education of their women tend in the wrong direction, but all that influences and determines marriage confirms and adds to foregone blunders.

In the upper classes marriage is determined, if not chiefly, yet perhaps decisively, by means. It is part of that peculiar prosaic, practical (and yet how fatally unpractical) programme which seems the law of the modern German nature—that money, if in a family, shall not be allowed to go out of it. Hence, both in the case of gold and lands, marriages and intermar-

riages go on generation after generation, the relationships growing ever nearer and nearer, more and more confused, and the results, as may be readily imagined, ever more and more disastrous. In no other country does one meet with the same number of goitrous throats, scarred necks, spinal diseases, bad teeth, and generally defective bone-structure as in Germany.

No hesitation is felt in speaking openly on matters that one might, without hypocrisy, be justified in hiding under any available bushel. 'Who is that frightfully disfigured person?' asked my neighbour, a brilliant young lieutenant of hussars, at a family dinner. 'Ich leide sehr an Skrofeln,' said the young lady in question on the other side of me, speaking in the same level, unemotional tone that she might have used in asking me to pass the salt. Alas! she had no need to tell the terrible tale; but in a week, neither more nor less, she was engaged to the critical lieutenant (he was over head and ears in debt), who, though he had not been too delicate to sneer at her defects, was not slow to discover that the *beaux yeux de sa cassette* made up for a want of eyelashes, and that sixty thousand *Thaler* covered a multitude of sins.

In another family, where cousins had intermarried with cousins apparently since the Flood, the sole heir to a vast property was a delicate, spineless boy, a child whose bones had a cruel tendency to work through the skin, and so to slough away to the agony of the little sufferer. It was not possible that he should live, and when, after twelve years of terrible existence, death came and mercifully set him free at

last, the childless father, looking round, picked out another cousin, took her to wife, and lived to have three more children, whereof two were grievously afflicted in mind and body, but the third, a hectic boy, survived to inherit the estate.

In another family, where the estates were considerable, and where the same immemorial marriage customs between near relatives had obtained (uncles marry their nieces in Germany), the representatives at last dwindled down to five. The son and heir blew his brains out; the second daughter drowned herself; the third daughter became a confirmed hypochondriac; the second son, tormented with a terrible complaint (*Flechte*), akin to the leprosy of the ancients, after washing in all the waters that the wells of Germany afforded, unable to find, even in religion and good works, the consolation he sought, put an end to his miserable existence. Only the eldest daughter remained. The estates went in the male line, and devolved upon a distant cousin, a mere *Namensvetter*, she said; but the old feeling prevailed: it was a pity to take her fortune away from the name, and when the *Namensvetter* proposed he was accepted. I saw her some years later; she was a widow with one idiot child. There seems to be a strange insensibility to all physical defects—to all the long train of terrible consequences which these grievous inherited maladies bring with them, where interested motives counsel a prudent shortness of sight. The geographical position of Germany has hitherto been a bar to any appreciable fusion of blood or mixture of races in her population; the few French and English who find themselves

settled in German towns are, for the most part, too poor to tempt the natives into matrimony (remember that *Caution* of fifteen thousand *Thaler*).

In commercial towns, where there is more *Verkehr*, the money is chiefly in the hands of Jews; and a German Jew is doubly bound to justify his origin. The money-bags will be kept in the family. Even in smaller towns and villages it is not the custom, as with us, for the young people to seek their fortune at a distance. *Heimweh*, the *mal du pays* of the Swiss, overcomes the wanderer who passes even into the next State (as from Devonshire into Cornwall), and a dozen droll remedies are prescribed by the old wives for this troublesome form of disease, under the influence of which the sufferer not unfrequently takes to her bed, and seeks solace in gnawing an old crust (*Weineknust*) which she has brought from the last loaf baked at home, and which is supposed to be an infallible remedy.

The frightful goitres which one sees in the Tyrol, and which science attributes to drinking water that flows over dolomitic rocks, and ignorance lays at the door of snow-water, whilst the heavy weights the peasants carry on their heads are supposed by others to develope this hideous form of throat disease, are perhaps due not less to the fact of the goitrous marrying the goitrous, gazing upon the goitrous, and living in a goitrous atmosphere from time immemorial, than to any other remote causes assigned by science. It is no blemish or defect to eyes that are used to it; the man or girl who leaves the village will return to settle there, and marry the lover left behind, and so the ghastly disease is perpetuated and general complacency prevails.

The same may be said with regard to the awfully afflicted cretins, who startle and horrify one in all these mountain villages. Where nature is so beautiful and grand the shock is almost unendurable when the eye falls on a row, say, of three or four of these blurred, deformed, and degraded specimens of humanity sitting ranged upon a wall, their gnome-like figures, ungainly limbs, and awfully imbecile countenances striking dismay into your very soul. Deficient as they are in understanding, they yet know how to beg, and will slip down from the wall with a weird agility for which you had not given them credit, and come clamouring round the carriage with hideous gibberings and ghastly inarticulate utterances. The first time such a sight presented itself to me I turned away with a sense of sickening disgust. 'Fie!' said a pretty German friend; 'have they not as much right to God's dear sunshine as we?' The words were so gentle that for a moment I felt abashed; but the next common sense rejected the soft optimism. It was false sentiment after all, for the unhappy, loathly creatures could have enjoyed 'God's dear sunshine' just as well where they would not have outraged that reverence for the image of the Maker which causes us all instinctively to turn away from an animal out of which the God-like, the Divine, has so awfully and so mysteriously disappeared. It seemed to me that the police, who were employed in coercing us as to our *Pässe* and *Scheine*, would have been far better and more practically engaged if they had taken the helpless, hideous gang of moppers and mowers under their charge, and conducted them to a place of safety remote from the king's highway.

But such afflicted beings are a source of considerable income to their parents and guardians. A hasty impulse causes the traveller to plunge his hand into his pocket for coin: a false benevolence, a sense of the awful infinite chasm between them and their surroundings, makes his strength and health and wandering so many reproaches to him; again, the desire to get rid of this awful blot on so fair a creation, an uneasiness at their very presence, produces willing specie from the depth of his garments; unless, indeed, he be of the placid frame of my pretty Bertha, who wished them to enjoy 'God's dear sunshine,' but did not further that inexpensive entertainment by any reckless profusion of coin.

Nor is it remarkable (though science disputes the influence of such painful phenomena on coming generations) that, with the sight of these poor afflicted beings ever before their eyes, and the knowledge that they are fertile sources of gain to their families, the inhabitants of these regions are equal to the occasion, and that the race does not die out nor the supply fail.

Let us return to the sheepfold of ordinary home life.

After a year's matrimony comes the customary baby.

A German baby is a piteous object; it is pinioned and bound up, like a mummy, in yards of bandages, which are unfolded once (at the outside twice) a day; it is never 'bathed,' but I suppose is sometimes washed after some occult manner. Its head is never touched with soap and water until it is eight or ten months

old, when the thick skull-cap of encrusted dirt that it has by that time obtained is removed by the application of various unguents.

Many German ladies have assured me that the fine heads of hair one sees in Germany are entirely owing to this unsavoury skull-cap. When, having some juvenile relatives staying with me, I insisted on their being 'tubbed,' all my female friends were shocked at my ignorance and wilfulness, and assured me that it was entirely owing to our barbaric bath-system that the King of Hanover had lost his sight. 'My friends, we are not all blind,' I said; and then they were silenced, if not convinced.

To this terrible system of bandaging and carrying the child in a peculiar fashion wrapped in a mantle, that is partly slung round the hips of the bearer, something after the fashion prevailing amongst Indian squaws, may be attributed in a great degree the number of curved spines, crooked shoulders, and abnormal developments we meet with in Germany. Yet, strange to say, 'rickets,' a disease only known with us amongst the poor, who cannot afford the time themselves or pay others to nurse their children properly, goes by the name of *Englische Krankheit.*

The baby being born and swathed up, now gets a huge peasant girl *in loco parentis.* A mummy is not a thing to fondle, nor is a little stiff bundle of humanity (which you might stand up on end in the corner of the room without detriment to its sumptuary arrangements) an object on which to lavish caresses.

Thus the young mother is scarcely a mother at

all, the maternal functions being delegated to another. The baby does not lie on the floor or crawl to the hearth-rug, crowing and kicking and curling its pink toes, trampling with its chubby legs, and fighting with its mottled arms, 'as one that beateth the air.' It does not swarm up and about its mother's neck and bosom, finding its little life and all its tiny pleasures in her arms; it does not fall at length into a slumber of rosy repletion, and with its mouth open, snoosily satisfied, rejoice its mother's eyes for the beautiful little animal that it is.

No, it is out walking, tied to a feather bed, and accompanied by a tall soldier, the father of its poor little foster brother or sister, which is to grow up as it can. It comes in presently and is taken to its mamma to kiss; but its real mother, the mother that fosters and feeds it, soon carries it away again, and resumes all the privileges of true maternity for the rest of the day. The lady might as well be its aunt —'only that, and nothing more.'

We have already glanced at the lives of the little men and women that we have seen trotting to and fro between home and school. The charming institution of a 'nursery,' as we understand it, is scarcely known in Germany; certainly only known in the houses of the very rich. The children eat and drink in the common *Wohnstube*, and swarm generally over the premises in their hours of freedom. There will, perhaps, be a dull and dismal apartment, called the *Kinderstube*, whither the stalwart *Amme* will retire to dangle-cub the last hope of the Katzekopfs; but all the comfortable nursery arrangements so dear to the

heart of the British matron, the unflinching tubbings and scrubbings, and systematic, undeviating regularity of all that can contribute to the comfort and cleanliness of child-life, are not to be thought of.

To the ordinary English mind the idea of the *Hausmutter* is such as the charming German wood engravings so pleasantly convey. It is in this humble domestic attitude that the poets and painters of the Fatherland have sent her out into the world; as Schiller has represented her sitting amidst her sturdy *Knaben und Mädchen*, spinning and winning, filling and willing, with presses o'erflowing and stores ever-growing; the house-mother, a humble Western replica of Solomon's great Oriental picture. It is very right and wise that she should be thus depicted. The artistic spirit has seized the quaint homeliness, the pleasant busy-ness, the simple poetry, and wholesome prose of her existence. But who knows anything of the middle or upper class mothers of Germany? We have glanced in pity rather than in blame at the inability of most mothers to undertake the primary duty of maternity; but are not the duties which, instead of lasting over a few months, extend over long years, patiently and punctually performed by them? I have often gazed with wistful eyes at the plain, plodding, pathetic patience of such mothers. Maternal pelicans prevail largely all over the world; but the German mother does not only pluck the feathers from her breast, and stand an emblem of bleeding maternal piety before us. She does more. She—I know no other phrase that expresses what I mean—she 'effaces' herself.

She loses vanity, self-care, and all feminine weaknesses for the sake of her offspring. The money saved does not go to buy her delicate laces wherewith to soften the cruel lines that time has drawn about her neck and brows; it is spent in fresh ball-dresses for her girls. No charming elderly coquetries make her picturesque or graceful. Bertha and Jertha want new hats; her gown is ill cut, her shoes are appalling, her trimmings are disastrous; she is altogether dowdy, dingy, and 'common'-looking, for the young people must have their day, and the General's temper is so short, she dare not ask him for more money; and, as for her, what does it matter? Who will look at her or care what she wears? And in the same enduring mood she sits in ungraceful garments long hours at balls, or tramps after her offspring at picnics, bound ever to keep the betrothed vigilantly in her eye, knowing no rest and expecting no thanks. Indeed, it is this simple, unconscious unselfishness that gives her a glory not otherwise her own, and makes one's heart warm towards her plain, hard face.

Such persevering, scrupulous economy commands our respect and admiration. A loving wife will bear her part cheerfully so long as the heat and burden of the day be equally borne. No true woman will lament over the dinner of herbs so long as the love be there. But where the sacrifices are all on one side, and the indulgences all on the other; when the man presents a splendid front to the world, and the woman drudges away her days in sordid details, the spectator is apt to be wroth at the injustice of her situation, and to let his indignation vex him as a thing that is

raw. For the country that invented the *Ewigweibliche* this narrow view of 'woman's sphere' is, to say the least of it, a little paltry; and the Quixotic spectator would prefer less magniloquent words, and more liberal deeds in the place of them.

It has been made a matter of reproach to German women that they are, outside of their own personal affairs, incapable of enthusiasm. That they *are* capable of little ejaculatory shrieks and spasmodic adjectives is conceded, and how should more be expected or required of them? Ground down by sordid details, living as though perennial war-prices were an unalterable condition of things, inspired by that dreary 'carefulness about many things' that seems to her the normal law of her being, how should the oppressed *Hausfrau* be very enthusiastic on large outside questions? And when you add famine prices to those of war, increased and ever-increasing taxation, higher house-rent, nipping economies, is it any wonder if the iron of the *res angusta domi* enters into her soul, causing it to cleave to the dust, and her body to the ground? Every item of household expenditure is reckoned by the husband at its minimum cost, and no margin is left for the little feminine fleshly weaknesses in the matter of humble charities or modest finery. He knows so well the cost of everything, reckoning it at its cheapest, that she cannot (despite her culinary abilities) 'cook' her little household accounts. Is this a state of things likely to take a woman out of herself, and make her enthusiastic for the glory of the Fatherland? She has given uncomplainingly her husband, her sons, her brothers; and she has her

reward in a united Germany, in gaps in the family circle and black gowns on the family clothes-pegs. She trembles at wars and rumours of wars; what is material in her shrinks from further and crueller economies; what is spiritual in her shudders at the thought of fresh sacrifice, and weeps—weeps tears of blood, it may be, remembering past bereavements.

Yet, should you venture to let your pity become vocal, she will fly at your throat, true woman as she is, hug her chains the tighter, and call upon you loudly to witness the rapture of those huggings. You will be in the usual enviable position of the unwary sympathiser who enters into matrimonial differences. The couple will reappear shortly enlaced lovingly in intertwining arms, and politely ignore your existence. Such is gratitude; but I, who love those gentle German ladies, will not heed their cold looks, if my words may haply, against their will, do them service. 'Entre l'arbre et l'écorce ne mettez pas le doigt.' A better state of things can only be brought about by German men. German women can and will do nothing for themselves. But the stronger sex should remember that if they are also the 'superior,' it is only because they have from their youth up enjoyed superior advantages; that the real civilisation of a country may be estimated by the deference and tenderness shown to its women; that marriage means something more than a commercial arrangement and increased creature comforts, and that a firm and manly hand may lift, if it will, the meek and feeble and apparently insignificant wife to a noble equality at the husband's side. The change

must come about by concession, not by rebellion. A generous, cheerful, heartfelt encouragement must animate the words that shall exhort the woman to more independent action, and spur her on to a wider grasp of life and more liberal views than have hitherto been hers. The man only can—

'on Germania's mighty forehead place
The absent touch of glory and of grace.'

And indeed this branch of my subject cannot be more fitly closed than by a few lines from that 'Ode to the Teuton Women' whereof a verse already stands on the title-page of this volume:—

'Meek Teuton Woman, thou hast borne too long
The chain to know its weight or own its wrong,
And lov'st it for those reliquary flowers
Which dropt from off it in the early hours.

* * * * * * *

'It is not that your women voices fail
From out the chorus that the nations hail,
Or that the wavering notes they dare to raise
Are sometimes false for lack of heartening praise.

'It is that by the hearth the woman's share
In man is but a partnership of care,
Which leaves her standing with her pinions furled
Upon the threshold of his higher world.

'It is that by her lord she still is thrust
A pining Cinderella in the dust
Of household toil, while on his spirits fall
The magic and the music of the ball.'

* * * * * * *

German physicians will tell you, with jeremiads prolonged and sonorous, that the women of their country—the women of the upper classes, that is—

are totally unfitted for the fatigues and duties of maternity. By inheritance, by education, by prejudice, by continued intermarriages, by defective diet, poor nourishment, horror of exercise, hatred of fresh air and cold water, the German lady has persistently enervated herself from generation to generation. 'Look at our prettiest girls,' cried an eminent physician to me; 'they are like those flowers that bloom their brief hour, fade, and fall, to make room for fresh blossoms, who, in turn, will bloom, fade, and fall also. They are all *bleichsüchtig*; they cannot fulfil the functions that nature intended every mother should fulfil—not one here or there, but all; they have no constitution, no stamina, no nerve, no *physique*, no *race*.' The type is indistinct and blurred, marred by certain constitutional defects that you point out to them in vain; there is a want of lime deposit in the bone system, hence the terrible teeth that mark a German woman's nationality nine times out of ten. How can they have 'pluck' and nerve, and sound firm flesh, strong muscle, and healthy bone, if they have no fresh air, no regular exercise, no proper nourishment, and, above all, no desire to change, alter, or amend the order of their unhealthy lives? For with *them* the question of reform in matters hygienic principally lies; but they turn a deaf ear to warning, think they are more comfortable *as* they are, and don't disguise the impatience they feel at our professional pratings.

'But perhaps it doesn't matter so very much, apart from individual comfort; for look at your men, what a stalwart race they are.'

'That is true; the man's education helps him over the stumbling-block of inherited maladies; he nourishes himself well, lives in the open air, and assimilates his food. For the rest, a man's neck and shoulders are not bared; and if he loses his teeth, provident nature hides the gaps by an opportune moustache. 'No!' cried the hopeless reformer; 'if ever reform be feasible, it will be feasible only through German women themselves, and no German woman will ever see it, and to no other woman would they for a moment consent to listen!'

I shall be asked, Are German women never pretty, then?

German girls are often charmingly pretty, with dazzling complexions, abundant beautiful hair, and clear, lovely eyes; but the splendid matron, the sound, healthy, well-developed woman, who has lost no grain of beauty and yet gained a certain magnificent maturity, such as we in England see daily, with daughters who might well be her younger sisters—of such women the Fatherland has few specimens to show.

The 'pale, unripened beauties of the North' do not ripen; they fade. 'The style is the man,' says Buffon; and what style is to literature, taste to dress, and refinement to manners, distinction is to beauty. There must be a certain line, certain proportions, a healthy development, a harmony, grace and strength, before we can acknowledge that a greater than the mere passing prettiness of youth, freshness, and good looks is there.

Polish, Hungarian, and Austrian women, whom we in a general, inconclusive way are apt to class

as Germans, are 'beautiful exceedingly;' but here we come upon another race, or rather such a fusion of other races as may help to contribute to the charming result. Polish ladies have a special, vivid, delicate, spirited, haunting loveliness, with grace, distinction, and elegance in their limbs and features that is all their own; you cannot call them fragile, but they are of so fine a fibre, and so delicate a colouring, that they only just escape that apprehension. Of Polish and Hungarian *pur sang* there is little to be found; women of the latter race are of a more robust and substantial build, with dark hair and complexion, fine flashing eyes, and pronounced type; and who that remembers the women of Linz and Vienna will refuse them a first prize? They possess a special beauty of their own, a beauty which is rare in even the loveliest Englishwoman; rare, indeed, and exceptional everywhere else; a beauty that the artist eye appreciates with a feeling of delight. They have the most delicately articulated joints of any women in the world. The juncture of the hand and wrist, of foot and ankle, of the *nuque* with the back and shoulders, is what our neighbours would call 'adorable.' But alas that it should be so! The full, gracious figures—types at once of strength and elegance—the supple, slender waists, the dainty little wrists and hands, become all too soon hopelessly fat, from the persistent idleness and luxury of the nerveless, unoccupied lives of these graceful ladies.

But marriage, interesting as it may be from a personal point of view, means more than this. It means, from the politico-economical standpoint, population,

and, Malthus notwithstanding, within certain limits, national prosperity. We have seen the lets and hindrances, the just causes and impediments, that make marriage in Germany a matter of difficulty; these are so manifold and multiform that it has become a jesting habit of speech to say, before the knot can be tied, a man must produce not only his baptism and confirmation *Scheine*, but vaccination, chicken-pox, nettle-rash, and every other sort of certificate, to prove that he has passed through those unavoidable forms of infantile suffering to which even the sturdy German flesh is heir. In fact, the restrictions laid upon the holy estate are as numerous as though it were a state of vice rather than a state of virtue.

The latest statistics tell us that marriage, which is reckoned at thirty-nine per cent. in England, and at thirty per cent. in Ireland, only reaches nineteen per cent. in Germany, and some uneasiness is felt in the Fatherland at the manifest signs of a decreasing population.

The subject is one to claim the gravest consideration of her busy legislators. The hatred of compulsory conscription, a hatred which the late wars have now and again fanned almost into frenzy, produces a serious efflux of population. Hans Michel turns restive, escapes to convenient neutral ground, evades conscription, and in America or Australia is free to marry, to become a house-father and prosperous citizen.

From the three German ports of Hamburgh, Bremen, and Stettin during the year 1873, 134,191 persons embarked; in 1874 the number of emigrants

fell to 75,502, and in 1875 there was a still greater reduction, as only 56,289 were registered.

The returns of the last census show that, in Prussia proper, the decrease of population is little short of alarming. Between 1861–64 there was an increase of 8,409; but between 1864–67 there was a decrease of 12,922, and between 1867–71 of 56,440. Allowing for the loss of life in the last two wars, and for the Prussian soldiers quartered in France at the time of the census, the loss of population in ten years amounts to 52,000. And as these figures are derived from authentic German sources, it is only fair to presume that they are approximately correct.[1]

After witnessing the obstructive regulations restricting persons from entering upon the married state, a certain blank wonder falls on the mind of the outsider when he recognises, on the other hand, the fact that the knot, so difficult to tie, can be loosed with extraordinary ease. In some districts the most astounding laxity exists on this point. Marriage may be said to be a mere legalised temporary arrangement, where every facility is given to divorce.

Mutual dislike, family quarrels, almost any trivial pretext, is admitted by the Prussian law as *sufficient* cause for the dissolution of matrimony. For instance, par. 57 of the *Ehepatent*, which is still in use in Prussia, says—

[1] Since the above was written it is stated that the *uncorrected* returns of the new census show a slight increase (but an increase, it must be remembered, on an enormous decrease) of population in almost every part of the new Empire, if we except Metz, which has lost 10,000 inhabitants since the annexation. It is quite impossible that Elsass and Lothringen can be up to their former mark.

'*Thirdly, we do permit a severance of the conjugal tie when between the wedded parties a rooted enmity doth exist* (Hauptfeindschaft), *or if an insuperable dislike* (unüberwindliche Abneigung) *shall have arisen and both parties demand divorce.*'

The pastor of the parish, as a mere formality, admonishes such couples that they must agree; the ecclesiastical court does the same; the one or the other, or both, remain obdurate (*unversöhnlich*), and in due course the marriage is dissolved. In the case of 'one or the other party' opposing the separation out of 'malice prepense,' the court reserves to itself the right to grant the application, in spite of the opposing party, provided it find the petition '*billig*' (just).

The bonds that required fifteen thousand *Thaler* before they could be recognised as authentic, the chains that called for such assiduity in forging, are slipped with the calmest and most careless ease, should any motive sufficiently strong arise to suggest the desirability of such slippings. There need be nothing very scandalous or exceptional in the case. Alexander unsheaths his sword; 'Our tempers are incompatible,' he says; a swirl, a swing, and a slash, and the Gordian knot is severed. Adelheid discovers an elective affinity with the sympathetic soul of her husband's *Jugendfreund*, whose manners and moustache are more congenial to her fastidious sensibilities than those of her lawful spouse. 'Bring the fateful scissors,' she sighs faintly to the three old immemorial ladies in waiting. Snip, snap—the uncongenial bonds are severed in a second! The matter creates gossip, or rather confirms it, but can scarcely be said to provoke scandal; it is less than a nine days' wonder—indeed, it is no wonder at all—and a lenient

society prudently abstains from judgment. It is said that divorce is nowadays looked at askance from high places, the official tone of the Prussian Court being ostentatiously correct on matters domestic (witness the now historic 'Dear Augusta' telegrams of sanguinary memory); but the elasticity of German views on such points is not likely to be materially affected by a stern masquerade in the interests of morality, and socially the parties concerned suffer no injury whatever.

We have glanced in a former chapter at the extraordinary license that illustrates German society of an earlier epoch. The histories and biographies of that and subsequent times are filled with unedifying examples; we see a King of Prussia with four 'legal' spouses, a preposterous formula of approbation and consent being wrung from each retiring lady in turn. Royal and Serene persons present a no more dignified aspect in matters matrimonial than the courtiers, statesmen, and whole cluster of irritable geniuses by whom they are surrounded. The husband faithful to one wife, and the wife faithful to one husband, are the exceptions, not the rule; no scruple was felt by an 'incompatible' pair in speaking freely of the desirability of a dissolution of partnership. Why they should have gone through successive marriage ceremonies is the chief mystery; but the honourable thing was to confide your *penchant* to the wife or husband of your bosom, receive his or her confidence in return, exchange benisons, and go on the flowery way of freedom rejoicing. The mark of such morals is stamped plainly on the very front of German

society. The matter is generally felt to be one that concerns only the chief actors in it. You do not meddle when a man buys a house, lets a farm, changes his banker, or dissolves partnership; a sociable acceptance of accomplished facts, an abstention from any unnecessarily severe criticism, a stretching out of the elastic mantle of charity, which covereth a multitude of sins, is supposed to be the appropriate tone. Any other would savour of surperfluous and malignant hypocrisy. You are not to judge, lest your turn come to be judged also; be cautious how you throw the invidious stone; besides, why disturb the merriment in hall, and dash the general beard-waggings, by your stilted niceties of objection? Toleration is our first duty to our neighbour, and to *afficher* such supersqueamishness is simply to sin against good-fellowship. The mantle of Cato has fallen in vain on your censorious shoulders, and 'private judgment' cannot be allowed to meddle with private matters.

To persons who have lived long in Germany the examples of spouses who have dissolved their union. and after years of estrangement have been remarried, cannot be altogether unfamiliar. The writer remembers a case of two brothers marrying two sisters (they were from the German provinces of Russia), changing partners, and on death removing one of the husbands and one of the wives, the original pair (now widowed) were for the second time united in the holy bonds of matrimony. It is quite true that the case was exceptional, but it was told with infinite cackling delight and amusement by an admiring circle of indulgent friends.

In the family of the writer a great-uncle seemed to have reached the acme of skilled practice in this matter of the dissolution of matrimony. He sat down every evening of his life to play a rubber of whist with his three divorced wives; they 'cut for partners, shuffled, and talked of tricks and honours' with all the gay philosophy of folks for whom words had no meaning and facts no moral. No one bore animcsity to anybody else; the three ladies had all tried their hand at it, but they had held bad cards; the luck was against them, and they each successively threw up the game and awoke to the conviction that their terrible old general (he was a Waterloo man) was much more practicable as a partner at the card-table than as a companion for life. It was merely a matter of mutual accommodation; there was no ill-will and no resentment; the arrangement was conducted in the most business-like and least emotional manner imaginable, and the result proved to be eminently satisfactory to all parties.

The subject of marriage cannot be dismissed without a brief glance at that supreme sham called the 'morganatic' marriage — a miserable, shuffling compromise, supposed to have been invented for the preservation of youthful royalties from matrimonial indiscretions. Nine times out of ten a morganatic marriage means the left-handed infatuation of a grand duke for a ballet-dancer, but not always; and the English mind is apt to feel intense disgust when an English duke's daughter marries a small Serenity, and is not allowed to go to Court in her husband's name. Nor can we admire the position when a

remote prince of the blood, marrying a lady of most ancient lineage, brings the 'bar sinister' into the coat of arms of his children. No matter that the mother was noble; she ought to have been royal. Fidelity, purity, and truth avail nothing; her children cannot inherit their father's styles and titles; other titles and styles must be invented for them. According to the gospel of heralds' offices, and the jargon of ceremonials, they are not officially recognisable. Neither is it a very pleasant spectacle when a poor young princelet, insignificant among insignificancies, marrying modestly, with his only available hand, the maiden of his choice, is snatched from the hearth that was bright, and the home that was vocal with shrill piping trebles, to give the legal dexter palm to the princess whom fate imposes on his obscure royalty. The sinister union is at an end; it is in vain that the illegal left hand is bedewed with loving faithful tears and clasped with close-clinging kisses; he waves it in the wild despair of final farewell, and the curtain falls on the poor little domestic drama, to rise on one where only right hands count and hearts are not included in the bargain.

[Several passages in Chapters VIII. and X. have been reprinted, by the kind permission of Messrs. Smith, Elder, and Co., from an article on 'Female Education' in the *Cornhill Magazine*.]

CHAPTER XI.

RELIGION.

'The first condition of human goodness is something to love; the second, something to reverence.'—*George Eliot.*

'A MAN'S religion,' says Mr. Carlyle, 'is the chief fact with regard to him—a man's or a nation of men's;' and he goes on to add that he does not thereby mean the thing the man outwardly professes, but the thing which '*he practically lays to heart.*' The cycle of German home life can scarcely be considered complete without some reference to that 'chief fact' with regard to all life—religion.

And firstly, to speak of the social aspects of German Protestantism, we may say at once that the Protestant religion in Germany is a dead letter; dust and dry bones; a State name for an effete institution, which has not vitality enough to fight its own battles, and which, before long, must die the final death. It is without any material influence on the masses of the people; it excites the pity of the gentle and the scorn of the profane. Originally an elastic quantity, it has stretched beyond the power of contraction. Neither Evangelical congresses nor Protestant synods can consolidate it. The very links that bound it to the things 'protested against' are broken. It has ceased to have any distinctive entity of its own; it has had

its day, and that day is done. To speak the simple truth plainly, the Christianity of to-day, call it by what name you will, is inodorous in the nostrils of the enlightened German; it is to him what primitive Christianity was to the ancient Jews—a stumbling-block; what it was to the intellectual Greeks—foolishness. He himself uses no hypocrisy on this point, nor does he desire that any should be used on his account. Hypocrisy is not the tribute that Reason should pay to Faith. It behoves Reason to speak out boldly and not to be ashamed. Let her light shine abroad and illumine the world, making dark places clear. He broadly divides 'believers' into two groups, and leaves you to take your choice. There is the man who believes through *Naïvetät* (the simple, feeble, unthinking, uncultured man, that is); and there is the hypocrite, who uses religion as a sort of social cloak to his own private ends—the garment of respectability, the staff of the smug Philistine, the broken reed of the feeble-minded. You must take your choice btween knavery and foolery. Of sincerity, enthusiasm, or conviction your friend admits no possibility; he waves you aside with the calm, pitying smile of a philosophy hitherto undreamt of by you. You feel that the argument is at an end, and that you have been presumptuous. Yours is an ignorant worship. Milk is for babes, and strong meat for men. Go home and read Kant, and Fichte, and Schelling, and Hegel, and Schopenhauer, and rise up and say your grace, and be thankful for the larger satisfaction that has come to your soul.

It requires some courage nowadays for a man or

woman to confess in Germany that he or she 'practically lays to heart' the things of Christianity. To do so is to confess mental inferiority, perhaps even to provoke the charge of snuffling hypocrisy, for the (so-called) professors of which derision has invented the terms *Mucker* and *Pietist.*

That such a state of things is not a matter of opinion ('for which let whoso will worry and be worried'), but a matter of fact, the writer is presently prepared to prove. That there are both men and women of sincere religious convictions in Germany is not to be denied. They form a small, an almost infinitesimally small (if respectable), minority, and can scarcely be said to weigh in the balance.

For the present, avoiding anything like theology or dogma, we will confine ourselves to the consideration of the more superficial aspects of German Protestantism.

When the Protestant Inquisition was instituted (to fill up a blank in the political game) at Berlin, great Protestant meetings were held in London, and Evangelical deputations scampered with Bibles to Berlin, to lay them at the feet of Prince Bismarck. Prince Bismarck, having seen many curious things in the course of his career, was duly grateful for the Bibles and diplomatically courteous in his utterances. The German newspapers knew better than to turn the thing into ridicule; private opinion exploded in harmless laughter behind closed doors—'The simplicity of these English! the folly of them, and their enthusiasms and beliefs!' Nevertheless, as it suited Berlin at the moment to irritate the Vatican, let the

obsolete books be accepted without any outward or visible sign of the inward, infinite laughter which the 'well-meant offering' had provoked.

To those energetic members of the Evangelical Alliance who first rushed to public halls in London to register their admiration of Prince Bismarck's ecclesiastical polity, and then in a fervour of fussiness flung themselves into express trains that their blessings might become vocal in Berlin, the real bearing of the Falk laws, the true significance of what was being enacted, was a dead letter. They only saw in the excitement that prevailed a vast Protestant demonstration, whereas the political side of the matter was what chiefly occupied the legislators of the Empire. How little 'religion' has profited by those laws our 'Evangelical' friends may gather from the fact that when the Falk laws were passed civil marriage and civil registry, except in the Rhine province, had not been introduced into Prussia. The Church was still the sole agent with regard to the three most important events in every man's or woman's life—namely, birth, marriage, and death. Now civil marriage and civil registry are legal throughout the country; the lower classes everywhere avail themselves largely of the license thus offered them, and so another of the moorings between the Church and the people is cut away.

Now, it is the distinctive feature of the English 'Evangelical' (party names are offensive, but we use the term for purposes of classification) that he only believes in the efficacy of prayers and preachments on the 'Sabbath,' as he still persists in calling the first

day of the week. He puts all his religion into one day; and to the ordinary weaker sort of flesh this concentration of piety is somewhat grievous. You must not read anything lighter than a tract; you must not write letters; you may not walk with your friends talking pleasant, pure, profane talk by the way; gay, innocent laughter must not re-echo from your garden, though only a happy family group be sitting there, and little children dominate the scene. What would the gentlemen of the Evangelical Alliance say if they could see the Sunday 'recreations of a (German) country parson'? or, for that matter, of a town parson either? His servants are at their *Tanzkränzchen*, his daughters at a coffee party, his sons gone to see a great *Volkstück* at the theatre. Sunday was the day that the ex-King of Hanover always chose for giving his Court balls (it is *tant soit peu bourgeois* to go to the theatre on Sunday), and the late British Minister applied to Lord Palmerston to know what he could, should, or might do, as it troubled his conscience to appear at these frivolous festivities. He had hitherto, he said, compromised matters, and diplomatically reconciled the claims of this world with those of the next by putting in a mere passing appearance at the King's balls, and retiring almost immediately. Lord Palmerston counselled him to continue the ingenious compromise. The thing got wind, and was received with shouts of laughter. The conscientious diplomate was set down as a *tartufe*. King George was always looked upon as a deeply religious monarch. His enemies called him a *Pietist*.

There is no difference between a German Catholic

and a German Protestant Sunday except this:—The Protestant rarely puts foot inside a church, while the Catholic begins the day with some show of respect for his religion. The Protestant systematically ignores religion altogether, and simply regards the day with favour because it allows a wider margin for secular satisfactions—for more beer and more skittles, jauntings farther afield, beer-gardening, theatre-going, and booth-dancing generally. Many of my readers will say this is not to be condemned; neither do I condemn it. My *métier* is to register facts, not to record opinions. Only such facts as these, were they but generally known, might possibly tend to temper that Evangelical enthusiasm which went so far out of its way to let the light of its countenance shine on the pseudo-Prusso-Protestantism of Berlin.

The first thing that shocks the reverent English ear in German social circles is the continual use or abuse of sacred names. Persons who would not for a moment suffer you to speak of God seriously, take His name in vain on every trivial occasion. The free-thinker, through the illogical tyranny of habit, breaks the third commandment quite as frequently as (but not more frequently than) his professed Protestant companion. He invokes the God in whom he does not believe, after the most unphilosophic, as his friend does after the most irreverent, fashion, neither, from the force of custom, knowing what he does. In the families of the clergy no less than in those of the laity the most trivial circumstance, the least worthy conduct, the most insignificant domesticities, cannot be spoken of without appeals to the Almighty.

'Herr Jesus! Du hast Dich aber schön gemacht!' cries one pastor's daughter to another under the nose of her reverend father. 'Du lieber Gott! was bin ich erschöpft!' exclaims the *Frau Mama*, and sinks panting on a bench. 'Allmächtiger!!' cries a lady, clasping her hands together over the last coffee scandal. 'Du lieber Himmel!' answers a friend of more elastic views; 'Du brauchst Dich ja nicht so shrecklich darüber zu scandalisiren!' 'Grosser Gott!' cries the hostess in a tone of agony; 'denkt Euch, Kinder, ich habe vergessen die Generalinn L—— einzuladen!' and so on with profane variations *ad infinitum*.

It is true that in the higher grades of society your ears will be less frequently offended by this incessantly recurring abuse of sacred names. As the use of oaths and expletives has passed away from amongst us, so in Germany persons of breeding avoid in this respect the 'vulgar tongue' of their inferiors. It is 'bad form' to appeal to the Almighty in every second sentence, and to call upon the 'heavenly powers,' to confirm your asseverations; and thus culture, of a certain kind, supplies the want of reverence.

I do not think that any Englishman, however heathen his haunts or heterodox his opinions, could possibly contrive to pass seven years in his own country without once meeting a clergyman in society. We are, perhaps, on the whole, rather overdone with theology in these controversial days; but we do not feel that we can justly accuse our clerical friends of rudely thrusting too much talk of the kind which is technically termed 'shop' upon us. In spite of this being an epoch of conflict and crisis, of disestablish-

ment and defiance, we cannot complain that (in society at least) the voice of priestly authority makes itself unduly conspicuous, or that the clamourings of heterodoxy are indecently loud and pertinacious in our ears. All young curates do not talk candles and ritualism; and even the most enthusiastic youthful divines of the ascetic school are amenable to badminton and croquet, and can make themselves equally useful and agreeable at garden parties and social country gatherings out of Lent. The clerical element is no inconsiderable one in English society. Of one at least of our most popular novelists we may say that he climbed to fame by a bishop's shoulders, *vid* the episcopal gaiters and apron of that ecclesiastical dignitary. Who does not feel that the world is all the richer for the tale of Bishop Proudie's trials, Archdeacon Grantley's successes, and the Reverend Josiah Crawley's woes? As for English novelists generally, they would be at their wits' end without their country parsons, portly rectors, pompous deans, aristocratic archdeacons, bland bishops, and meek, or enthusiastic, or militant, or muscular, curates. Society acknowledges the grave but benign influences of the clerical presence; young ladies—especially young ladies who reside in the country—are apt to declare that no party can be considered perfect without an M.B. waistcoat. We like to see our clergy about cathedral towns; a cathedral town without canons, minor and major, and at least a dean in residence, is to us like the play of Hamlet without the Prince of Denmark. We are scrupulous, from the highest to the lowest, when we gather our friends about us, to bid

our clergy to the feast, giving them a high seat at our board and asking for their benediction on our viands. Their social influence is, confessedly, great; but that influence has hitherto been found not less agreeable than beneficial; and it is an influence to which the whole body politic all the more readily submits, because it is neither arrogant nor clamorous, but is rather cheerfully sobering, and as far removed from impertinent interference as it is from meanness or servility.

Very different is the social status of the German Protestant clergyman. Protestant clergymen in Germany are *nowhere*, and their social influence is absolutely *nil*. I was seven years in Germany without meeting a Protestant clergyman in 'society.' It is true that when on a visit to relatives whose isolated estates made all social intercourse a matter of arrangement and calculation, I saw the pastor of the village every Sunday, for on that day, having no visitors, the *châtelaine* would play at cards from morn till dewy eve, and having exhausted the gambling energies of even a batch of Russian cousins *auf Besuch*, regularly despatched the *Chasseur* post-haste to fetch up the pastor to her exhausted whist-table. They often played into the midnight hours. We were strict Lutherans in those parts. On birthdays, and family festivities generally, the three pastors who held livings on the lands of my relative would come to pay their respects to their patron, with obsequious bowings and abject scrapings, remain, if bidden, to supper, and retire like humble dependants from the scene. There was no attempt at common talk or

cordiality. They were not treated rudely because the treatment they received was according to custom and precedent; and whilst the host and his noble friends, not excepting the immediate members of the family, took the head of the table, the clergy retired below the salt, and sat cheerfully amongst the head-foresters, secretary, farmers, and 'common clay' generally. No offence was meant, and none was taken.

But in the 'world,' in 'society,' the clerical footfall is never heard, nor is the clerical countenance seen to shine. It will perhaps be objected that I frequented the ungodly, and sat in the seat of the scornful. That was not so; and I continued to hope for some time that I might meet in 'society' some of the *Herren Geistlichen* at whose hands I suffered much pulpit-thumping and cushion-dusting in the pursuit of piety under difficulties; but I never met them.

Amongst my fair friends was a lady supposed to be very 'pious'[1]—that is, she went to church on Sunday when she was not too late, or the weather was not too hot or too cold; when it neither rained, nor hailed, nor snowed, nor blew.

'Liebe Magda,' I said to her one day, 'how is it I never meet Dr. Donner at your house?' (Dr. Donner was her favourite preacher; he was a very clever

[1] The use, or misuse, of this word 'pious' is significant. It is a term of contempt. To say that a lady was 'pious' would not be to say anything very distinctive in a country where piety is no exception. But to stigmatise a sister woman as *pietistisch* in Germany is to express a contempt for her that true piety surely never deserved. Persons who observe any of the formulas of religion are marked persons; there is a general avoidance of their society except by such as are like-minded with themselves.

man, and had written a learned book on the 'Minarets of the Mosque of Omar and the Cupolas of the Kremlin').

'Why,' said she, looking at me with a little shadow of perplexity on her face, 'he is certainly a most estimable man, highly educated, and all that sort of thing (have you read his "Weathercocks of the World"?), but he is not exactly—you know—not quite—of course I don't mean to say a word against him, but the prejudices of "society" must be respected, don't you see? and—well, I know what you mean; but it's impossible. Dr. Donner would not feel comfortable out of his own sphere, and—people would be offended.'

But this most lame and impotent conclusion I was resolved forthwith to reject. 'But, liebe Magda, when and where is a clergyman "out of his sphere" You expect this good man to take your soul to heaven and yet you think his presence will contaminate your body, and you refuse to breathe the same air with him outside the church. The apostles were but fishermen, and St. Paul, the tent-maker, was in no wise embarrassed when he stood up and made that famous defence before the "most noble Festus."'

'But that is two thousand years ago,' said Magda, slightly vexed at my odious persistence, and added, not without a touch of triumph in her tone, 'Dr. Donner's mother keeps the pastry-cook's shop opposite the theatre, and his wife is the daughter of the man of whom Fritz buys all his whips, and saddles, and things.' There was something in this certainly. A beetle on his back could scarcely feel more helpless

than I did for the moment. 'And, besides,' continued Magda, enjoying my defeat, and pursuing her advantage with manifest satisfaction, 'though of course pride and all that sort of thing is very wrong, yet, you see, our clergymen are so terribly *bourgeois* that we can't possibly see them (as you do yours in England) with the rest of our friends.'

'And are they not offended?' asked her crestfallen opponent. 'Are they not offended at being asked alone?'

'Offended? Oh dear, no! But, to tell the truth, it is not the custom to ask them at all. They go about amongst people of their own class—lawyers, doctors, shopkeepers, and people of that kind—but they don't expect *us* to invite them.'

Truly it is no wonder if a religion whose ministers are thus spoken of runs a fair chance of sinking into utter oblivion, and being clean forgotten for ever, like a dead man out of mind.

The German Protestant clergyman is, in sober truth, of very little account. Nobody minds much what he says on things in general; and were he to speak of those things more particularly of which it would well become him to speak out of the pulpit as well as in it, he would not even be tolerated. Let him take his hand at whist; let him have his afternoon game at bowls or skittles, and smoke his quiet pipe whilst he thus amuses himself, and his fellow-citizens will not be averse from his society. Pipes and skittles are becoming diversions, and beer and tobacco promoters of good-fellowship. Only do not let him show that he is (or ought to be) different from

them, or all amity will be at an end. His life differs but little from theirs; chiefly, perhaps, in that their day of rest is his day of labour. His wife does her duty as a *Hausfrau*, not troubling herself about theology, parish schools, refuges, homes, or hospitals; his daughters knit his stockings and make his shirts, and cook and wash and iron and sew, in a way that leaves little time over for 'Shakespeare and the musical glasses.' With his family he talks of his pigs and geese; with his neighbours of the gas and taxes; of religion no mention is made, nor, I fear, is 'the enthusiasm of humanity' very strong upon him. He drones on inoffensively; but no burning charity, no ardent love, no fervent zeal, no Divine spark, glows in his breast, or awakens his dull soul to enthusiasm. He preaches his Sunday discourse, and thinks, 'good easy man,' that therein his whole duty is accomplished, and when his old-fashioned vehicle comes lumbering into town the shopkeepers welcome it with a contemptuous smile as 'Gottes Wort vom Lande.'

Go to the churches of Protestant Germany, and what will you see? Vast and gloomy edifices, empty—the huge, cold shell of what once had life. It is Sunday. A sprinkling of women few and far between is spread about the gloomy building. Perhaps two or three men will be there. They look infinitely bored and wearied. There is no poetry, no passion, no grace, no attraction, about the services. It is cold of comfort. It is bare with an almost indecent bareness, and formless with a depressing want of form. It seems as though the gifts of nature and art were thought to be too good to be used for

its adornment; or rather, perhaps, as though no hearts loving or simple enough could be found to beautify the holy places or make God's temple, like the king's daughter, 'all glorious within.' The shabby paper flowers on the altar are faded and dirty; the altar cloth is ragged and threadbare; the crucifix (crucifixes stand on every Lutheran altar) is chipped and dusty; no fine linen or delicate lace graces the sacred mysteries of chalice or paten; no knee is bent in worship (the German Protestant never kneels to pray); no sound of universal prayer and thanksgiving is heard. Some hymns are sung (chiefly by persons hidden in the organ loft), a sermon is preached, and the dreary function is over.

Here and there perhaps a better state of things may be found, but only here and there. As a rule no one goes to church unless there be some special attraction. The Court chaplain is going to preach, and the royalties are expected. Everyone will present himself *en grande tenue*; there will be scarcely standing-room, the suites in brilliant uniforms scattered broadcast, and the women in their best gowns, a galaxy of beauty and fashion, forming quite a gay and festive scene, tempered, of course, by a devout *figure de circonstance*, appropriate to the pleasant solemnity of the occasion. Royalties always see full theatres and full churches.

For the rest, there are a thousand and one plausible excuses for not going to church, if excuses be needed. The organ is out of tune; the preacher is provincial; it is too cold; it is too hot; the services begin too early. But the truth lies near at hand

and is very simple. A man whom you rarely see, whom you never meet in private social intercourse, remains a stranger to you. In the hour of domestic trouble, of family perplexities, in the hours of bereavement and affliction, in those of doubt and remorse, you will not turn to such an one. To do so you must feel some personal sympathy with him, some sort of 'oneness.' You must have confidence in his discretion and wisdom; you must rely on his affection and judgment; above all things (so artificial are we grown even in spiritual matters) you must not be shocked by his manners. To see a man in the rostrum once a week, his ordinary dress covered with a Geneva gown, and a frill round his neck, is not sufficient to inspire you with confidence, or to encourage you in feelings of attachment and respect. Once a week! What do I say? Perhaps thrice a year would be nearer the mark, if we take into account the long winter, when no one goes to church if he can help it.

In the country the peasants go to church, but the poorer classes in the towns look on the 'black coats' with prejudice and aversion, seldom darkening the church doors, and resenting anything like advice, as though it were interference, in angry and contemptuous terms. They have sayings and songs in abundance to the discredit of the clergy, and do not scruple to use the strongest language in speaking of their spiritual pastors. Within the magic circle of noble blood the Protestant clergyman is never admitted; or, if admitted, on terms that clearly define his position and set a seal upon his inferiority. The middle class still remains—the class from which he himself

springs, and in which he therefore naturally feels himself most at home. But even here there is nothing apostolic in his influence. He is the same as the lawyer next door, or the linendraper over the way. His priestly office endows him with no special dignity, nor is he treated with any additional respect. They call him 'Herr Pastor,' and he takes his hand at whist, his pipe and his beer with the rest, and is as secular in his talk as they. In this way he acquires no polish, nor is it possible that he should do so. The *classe bourgeoise* in Germany and our 'middle class' are thousands of miles apart. They have, perhaps, the advantage of us in education; their intelligence is greater, their acquirements more varied, their knowledge more accurate and extensive perhaps than ours. But their manners! Shade of William of Wykeham, forfend that we should dwell upon their manners!

Pipes and beer, dressing-gowns and slippers and spittoons, vanished from our festivities long ago; and with their exodus the reign of scrupulous cleanliness, of tubs and long washing-bills, began. It is not to be supposed that a poor German pastor whose name is Schmidt or Meyer (the difference of caste is sufficiently indicated by the absence of the prefix 'von'), whose boots are seldom blacked, whose cloth is rusty, and whose coat is out of date, whose linen is not over fine (and, if the truth be told, not always over clean)—it is not to be supposed, I say, that such a man as this can feel himself very much at his ease amongst bland barons and contemptuous countesses, or make his voice heard with clerical authority amongst graceful, fashionable, well-bred folks, who are blushing

for his boots and are scandalised at his linen. He has none of that calm and dignified assurance that a recognised position gives. He does not feel himself to be a gentleman amongst gentlemen, as good as they by birth and education, and better than they in so far that his life is better and purer, and his calling a higher one, than theirs. He cannot worthily represent the dignity of the Church of which he is the avowed servant, because, even in Germany, the days are gone by when uncouthness and slovenliness were tolerated amongst the upper classes. His position is not that of the poor, hard-working, peace-bringing English clergyman, who finds compensation for his poverty and many privations in the honour paid to the religion whose servant he is; for whom a seat is vacant and a welcome just as ready at the castle as it is in the cottage; whose wife is a lady, though a lady in linsey instead of in satin; whose daughters are a match for any man, and whose sons feel no painful sense of inferiority when they find themselves with the Squire Bob Acres, or are invited to dine at the Hall with young Porphyrogenitus and his friends.

There is no doubt that in most Christian countries religion exercises a great influence over women, and, by that eternal principle of compensation which cannot be ignored, women exercise a great influence on religion. Love, sympathy, tenderness, pity; charity, in its Divine and universal sense—these are feelings to which women are more particularly subject, and whose influence on the female heart is immeasurable. Where, then, can they better find an opportunity of exercising the 'Divine rights' of Christianity than in

the good works of religion? We know in England that there is scarcely a parish where ladies do not teach the young, nurse the sick, sit by the bedside of the suffering, carry food to the starving, clothing to the naked, tend those stricken down by the pestilence that walketh in darkness, and courageously and calmly close the eyes of the plague-smitten dead. The Crimean war laid the foundation of great and heroic self-devotion, and voluntary self-sacrifice, and enduring courage amongst the ladies of our land. But long before the Crimean war the high and gently born had shaken off the sloth of former days, and in many a village school, and in many a crowded, pestilential alley, fair girls and gentlewomen were to be seen going to and fro, teaching, persuading, alleviating, encouraging. Such things have ceased to be remarked upon; they have become matters of course amongst us. But let it not be forgotten that, if high and delicate souls were thus ready to do, in Christ's name, any work, howsoever revolting, for His sake, the clergy were also there, speaking nervous words in the hour of weakness, strong words in the hour of temptation, words of faith in the dark hours of weariness, when the sensitive and overstrung natures were fain to break down and weep that the flesh should prove so miserably weak when the spirit was so willing. Wherever we go our clergy are, and their presence is a boon, and cheers us on to further exertion. This is surely practical piety. It is no mystic asceticism; it is no ecstatic delusion; it is not born of dogmatism, nor is it controlled by any priestly authority. It is a free-will offering of pure,

loving hearts; and the girls you see teaching in a village school to-day you will perhaps find dancing on the lawn to-morrow, or at an archery party on the next day, in the prettiest of modern costumes, and with the most bewitching hats and boots that fashion and skilled labour can produce or beauty wear. There is nothing morbid or unhealthy in the religion of these enthusiastic young souls. There is nothing gloomy or ascetic in it. Their hearts prompt them to some grateful response for all the mercies that have been vouchsafed to them, and the expression of it lies in their seeking to succour those whose lot is less happy, and whose lives are perhaps less holy, than their own.

It is precisely such pure and simple religion as this that our German friends cannot understand. There is no place for the exercise, in a German woman's life, of that cheerful desire to make some thank-offering for a prosperous existence, which seems the natural expression of a grateful heart. She is cumbered about with too much serving to have time for the 'better part,' which cannot be taken away even though cakes and ale be scarce and ginger 'no more hot i' the mouth.' A dull indifferentism has fallen upon her; what Christianity she sees, she hears turned into ridicule; the flat monotony of non-belief (rather than disbelief) is what suits her best. We are so accustomed to associate the open expression of infidelity with cynicism, that it is difficult for us to reconcile the tone which prevails on the subject of religion in Germany with the sacredness of home life, the reverence for family ties, the respect

for higher things, with which we are fondly apt to associate it. There is no hesitation felt in handling sacred subjects in the most ruthless manner, nor in approaching the most vital questions of religion with an irreverence that shocks the taste, even where it does not wound the faith, of the astonished hearer.

'Beautiful women without religion,' says Heine, 'are like flowers without perfume. They resemble cold, sober tulips, which look upon us from their china vases as though they were also of porcelain; and, if they could speak, they would explain to us how naturally they grow from a bulb, how all-sufficient it is for anyone here below not to smell badly, and how, so far as perfume is concerned, a rational flower has no need of it whatever.'

His taste revolted at a defect at which his piety, since it did not exist, could take no exception. I often thought of Heine's words when I was in Germany; and to me it seemed that, the more beautiful the women, the greater their resemblance to the poet's porcelain tulips.

And Heine's is not the only *Dichterseele* that has felt the jar and disharmony of these tulip-women, for whom it is sufficient to know they 'grow out of a bulb.' Even the man whose faith has found 'centre everywhere, nor cares to fix itself in form,' hesitates to brush the bloom off the tenderer feelings of his womenkind. As one also of our own poets has said—

> 'Leave thou thy sister, when she prays,
> Her early heaven, her happy views;
> Nor thou with shadowed hint confuse
> A life that leads melodious days.'

No man with a reverent heart will desire to stay those tender hands that are so much purer, so much swifter to do good, than his own, nor care to damp that faith which is so much more practical, and yet so much more ideal, than his perfected reason. On the whole, Englishmen are contented that their wives and daughters should be simple good women, doing such modest deeds of kindness, and helping forward such good work, as may be done without ostentation. An Englishman is glad if his 'weaker vessels' cling to the ancient landmarks; he does not pretend to much in that way himself, perhaps, but the tears will come into his eyes, man of the world as he is, when he remembers how his delicately bred, refined mother worked for the poor and laboured for their benefit; when he notes how swift to do good are his daughters' pretty hands, how large a heart for sin and suffering his pure and happy wife possesses. These things touch him more than all the philosophies of Pagandom could do. It is well for him that he should think of them sometimes when he is alone. He does not willingly shock the beliefs and prejudices of the women he loves. How can he? He reverences them and their deeds too tenderly for that. The German Protestant gentleman is, on the other hand, not scrupulous on these points; but there is this to be said on his behalf: his wife and daughters have no beliefs or prejudices to shock. Religion is as far from them, as much of a mummery to them, as it is to him; he may speak his mind freely nor wound one gentle heart. 'Wonder is the basis of worship,' says our philosopher; 'thought without reverence is

barren, perhaps poisonous;' and it is this want of reverence, in its largest sense, this want of love, of *caritas*, the all-embracing, which stretches forth tender, welcoming, ungrudging arms across the miserable boundaries and pettinesses of self, and yet does not feel that it is robbing home—it is the absence of this larger love that makes intercourse with the mass of German women so chilling and so shallow. Taking them on the whole, they are no whit more *rational* or more reasonable than other women, but they are less religious. They lock up their hearts with the store-room key. Where their treasure is will their sympathetic organs also be found; their emotions cannot pass over the threshold of their 'flat' into the great sinful, sick, sorrowful world without. Their faith is in store-rooms, their hopes are concentrated on the realisation of infinite littlenesses. Charity, they say, begins at home, forgetting that it should not end there. In them the grace and poetry of a pure and tender faith are wanting, and the result is a coldness, a shallowness, and a hardness, unlovely to the looker-on.

It is not likely, if these ladies have not time for the simple truths of Christianity, that they should make time to study the complex philosophies which have superseded the Gospel. To sit at the feet of Gamaliel, and learn the shibboleth of every new school, is a luxury reserved for their lords. And so they have come, like Gallio, to care for none of these things; and were they individually asked by a professor of things in general, 'Wouldst thou rather be a peasant's daughter, that knew, were it never so rudely

that there was a God in heaven and in man, or a duke's daughter, that only knew there were two-and-thirty quarterings on the family coach?' they would certainly declare for the family coach and the two-and-thirty quarterings without hesitation.

It is true that in Northern Germany every sort of graceful legend and saga has been invented to clothe the child-Christ and render Him attractive in infant eyes. And what is the outcome of all these fanciful fables? Simply that they sow the seeds of unbelief in the little mind, which, later on, finds to its dismay that the religion of childhood can never be the religion of riper years. All the fanciful fictions and wild, sweet myths which made the child worship with the Magi, and tremble at the manger, he finds to be but so many foolish fables invented to cheat his innocence. He has no time to sift the wheat from the chaff; the whole Christian faith is but a field of tares to him, across which his path no longer lies. Heaven has been brought down to the child, the child has not been drawn up to heaven, and as 'a being breathing thoughtful breath' he turns away disgusted from these sickly human inventions to reach, if it may be, 'through hail and storm a purer air.'

'What!' cried our hostess at a coffee party, where we had, *mirabile dictu*, for the moment cast scandal to the dogs, 'what! is anyone hypocritical enough *heut zu Tage* to say that he or she believes the Bible or the Testament to be different from any other book?'

Indignant disclaimers of such base superstition re-echoed on all sides.

'Und Sie?' she said, laying a fat and friendly hand upon my arm. 'Aber, mein Gott! ich brauche ja nicht darum zu fragen. Dazu sind Sie ja viel zu aufgeklärt.'

She was a most respectable matron of fifty; a tartan silk gown covered her ample form, and her daughter sat smiling beside her, the picture of innocence, in white, tied up with blue ribbons. I was mean enough to accept the compliment, for she was an influential member of society, and when the female Areopagites met in council her voice was ever loudest in debate. These ladies give their yearly *Thaler* to the *Gustav-Adolf-Verein* or the *Frauen-Verein*, and cradle themselves in the fond belief that therewith the whole duty of woman is accomplished and the Law and the Prophets fulfilled.

It was of the social aspects of German Protestantism, not of its theological aspects, that I undertook, at the beginning of this chapter, to speak, but so much at least I may permit myself to say—that the Protestantism of Germany is not such as the grand heart of the great, rough-spoken, genial, enthusiastic Luther planned; that it is not such as the mild Melancthon dreamed; still less, if possible, does it bear a resemblance to the stern simplicity which Calvin would fain have exacted from all those who followed him. No one would think, in looking at the Lutheran Church of Germany to-day, that it had ever had so jubilant and defiant a defendant as Luther. One wonders how an institution which is called by his name can have retained so little of the spirit of its founder; and one marvels that his enthusiasm, his

zeal, his fervour, his daring, his resolution, and his invincible perseverance should have passed so completely away nor 'left a wrack behind.'

The terms Protestant and Protestantism have come to be thought little of amongst us. In truth, they savour all too much of a clamorous baldness, of itself barren and unfruitful. And yet they are better than the still narrower sectarian names usually applied to Protestantism in Germany—Lutheranism and Calvinism. As if before Luther and before Calvin God's sun had not shone upon the earth: as though there were but two ways to heaven, one holding on by the skirt of Luther's clothing, the other following in the train of Calvin's cold exclusiveness. To protest at any rate implies that something not unimportant has gone before, and if I am forced, for the sake of clearness, to particularise by the names of their respective heads the two denominations, it is under protest that I do so. Luther himself earnestly deprecated the idea of his name being so used. 'Above all things,' he says, 'I beseech you to leave my name out of the question. What is Luther? Call yourselves Christians, not Lutherans. This doctrine is not mine, neither have I been crucified for any. St. Paul and St. Peter desired that their followers might call themselves Christians, not Paulinians or Peterists. Let us extirpate, dear friends, these sectarian names. I am not, and will not be, master of any man. I profess, in common with the Catholic Church, nothing but the Catholic doctrine of Christ only, who is the sole Master of us all.'

Alas for Luther! of a Church one can hardly speak in reference to Protestant Germany.

Protestantism, your German friends will tell you, has done its work. It opened the doors to science, free thought, private judgment; and after three centuries of science, free thought, and private judgment the world can surely dispense with puerile forms and feeble belief. It has done its work, as other good things have in other times done theirs, but it can do nothing more for us; all the virtue has gone out of it; we have learned to walk alone; the might and majesty of modern intellect cannot bow beneath the yoke of the Christian myth; reason is opposed to such submission. The rational men of Germany declare the Protestantism of Germany to be dry bones, dust, and ashes. They point with scorn to the congresses and synods, and ask you if theology is religion. Theology is a science *comme une autre*, but neither the wisdom nor the research displayed by these eminent theologians in discussion succeeds in sowing the seeds of faith in the unbelieving minds of the masses. As for the cultured, the matter does not touch them. The clergy are faltering and feeble, the laity cold and contemptuous, and, to quote the words of an eminent German authority on the condition of the Protestant Church in his own country, 'it is eaten to the core by unbelief, and sapped to its very foundations by infidelity.'

I said at the beginning of this chapter that I wished to confine myself strictly to the social aspects of German Protestantism; to enter no temples made with hands, where the vision is bounded and the outlook narrowed, but to judge the effects of faith as seen by its fruits in the outer world. With dogmas and

articles of faith I do not intermeddle. Let men believe what they will, only let them be in earnest in their belief. An effort is being made to galvanise Protestantism into life; religion is fashionable in high quarters; it is known that the Court of Berlin is *soi-disant* devout. But to the outsider the Christianity of Germany is a Christianity without a Christ; dogma without faith; a reform and no Church. It may be that out of the dust and ashes of German Protestantism a new faith shall arise, more beautiful, more tender, more enthusiastic, and noble, and daring, and enduring, than the old, for it can scarcely be that two such men as the Great Elector and the Great Reformer should have fought so bravely with such single-heartedness, with such simple faith in a great and good cause, to be betrayed by a laggard crew at last.

CHAPTER XII.

THE CHURCH.

I have heard frequent use,' said the late Lord Sandwich, in a debate on the test laws, 'of the words "orthodoxy and heterodoxy," but I confess myself at a loss to know precisely what they mean.' 'Orthodoxy, my Lord,' said Bishop Warburton in a whisper, 'orthodoxy is my doxy—heterodoxy is another man's doxy.'

PRIESTLEY'S *Memoirs*.

READ by the light of later events, the preceding chapter[1] has something of a prophetic ring; to be wise before the event is not unfrequently to be impertinent. The unknown writer of a magazine article does not, as a rule, flatter himself that fame flies before him to announce there is a prophet in the land; but when a 'special correspondent' of the 'Times' speaks, his words have an altogether different importance, and carry a certain authority with them even unto the uttermost ends of the earth. That which a decade earlier the present writer had predicted, the 'Times' Berlin 'special' announced as a *fait accompli* in a letter dated November 29, 1875. 'L'Eglise est morte!' he cries, and no voice from the Fatherland replies, 'Vive l'Eglise!' Other English

[1] Written some nine years ago, and reprinted from *Macmillan's Magazine*, with additions and alterations, by the kind permission of Messrs. Macmillan and Co.

journals re-echoed, with all the freshness of surprise, the big paper's somewhat tardy croak of dismay, and even the 'Spectator' appeared astonished as well as alarmed at learning that Prussia was pagan. Germany has always been looked upon by the mass of English people as a Protestant country. Its Church has been called in a general way the Lutheran Church, and its Protestantism has been regarded as pre-eminently strong and sincere because its reformation arose, not, as with us, out of personal intrigues and political combinations, but out of the individual fervour and inborn convictions of a poor, rough, obscure German monk.

It was only the other day that the Primate of England made a speech about 'the grand old Church of Luther.' Let any man visit the land of Luther and try to discover his Church. He may go, like a Christian Diogenes, with many lanterns, but he will come back as he went. The Church of Luther has long since dropped his characteristic tenets, and now no longer (except in gazetteers and geography primers) bears his name. Theologically speaking, we may say that there are three branches of the Protestant Church in Germany—the Lutheran Church, named after the great founder; the Reformed Church, which is the creation of Zwinglius and Calvin; and the United Evangelical Church, which is the outcome of royal and political influences, and may be called the Church of Kings and Prime Ministers. We will take the three ecclesiastical institutions in succession, for which purpose we must go back a little in the history of the world.

When the poor Saxon monk—whose glowing words, falling like sparks on tinder, kindled such a mighty flame as should presently outblaze the glories of Rome itself—arose out of his monkery, and went forth to purge his troubled mind at Rome from the doubts that beset him, the world was already ripe for his advent. Had he not made that pilgrimage to the Eternal City, Luther would have been lost to us. Filled with vague longings which the narrow bounds of his monastery walls could not still, stirred by vague aspirations which his brethren could not understand, the *fromme Mönch* took his staff in his hand and, with his great heart full of a vast and awful hope, reached Rome. He fled from it in despair. He found an elegant dilettante Pope (Leo X.) surrounded by corrupt cardinals and sycophantic courtiers; he found priests juggling with the sacred Mass, and adding blasphemy to infidelity as the *sauce piquante* to their mockery of religion—'Bread thou art, and bread thou shalt remain.' Sore wounded in soul and spirit, the simple Saxon monk turned and fled, shaking the dust of semi-pagan Rome from off his sandalled feet. Once more at home, work soon turned up for him to do. In his private capacity humble and doubtful of himself, this coarse, lowly-bred man was for his cause implicitly and invincibly courageous. Humility and defiance were, perhaps, his two most striking characteristics. If he had come amongst the people out of kings' palaces, clothed in purple and fine linen, speaking soft words, and preaching soothing doctrines, crying peace where no peace was, and comfort when none came, he could never have grasped the

popular heart as he did. The people did not want comfort. They could buy comfort (such as it was) of Tetzel. They wanted truth. Indulgences had ceased to be indulgences to them, and left their hungry souls still famished. Thus when the man arose who, if he gave them sound wholesome blows with the one hand, held out the Gospel of Peace (in the vulgar tongue) with the other, they welcomed him with 'tumult of acclaim.' The roughness of this outspoken, earnest monk did not repel them. It belonged to the age and the people to be rough, eating largely, drinking deeply; and he came to them eating and drinking ('Your beer,' he wrote to friends many years afterwards, on what he thought to be his death-bed, 'has been deliciously and gloriously consumed'), and they felt that he was not only with them, but of them. He called a spade a spade, and they understood him; had he called it 'an agricultural implement,' they would have turned a deaf ear to his doctrines and passed by on the other side of his denunciations. Religion is of the heart, not of the mind; and if Luther were here and there defeated by doctors and disputants, his conscience was so pure, his faith so true, and his feeling so sound, that he never failed to persuade the people.

In all things that concerned his faith Luther was defiant. He defied the Pope when he burned his Bull before the gates of Wittenberg, 'and all the people shouted.' They shouted at his militant, masculine attitude. Though he wore the frock, they felt him to be a man. ('A squabble of friars,' said Pope Leo, in his supreme, contemptuous way, when he first heard

of the Luther-Tetzel difficulty,) He defied the Emperor as well as the Pope in later days. He defied principalities and powers. Prince George of Leipzig had an eye to him, whereof he was warned when he proposed to ride through the Prince's dominions. 'And though it rained Prince Georges nine days running . . .' he cried in his whole-hearted way to certain of his friends who warned him of snares and pitfalls.

'Remember Huss,' said his advisers, when, summoned to the Diet of Worms, he set out on that eventful journey. 'There are devils and dangers in Worms.' Even the Emperor's confessor warned him he was to be burnt at Worms; Bucer met him on the road and sought to turn him back. 'And were there as many devils as roof-tiles in Worms, I would on,' was the undaunted reply. He had Charles V. and Leo X. to defy.

As he approached the city vast crowds of his disciples came out to meet him. Tradition says he left his litter, and catching a harp in his hands, thundered forth that magnific hymn—

'Eine feste Burg ist unser Gott'—

which Heine has since called the 'Marseillaise' of the Reformation. The Emperor had given him a safe-conduct; and the Pope's party, seeing nothing was to be done with the recalcitrant monk, were glad enough to let him go. Quibblers and cardinals, chancellors and bishops, were at their wits' end and saw no other way out of their difficulty. 'This Pope has behaved to me like a knave,' Luther had already said. He must by that time have been

pretty far gone. Consider what his attitude meant—to burn a Papal Bull; to defy the Pope and the whole Conclave of cardinals; to defeat an emperor and endless archbishops, chancellors, and Church dignitaries. Think of the slavish serfdom of the age, with its simulacra, superstition, and servility; its absolute ignorance of the things which the after-world knows, and try to imagine what manner of man this was, that had come to astonish the world and change the course of history.

'It ill becomes us,' says Heine, 'to complain of the narrowness of his views. Honour to Luther! The polish of Erasmus, the benignity of Melancthon, would never have brought us so far as the divine brutality ("die göttliche Brutalität") of Brother Martin.' He was presently to defy the prejudices of society and the utterances of public opinion. He, the ex-Augustine monk, married Catherine Bora, the ex-nun. 'Make haste to get her if you will have her,' he wrote in his rough and ready way to a rival in Leipzig. But it was Luther who won her. They were a pious, faithful couple, frugal, loving, and blessed with children.

He defied not only popes and emperors, but all the powers of darkness, as the Wittenberg inkstand and the Worms roof-tiles prove. When he was ill, and some nuts rattled in a box, and prevented him from sleeping, he, believing the Devil to be tormenting him, cried out, 'Is it you? Well, so be it. I commend myself to the Lord Jesus.'

In all the outer things of life he was large-minded, broad, and tolerant. Busybodies came about

him like bees, boring him with complaints of some Reformed parson who still clung with conservative affection to his cope or his cassock. 'Let him have three cassocks if he find comfort in them,' answers Luther, not, we may judge, without a sly twinkle of humour in his grey-blue German eye.

He did not aim at inventing a new religion, but only at uprooting the corruptions which had crept into an old one. There was no hatred, but only fervour, in his crusade against the abuses that defaced the outward forms of the Catholic faith. He permitted images in the churches; he believed in the sacraments; he admitted confession, and practised it himself; he saw no harm in many things that Calvin and Zwinglius rejected with supreme disgust. It may, perhaps, be scarcely going too far to say that he instituted the doctrine of Consubstantiation as one that, implying a distinction without a difference, met Transubstantiation more than half-way. He exorcised evil spirits, and when tempted of devils he took up his flute and put them to flight by his psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, making melody in his heart unto the Lord.

'You have,' he says to his followers at Königsberg, 'to organise a new Church. I pray you, in the name of Christ, change as few things as possible. You must not let the ceremonies of the new Church differ much from the ancient rites. If Mass in Latin be not done away with, retain it. If done away with, retain the ancient ceremonial and habit.' This from a man who loved to celebrate in the vernacular, so that each word might be duly 'understanded of the people;' from the man whose words, Richter says,

'were half-battles.' There is something pathetic in his attitude towards 'the old religion,' as the mild Melancthon tenderly calls it. One seems to hear vague, infinite regret and pious clinging in the gentle words—'the old religion'—the old home—the old faith—ours no more.

Occupied with his translation of the Bible, with journeyings hither and thither; with Diets, and Confessions, and endless discussions; plucking brands with his sudden, vehement eloquence from the burning; composing his beautiful hymns; corresponding with the distant brethren; reprimanding here, encouraging there, defending himself elsewhere, Luther reminds us, more than any other modern figure, of the apostle St. Paul. 'In journeyings often; in perils by mine own countrymen, in perils amongst false brethren; in weariness and painfulness, in watchings often; in hunger and thirst, in fastings often. Besides those things which come upon me daily; the care of all the Churches.'

In the midst of this busy missionary life, 'spurred at heart with fiercest energy to embattail and wall about his cause with iron-worded proof,' this soldier-priest found little or no time to organise any matured scheme for the hierarchical government of the German Church.

It had escaped from the authority of Rome simply to fall under the complete subjection of temporal princes. And the Lutheran Church, down to the present day, has become so irretrievably interwoven with the State, that spiritual independence, in its truest sense, is, in Germany, a thing unknown.

But Luther's arduous life was drawing to a close.

Division and conflict disturbed and saddened his last days. 'Let them who fight,' he says dejectedly, 'cease from being called Christians.' His pious spirit had found utterance in sweet spiritual songs; his dear little maiden, Magdalene, had been taken from him. He had loved the earth and its loveliness —the little birds, the golden sunsets, the murmuring forests. He was emphatically a 'human-hearted man.' But if he loved his fellow-men, and wife and child, he loved God and heaven and the things of heaven more, and was in truth no less a God-intoxicated man. God's will was his will. In supreme obedience he found supreme satisfaction. But day was declining; he was getting old, weary, and world-tired, and when the time was fully come to lay him down and take his well-earned rest he was glad to close his eyes.

'In Luther's own country,' says Mr. Carlyle, 'Protestantism soon dwindled into rather a barren affair: not a religion or faith, but rather now a theological jangling of argument; the proper seat of it not the heart; the essence of sceptical contention, which, indeed, has jangled more and more down to Voltaireism itself.'

Nevertheless the Lutheran Church towards the end of the sixteenth and throughout the seventeenth centuries gained and kept complete ascendency throughout the Fatherland. Almost the last historical view of robust religion we have is that of Friedrich Wilhelm of Prussia with the Bible (like, but how different from, Luther) in the one hand, boxing the ears of the wretched, garrulous little Wilhelmina with the other; summoning his family peremptorily to prayers

much as he summoned his soldiers to parade, and kicking the miserable Fritz out of the room by way of final benediction. Not all his brutal piety or regulation religion would have prevented this energetic Christian from killing his son, had not his faithful old friends interfered, and made clear to him through the smoke of a 'Tobacco Parliament,' after a fashion that the Bible could not, how great a scandal to civilised Europe would be the sight of a sovereign ordering the execution of the heir to his throne. As for Wilhelmina, if history be only half-true, he often thrashed her to within an inch of her frail, yet tenacious, voluble little life.

What wonder if the wretched children trembled before, hated, and finally ridiculed a faith of which the person they were most bound to respect in the world, and who held their destinies in his despotic hand, was also the most familiar exponent? By-and-by, when little Fritz, afterwards to be called the Great, came to the throne, this sort of muscular Christianity speedily went out of fashion. Scepticism and infidelity were *à la mode*; and infidel Germany, following in the wake of infidel France, hastened to show she could out-Herod Herod. Fine ladies flirted with the most terrible questions of human life; courtiers coquetted with philosophy. It was good tone to affect a spirit of enquiry that was as shallow as it was flippant, and to attitudinise in the postures of an 'enlightenment' that would not bear daylight. *Schöngeisterei* was the shibboleth of society, and everyone, as we have already seen, was anxious to show how little his morals were guided by religion.

Let us turn to the outer aspects of the Reformed Church.

The Reformed Church is the Church of Zwinglius and Calvin; and as neither of these austere Reformers was German, we shall enter less into their personal history than we have into that of the essentially German lion-hearted Luther. That they were diametrically opposed to him on many important points of doctrine is too well known to need elaborate exposition here. They were for stripping public worship of all its pomp and glory, and they ruthlessly banished all adornments from the Church of which they may be called the founders. Their hearts were harder, and their whole attitude of mind narrower and colder, than that of Luther, whose more elastic nature saw no harm in retaining many of the things they bitterly inveighed against. Union had often been attempted between the two Protestant confessions. Martin Bucer, one of the most eminent of the Reformers (the same who met Luther on his road to Worms and warned him of the 'many devils' there), used endless persuasion to induce Luther and Melancthon to sign the Wittenberg Concordia, and finally, in 1536, he prevailed upon them to do so; but the union proved to be only a temporary compromise. Melancthon, during the latter years of his life, set his heart upon a fusion of the two Churches, and even went so far as to propose, with this object, an alteration in the Augsburg Confession; but Luther held firmly to his sacramental dogmas, whilst Calvin rejected them as altogether untenable and intolerable. The Calvinists and Zwinglians looked upon the Lutherans with very mixed feelings as a

sort of Papists in disguise, and yet the Reformed Church has always been more anxious for union than the Lutheran, to which the gulf of non-sacramental belief seemed impassable. Leibnitz, as is well known, had a vast plan, not only for the union of the German Churches, but for a united Christendom. Zinzendorf, Calixtus, and Spener all sought for Christian unity in its largest sense; but none of these aspirations were destined to be realised.

Then came the epoch of widely-spread infidelity and indifferentism, during which the differences amongst the Christian Churches of Germany were entirely lost sight of, and religion sank submerged beneath the tide which swept over the entire length and breadth of the land.

Not until the year 1814, when peace was finally restored to Europe, and the French yoke had ceased to gall the neck of the German people, did a spirit of piety and gratitude seem once more to breathe through the heart of the masses in the Fatherland.

When the reaction set in it was natural that the star of the Reformed Church (which professed extreme liberality) should be in the ascendant. The King and royal family were 'pious,' and fashionable preachers speedily became the order of the day. Yet it must be confessed that when the revival came, it came in too emotional a guise to impress the looker-on with any respect for its worth or belief in its stability. There was too much effusiveness for the dignity of religion. Everybody was everybody else's dear brother or sister; there was a vast amount of hand-pressing, osculation, outpourings of the spirit, and sentimental tearfulness in the whole matter. The

agapæ of the ancients were barren fare compared with what Berlin could offer; and there are not a few passages in the lives of Schleiermacher and his contemporaries that recall unpleasantly a recent American tea-meeting chapel-scandal.

In the year 1814 Frederick William III. of Prussia, the weak-minded husband of the heroic and lovely Queen Louisa, visited England, and 'it was at St. James's Palace,' says Bunsen, in his 'Signs of the Times,' 'that he matured his idea of the union, and sketched out a liturgy to be adopted by the two Protestant Churches of Germany'—the Church of Luther and the Church of Calvin. This brings us to a consideration of the third branch of the Protestant Church in Germany—the Church of Kings and Prime Ministers—known as the 'United Evangelical Church.'

On September 27, 1817, the King of Prussia issued a proclamation to the effect that it was the wish of the royal Head of the Church that this union should no longer be delayed. At the approaching third centennial commemoration of the Reformation the King would set an example to his faithful lieges by partaking at Potsdam, in a mixed congregation, of the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper.

In Berlin, not unnaturally, the royal behest met, both from clergy and laity, with a cordial response, and the influence of the popular preacher Schleiermacher ensured the local success of the scheme. But on the whole it proved a gigantic failure. In the capital the union was embraced by a large proportion of clergy and laity, not only from loyalty, but from a feeling of utter indifferentism, or from that latitudinarian spirit which invariably hails with delight the

removal of all the restraints which the profession of a creed or confession presupposes.

Some States exclusively Lutheran rejected the proposition entirely, and some, exclusively Calvinistic, failed to recognise the necessity of any change. The old Lutherans who held firmly to the doctrines of their founder resisted having union thus thrust upon them; they adhered faithfully to that sacramental system which shows how near Luther still felt himself to Rome when he commended it to the observance of his brethren. 'As the Puseyites,' says Dr. Schaff, 'confine the true Church to the episcopal system and what they call the Apostolic succession, so the High-Church Lutherans would fain confine it to a certain sacramental system as embodied in the Augsburg Confession, Luther's Catechism, and the form of Concord. Some of them,' he says, 'would, I am certain, at any time rather communicate (sacramentally) with Roman Catholics than with Zwinglians or Calvinists.' Crucifixes, candles, and flowers still stand on Lutheran altars, and so lately as the year 1856 the Lutheran Conference which assembled at Dresden resolved to reintroduce private confession and absolution, and the Consistory of Munich issued an order to the Churches to that effect—an order which was answered by protest on the one hand and disregard on the other, and failed to meet with any response or consideration from the general Protestant public.

We have said that, theologically speaking, there are three Protestant Churches in Germany, but territorially considered there are, or were, no less than thirty-eight Protestant establishments. The function

of *Summus Episcopus* has ever been claimed by all reigning German princes. The provincial consistories were always presided over by a layman; these were again under the control of a central consistory, and the Minister for Public Instruction was the representative of the ecclesiastical supremacy of the Crown. Each little Government has, or had, its own Church, with its separate polity, mode of worship, and administration.

Thus the Church is purely a State establishment, and when the King's liturgy was rejected, the offending parties could not but fall under the royal displeasure. Its reception had been positively commanded, whereas the union had only been recommended. In 1827, and again in 1829, the liturgy was submitted to the consistories for revision. Schleiermacher, twelve clergymen, and the magistrates of Berlin rejected the King's liturgy. To induce the dissentients to acquiesce, a new edition was prepared, and this concession decided the majority of the clergy to accept it.

June 25, 1830, the third centenary of presenting the Augsburg Confession, was considered by the King a most favourable opportunity for the introduction of his amended liturgy; but the Lutherans, always indisposed to union, since they regarded the doctrines of the Church of Calvin as tending to rationalism and religious indifferentism, still held back. A great number of them were suspended from office for refusing to read the King's liturgy, and those who ventured to preach the Gospel or administer the sacraments in private families were thrown into prison, or compelled, with their families, to leave their parishes. Nor were

the clergy alone thus persecuted. Many Lutheran families were also fined and imprisoned for not choosing to join the United Evangelical Church. At length, in 1834, this miserable persecution reached its climax in an edict issued by authority of the King, declaring all Lutheran worship illegal. This roused the attention of the public more than ever to the character of the new liturgy, and many thousands who had joined the United Evangelical Church left it to return to the old Church of Germany. Petitions and memorials were in vain. The reply was imperative. They were to join the King's Church or submit to the punishments their own obstinacy brought upon them.

In many instances the churches were deprived of their pastors, and the rite of baptism could no longer be duly administered; or when, from a feeling of religion, duty, or necessity, a father performed it, he was sent to prison. This revolting persecution was most violent in Silesia and the Grand Duchy of Posen, where the people in one place were literally pulled off their knees by the hair of their heads. Remonstrances were useless; representations to Government simply brought the police down on the complainants, and it was not till 1836 that the Prussian Government, after keeping the wretched petitioners in suspense, gave them leave to emigrate to Australia.

In the year 1840 the old Lutherans were allowed to organise themselves into a separate ecclesiastical body, but the State refused them any pecuniary support, and their community was legalised under the title of Dissenters. So much for the 'grand old Church of Luther!'

When the late King of Prussia came to the throne a strong Lutheran party, calling themselves New Lutherans, headed by Hengstenberg, came to the front. The King, 'the great romanticist of religion,' as Strauss calls him, had leanings towards High-Churchism. He was alive to the want of religious fervour and enthusiasm in good works, which rendered the Protestant Church in Germany a dead letter. He sought to give more form, more pomp, and beauty and circumstance to its services. He created bishops and encouraged—or perhaps we should rather say, invited—the *petite noblesse* to don the cassock. He was disgusted at the outcome of congresses and synods, and weary of the wrangling of opposing theologians. But the seed fell in stony places. The episcopal attempt was not renewed; the King was laughed at for a Pietist and an Anglomaniac. The tongue of scandal wagged freely, and everyone had his anecdote to tell of the charming manner in which the princes of the House of Hohenzollern knew how to blend prismatically the pleasures of gallantry and the satisfactions of devotion. It was argued that so witty and worldly a monarch would use his religion simply as a cloak for his (political) maliciousness, and the movement, if movement it could be called, died a natural death. The year 1848 did not raise the tone of the popular mind with regard to religion, and presently out of the King's Church itself arose fresh parties, whose theological disputes it would be tedious and unprofitable to pursue. New complications arose, and in looking round the spectator is tempted to exclaim—

'Lutheran, Popish, Calvinistic : all these creeds and doctrines three
Extant are ; but still the doubt is, where Christianity may be.'

This brings us down to the date of the present Emperor's accession. The author happened to be in Germany when that event occurred. The irreverent laughter that greeted his crowning himself King 'von Gottes Gnaden,' and re-echoed in endless hilarious cachinnation all over Northern and Central Germany, has become historical. 'By the grace of God! What! Were we going back to the Middle Ages? Was it to be believed? In these nineteenth century days?' and so on. It must be remembered, in extenuation of the *lèse-majesté* of the laughers, that this benighted monarch was only King of Prussia then. Their sense of his humorous bigotry died out long ago, as the remembrance of their laughter has also doubtless perished from their now loyal minds. The sad successes of the seven days' war gave the first check to those historic cacklings. After that tragedy Northern Germany began to understand that the Prussian King, his *Dünkel* notwithstanding, was capable of doing great things, even though the doing of them should be personally distasteful to him, for the aggrandisement of the Fatherland.

Having conducted two vast wars to a successful issue, the good Emperor turned his thoughts from bloodshed to religion, from the battle-field to the Church. But public interest in matters ecclesiastical had by this time dwindled down to the most utter indifference. Orthodoxy (what was orthodoxy?) was no longer required of a clergyman; but the new pro-

gramme prescribed that piety must be petted, parsons encouraged, and the public invited to raise a louder voice in the affairs of religion.

Congresses were called, synods were summoned: all to no effect. The German Liberals were too far gone to care to use the ecclesiastical franchise conferred upon them. They were invited to take an interest and raise a voice in parish affairs. They felt no interest and they desired no voice. The Conservatives dreaded lest they should be out-voted, but, except in the larger towns, none of these Gallios so much as registered a vote, content to know that their opponents dared not make use of any advantage they might gain, and secure in the fact that, let the result of the poll be what it would, the heart of Prussia was pagan to the core. Sceptical Germany could afford to let the believing few triumph, since the unbelieving many felt that triumph to be futile. Where congregations do not care for their clergy, it naturally follows that the clergy do not care to serve those who are so utterly indifferent to them. As a matter of fact, there is no love lost between the parties. The 'Times' correspondent, in the letter already alluded to, gives the following short sketch of the present state of affairs as regards the German Church:—'When it is considered that the number of theological students in the German universities has within the last forty years fallen off by two-thirds, though the number of clergymen wanted has increased with the growth of the population, it is obvious that orthodox vestry meetings should consider it a portion of their allotted work to make the clerical calling attractive in the one

item at their command. They may not now be able to render theological studies palatable to the general run of young men at college, but they might, at any rate, try and do away with the 100*l.* livings, upon which curates are condemned to starve in not a few villages of the old provinces. They have attempted nothing of the kind, and the consequence is that young men take their revenge and decline to ascend the pulpit Already many parsonages are empty, and more are becoming so every day. To illustrate this astounding fact by a few figures, the eight Prussian universities in 1831 boasted 2,203 theological students; by the winter of 1873 this figure had dwindled down to 740. Nor does it look more promising in Western and Southern Germany. Of the two Hessian Universities of Marburg and Giessen, the former had 124 theological students in 1831, against 46 in 1873; the latter having 80 in 1850, against 10 in 1873. Even in Würtemberg, the most theologically inclined region of Germany, the supply of young candidates for clerical honours has so steadily diminished that, whereas 48 went up for examination in 1823, only 32 did so in 1873. But what is more significant than anything else is that of the Prussian students of theology who matriculated in the Prussian universities between 1851 and 1873, one-third abandoned theology before ordination; that parsons' sons are nowadays least likely to become parsons, and that the clergy get few (if any) recruits from the cultivated classes. No wonder that, with these figures before them, the supreme governing body of the Evangelical Church of Prussia should have declared a year ago

that in a year or so one-sixth of all benefices becoming vacant would have to remain vacant. Things being in this plight, is it necessary to waste a word upon the prospects of General Synod?'

'Ce que roi veut, Dieu le veut.' Not always; and it must be confessed that in this matter of religion the Emperor has fallen upon evil days. The ladies of the imperial and royal families have loyally lent their aid to further his Majesty's views, and many admirable institutions which but for the smile of royal favour and the expression of imperial interest would have resulted in utter failure still struggle on. Left to public generosity, it may be fairly doubted whether their existence would have been more than ephemeral. The Crown Princess of Prussia and Princess Louis of Hesse have shown the liveliest personal interest in the various nursing institutions which are under their patronage, and ladies have been found able and willing to join the good work; but even with these immediate advantages the success is uncertain and the result not satisfactory. To English eyes, accustomed as they are to the sight of thousands of ladies (working for hospitals, refuges, and homes, untiring in their obscure self-devotion, on whom the eye of royalty has no time to shine), the response of a few hundred women to the gracious appeal and unaffected interest of these gentle princesses seems utterly inadequate, whilst the difficulty as to funds is, to say the least of it, depressing.

One institution of deaconesses enjoys a world-wide renown, and more than one English sister of mercy, as the experiences of Florence Nightingale and Agnes Jones testify, has found its rule almost intolerably severe, so thorough is the training and so

hard the life to which its probationers are subjected. Another similar institution in the East has done good work, though complaints have been heard of the selfishness and narrowness of tone, as regards succour to non-Germans, which somewhat impedes the exercise of its functions; and Dr. Laseron's establishment in this country has met with ample recognition as valuable and practical in its results.

During the Franco-Prussian war many fair ladies rushed to the field to stanch the bleeding wounds of the heroes of the Fatherland. It was the same with us during the Crimean war. Some did fairly good service, some proved utterly incompetent, whilst other some would have deserved the Iron Cross far better for staying at home and 'minding' their families. Censorious spinsters already in the sere and yellow sat comfortably behind the stove, and snorted contempt at the whole thing as affording a plausible pretext for otherwise not possible flirtation.

'The only result,' says the 'Times,' referring to the spiritual deadness of Prussia, 'of the attempt to establish and organise a spiritual congregation in every Prussian parish is the discovery that there exist no materials for the edifice, and Germany is letting its Church go, content to tell the parishioners that if they wish their minister not to die of starvation (the Conservative majority was too timid to vote higher stipends to the clergy), and the whole institution to die out with him, they must pay for it themselves, as nobody will pay for them.'

It is always a delicate matter to appeal to the German purse. Everyone has his tender point, and

a lesion between pelf and pocket is a serious wound indeed. Anyone who knows the frugal virtues of the nation will understand that it is out of the question a rational German should misapply his funds by paying for a thing he does not want. Religion, it appears, is a ware that cannot be cheapened. Higher emoluments might perhaps have saved the Church of Germany. Upon *less* than their present pittance her clergy decline to starve. Your frugal Teuton only permits himself the necessaries of life; he leaves to others, richer and less rational, the luxury of religion. For the moment a complete vacuum occurs in the religious belief of the German people. They have rejected the God of Christendom. Their cry, it is true, is still for 'God and Fatherland.' For Fatherland and God would be more sincere.

'Who carved marble?' asks Mr. Emerson. 'The believing man, who wished to symbolise their gods to the waiting Greeks.' It would be difficult to fix the centre of the German divinity, unless we find it where St. Paul fixed that of certain of the Philippians. The deity created by the flesh-pots of the Fatherland is not less honoured in his way by carving than were the gracious gods of ancient Greece, whom the believing man did into marble. 'The ground for anxiety which this state of things holds out,' says the 'Spectator,' 'is not so much fear for the growth of simple worldliness and disbelief in the supernatural, as fear that some strange and dangerous form of fanaticism may take its place, for we have no belief at all in the permanent vacuum of religious belief in the minds of a great Western people.

'We should expect to see in Germany some very

grim superstitions growing up, so soon as the ground recently occupied by German Protestantism has been left fallow for a few years; and we should fear that they would be superstitions of a kind likely to give great trouble, not only to the homes of the people, but to the Government of the State. Missionaries of some kind, with a smattering probably of science and a vehement dislike of revelation, would soon occupy the ground deserted by the State Churches; and if they did, there is little doubt that the communism which has so long had an attraction for the German artisans would spread to the German peasantry. In that case the Government would not fail to take alarm, and to our minds its alarm would be very just. There is quite enough extreme poverty in Germany, and quite enough capacity for enthusiasm, and quite enough and not too much education, to render any alliance between superstitious ideas and social discontents a very serious danger.

'No doubt this is somewhat speculative lamentation. All we know is that the German artisans go much further in their grim socialism than the English artisans, that Karl Marx has found it impossible to recruit much of a school in England for theories which have gained great acceptance in Germany; and that the German nation, though now steadily craving facts, and very suspicious of mere ideas, is apt to become very dreamy, and yet very fanatical, about its expression of facts—which are often, after all, only the most visionary of ideas, though they look so much more solid owing to the materialism of their basis. But this at least is certain, that it is always a most anxious crisis when an educated nation

like the Germans, possessed of vast power to influence the destinies of Europe, cut themselves loose from the traditional convictions of faith and duty which have hitherto governed their life, and organise their great resources so as to be at the mercy of almost any principle which may spring into the vacant seat of the old religious beliefs.'

Successive Kings of Prussia have tried to put religion into uniform, and endeavoured to constrain people to worship according to order in a national or State Church. Protestantism has been lauded for 'its admirable flexibility of doctrine,' but, so far as Germany is concerned, it may be said that this 'admirable flexibility' has not a little contributed to the improving of it off the face of the Fatherland altogether.

We are so accustomed to speak of Germany as a Protestant country that we do not realise the fact that, reckoning Austria with the other States, Catholicism predominates in the Fatherland. According to Dr. Schaff, Northern Germany is predominantly Protestant (i.e. indifferent), Southern Germany predominantly Catholic. The same author states that there are six millions of Catholics against ten millions of Protestants in Prussia proper; and without laying any undue stress on these figures, they assist us to the conclusion that the persecution of the Catholics must have proved a painful matter to a large proportion of the Prussian population.

Many of the old Catholic families have been deeply wounded by the aggressive attitude of the State. The iron hand has laid its mailed grasp as harshly upon the men of peace as if they had been men of war; but the Catholic community has main-

tained its attitude of passive resistance, and archbishops and bishops have suffered imprisonment and exile with a dignified endurance that has invested their cause, or gone far towards doing so, with the prestige of martyrdom. The attitude of the Fatherland to its Catholic children impresses the impartial observer, to say the least, as step-fatherly. No submission worth speaking of has taken place amongst the ranks of the Catholic clergy, though many Prussian journals, so long as public attention was directed to the matter, were at pains to show that the working priesthood would hail with joy the overthrow of their prelates and a release from the Papal yoke.

'The State' (we in England scarcely realise how formidable these words are in German ears) arrogates to itself a right, not over men's bodies only, but over their consciences. The most highly educated country of the Continent has failed to appreciate the fact that in dealing with the higher part of humanity, its immaterial side, prisons and penalties are useless; and intelligent despotism, in instituting a Protestant Inquisition, has gone far towards casting the aureole of martyrdom round the Roman Catholic faith.

'Liberty of conscience,' says a modern writer, 'exists no longer in Prussia, and where liberty of conscience is violated all liberty perishes. Prussia has become the strongest and least civilised country in the world. Its civilisation is that of the world without God. Alcibiades was an orator, a soldier, a refined citizen, a free-thinker, an aristocrat; a despiser of superstitions, a mutilator of sacred things, a profligate and a fop. Such civilisation I do not deny to Prussia, but it is not the civilisation of the

Christian world.' Perhaps examples of the modern Alcibiades, sauntering *unter den Linden*, may recur to the memory of some of my readers as they peruse these lines. It is well known that Prince Bismarck is the *Pontifex Maximus* of Prusso-ecclesiastical polity, and that Falk is his prophet; but it is not so generally understood (in England at least) that the persecution of the Roman Catholics and the protection of the Protestants is inspired, not by religious prejudice, but by the exigencies of the political programme. The Lion of the Prussian Chambers might personally not be indisposed to lie down with the Lamb of the Vatican did the glory of the Fatherland render such common recumbency desirable; and the temporary lull in the persecution of the Roman Catholic part of the community (it began to abate after the Emperor's visit to Italy) leads one to hope that since Protestantism has been proved a failure, the statesmen of the day are prepared to tolerate (for more than toleration it were vain to look) Roman Catholicism, aware of the danger that State runs where no form of religion controls the savage passions of the masses.

Frederick the Great, whose home policy was one of eternal meddling, was wise enough never to meddle with religion. His famous axiom that every man should be allowed to go to heaven his own way has crystallised into a proverb.

'Where you meddle with the point of religion,' says Francis Bacon, 'you run risks. *Memento quod es homo;* and *memento quod es vice Dei.* The one bridleth the power, the other the will.'

UNIFORM WITH "GERMAN HOME LIFE."

FRENCH HOME LIFE.

Reprinted from Blackwood.

1 VOL., 12MO. CLOTH. PRICE, $1.50.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

New York Tribune.

"The way in which their neighbors live is always an object of curiosity with a large class of inquiring minds that can find no other vent for the divine energies of their nature. It is not often that the subject falls into the hands of persons with so much good sense and just perceptive powers, as the author of this volume. He professes to have resided in France for many years, and, in fact, to have found a second home in that country, so that he is entitled to speak with the freedom and authority of personal experience. At all events, he shows an equal familiarity with the domestic customs of England and of France, his comparisons are often piquant as well as informing, and if he lifts the roof from many a private *ménage* in the capital, it is because he can disclose nothing to disadvantage in the interior."

Boston Journal.

"The Appletons publish an interesting volume on 'French Home Life,' reprinted from *Blackwood's Magazine*. The author has lived among the French for twenty-five years or more, and has made a study of their character and ways of life. The book is fresh and entertaining in style, and conveys a good deal of information."

Episcopal Register.

"The writer of this volume, an Englishman, has lived for a quarter of a century in France, amid ties and affections which have made that country his second home. He tells us, pleasantly and instructively, of French children, food, manners, language, furniture, dress, marriage, and servants, conveying much authentic information upon these interesting topics. The fact that this series of papers originally appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine* proves their high character."

The Presbyterian.

"The book is one of decided interest, full of every-day affairs, of home life, the life which is passed under a roof and at a fireside. The themes are Servants, Children, Furniture, Food, Manners, Dress, etc. The style is very pleasant, and the book one which throws much light on the real state of French society."

D. APPLETON & CO., PUBLISHERS,
549 & 551 *Broadway, New York.*